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OUI

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YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

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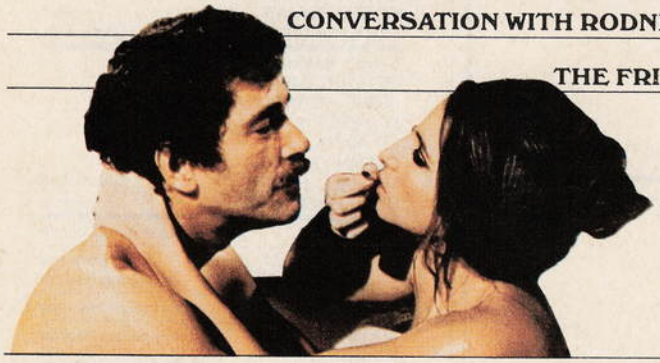

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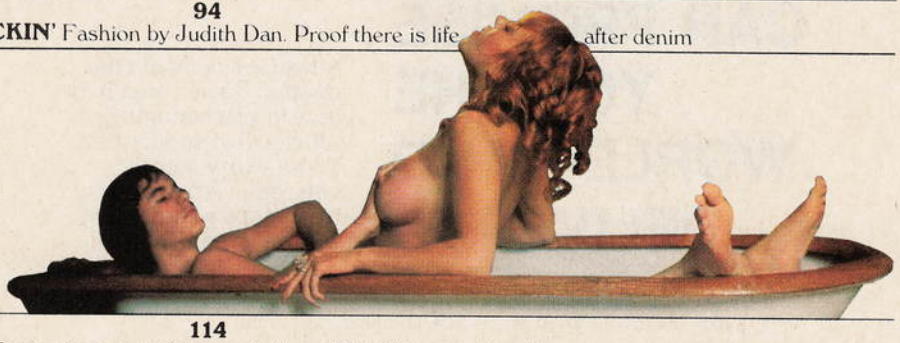

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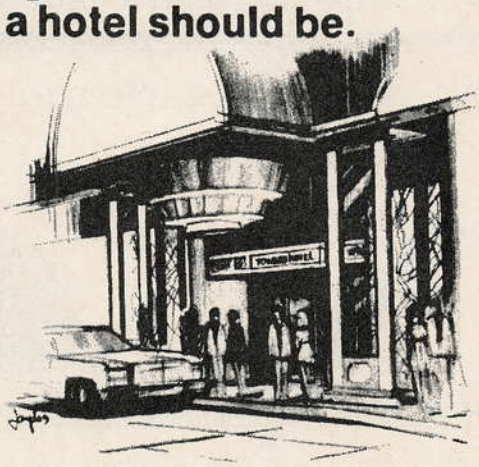

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COVER: The neat little package on our May cover is 24-year-old Care Felix. A native of Santa Barbara, California, Care wants to move from modeling to bioillustration because, she says, "the beauty and economy of biological mechanisms have always interested and amazed me." Yeah, Care, we know exactly what you mean.

OVER THE COURSE OF TIME, THE TASTE HASN'T ALTERED A DEGREE.

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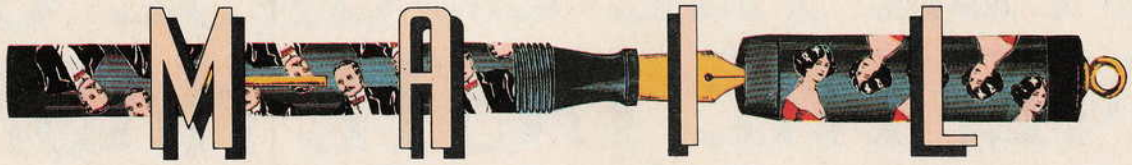

CIAO CIA

I got a subscription to your magazine recently and I have to hand it to you; you really have a great one. The girls are beautiful and the articles entertaining. I particularly enjoyed *The Unappreciated Art of CIA* (January). It was really super.

JEFFERY HUNT
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

After reading Laurence Gonzales' article on the CIA, and after watching years of *Mission: Impossible*, it seems perfectly clear to me that the CIA really is a capitalist tool of the silent majority. The meaning of the Bill of Rights is apparent to me, but since I'm just a cog in the wheel of this country's production-consumption complex, my opinion doesn't mean a damn thing. And though I have a *right* to my opinion, it is the player, not the pawn, that moves the pieces in this game of chess.

DANNY DOPER
Irvington, New Jersey

Laurence Gonzales is a sick fool, identical to the stupid freaks who enjoyed Adolf Hitler.

I, for one, am not "permanently befuddled trying to figure out what the CIA is doing." Our entire combination of intelligence agencies (the CIA, DIA, NSA, FBI and DISC) are depriving each of us of our constitutional rights. It's not there for our "appreciation," unless you also appreciated the Gestapo.

MAE BRUSSELL
Carmel, California

Obviously, the CIA leaked material to Laurence Gonzales in order to discredit me. Rendered "incoherent in public" and "permanently befuddled" indeed! All I can say to that is *sputter . . . poof . . . yagghh . . .*

PAUL KRASSNER
San Francisco, California

KNEAD THE DOUGH

Of all your columns, *Money* is the most helpful. Like a lot of people, I have a hard time with anything financial; yet I realize I have to keep myself informed in order to avoid ripoffs. Barnett presents all the facts you need to know in an easy-to-read, concise manner. I've even started a notebook of his columns clipped out of your magazine. OUI, you've become invaluable . . . at least to this man. Thanks.

JOHN ROLFES
Cincinnati, Ohio

MARIANA'S ROMAN BEAUTIES

I was looking through your January issue, and when I saw *Mariana*, man, I flipped! She is simply beautiful!

B. GRIZZARD
Capron, Virginia

My, my—what a wonderful creature is woman. And Mariana is a perfect specimen of her species. I was never into the flat-chested fad of the past decade, so what a delight to find Mariana nestled snugly in your magazine. Where on earth did you ever find her?

GEORGE WAGNER
Seattle, Washington

One of our eagle-eyed scouts spotted Mariana as she bared it all on a private beach in Italy. Frankly, our man could have been as blind as a bat and still able to focus in on Mariana's assets.

Mariana gets a grade A from me for her many Bs: her beautiful boobs and bountiful behind. Keep those gorgeous Italian chicks coming. They all seem to be as nice as Mariana; I guess that's why I married a *bella donna*.

My wife and I will be traveling to Italy this summer and we're looking forward to having a *ménage à trois* with someone as great looking as Mariana.

Thanks for helping us decide where to spend our vacation.

STEVE WILLIAMS
San Francisco, California

YA GIVE 'EM AN INCH . . .

Nothing personal, but *Ten Minutes with J.D. Salinger* (January) sounds suspiciously like *How I Met Howard Hughes*, as told by Clifford Irving—if ya know what I mean.

SAM GARCIA
Denver, Colorado

C'mon boys, wake up and die right! Greg Herriges' *Ten Minutes with J.D. Salinger* was more like 15 seconds with the man. Moreover, both you and he were scooped . . . by about four years. C. David Heymann wrote a similar article for the *Village Voice* in 1975, but his was the definitive piece. Heymann apparently *really* spent time with Salinger.

RENEE VAGO
New York, New York

Wow! I'm in awe! Greg Herriges must have felt the thrill of his life when he finally met the great Salinger. So what if it was only for a few minutes? I would trade my whole last year of undergrad just to see this man. I'm also envious of Herriges because he's such a damn good writer. If I had his skill with words, I wouldn't even have to go to college. Some people have all the luck.

DAVID BREWER
Dallas, Texas

MORE LUSTY LISTS

In reference to *The* OUI *Book of Lists* (January), there are a number of terms that you neglected to mention. For example, "laying pipe," "getting lost in the sauce" and "getting loose in the juice" are all additional terms for making love.

As far as synonyms for breasts are concerned, you left out "watermelons," "water

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD MANTEL

THE HEAD COMPOSITES

With the precision Light Composite and awesome Arthur Ashe Competition 2, we've taken our patented combination of aluminum and fiberglass in totally opposite directions.

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Incredibly, Head® has found that certain modifications can make a composite racket as efficient a control weapon as it is devastating when adapted for power.

By making the Head Light Comp flexible and head light, we've created a racket that's forgiving and easy to maneuver. Its consistency and precision can help the control player dictate the tempo of the game.

But for the skilled forcing attack, there's no better racket than the Head Ashe Comp 2 that Arthur carries on tour. Boron stiffeners in the shaft bring out the full power potential in composite construction.

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Then imagine that racket at ultimate efficiency—with the right Head string, at the tension tailored to your game. When you're playing Head, every part of the racket works for you.

WITH ONE, YOU'LL HAVE THEM RUNNING... WITH THE OTHER, YOU'LL HAVE THEM RUNNING FOR COVER.

WE PLANNED IT THAT WAY.

AMF Head

balloons" and "fried eggs" (for those who think small).

On the whole, we thought the article was hilarious. We busted our sides laughing at it. Your January issue was the best we've seen from you guys in a long time.

WILL AND RICK
Fairbanks, Alaska

Regarding *The* OUI *Book of Lists*: how could you have overlooked the most sensual taste treat ever—the mouth-watering "fur burger" in rare, well done and medium rare (you know, pink in the middle)?

JIM HUGHES
Many Farms, Arizona

Hey, are you guys interested in contributions to your *Book of Lists*? Well, whether you are or not, here are mine. *Six Arguments for Convincing a Woman to Go to Bed with You*:

1. The protein will be good for her.
2. It builds strong bodies 12 ways.
3. *Sperm* in Swahili means "good luck."
4. The heat generated will help her ward off tennis elbow.
5. There has been an epidemic of vanishing clitoris and you want to make sure hers is still there.
6. It is important for her to air out her pubic hair to avoid coming down with a nasty case of feminine itch.

BOB R.
Hollywood, California

CHASING CHEVY

Your *Conversation with Chevy Chase* (January) was hysterical. Can't that guy ever be serious? Your interviewer, Robert Crane, seemed like the perfect straight man for Chevy, yet he still maintained his grasp on the whole situation. I always imagine comedians can get crazy and wander away from the interview into their own thing, but Crane handled Chase nicely.

What will Chevy Chase's epitaph be? "Jamie Farted." Believe me, I'm gonna remember that one!

C. WILSON
Downey, California

DELECTABLE DEE DEE

I'm still recovering from the slight case of whiplash I received when I spotted your January issue at the newsstand. Cover girl Dee Dee is too good to be true!

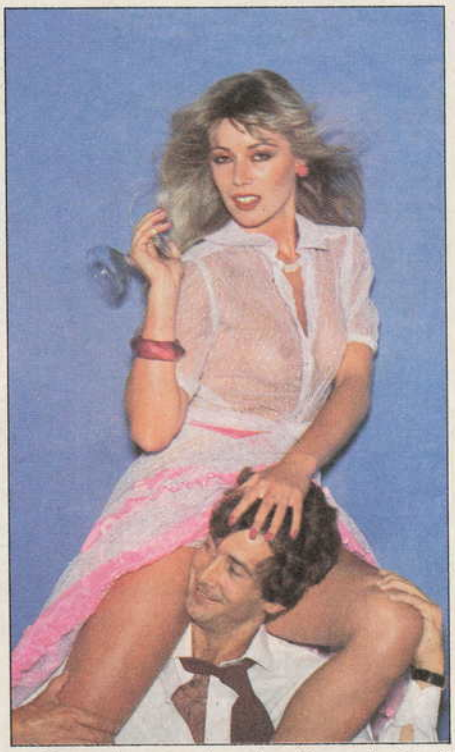
HAL RODNEY
Chicago, Illinois

When I received your January issue of OUI and slipped the mailing cover off, I was literally stunned. Dee Dee is by far the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. In fact, I found it difficult to turn the page to read the rest of the magazine. Keep up the great work.

CRAIG ESTEY
Brooklyn, Michigan

Dee Dee is mind-boggling. She's the sexiest, most beautiful and exquisitely sensuous lady ever to grace your cover. Being half French and half English is a gorgeous combination. She's definitely got it all together, and I, for one, would like to see all of what she has. I really envy the dude between her legs. No wonder he's smiling!

J.B.
Baltimore, Maryland



We tried to convince Dee Dee to let it all hang out, but the lady's modest. She says, "Having a guy between my legs is one thing, but when it comes to exhibitionism, count me out." Sorry, fellas.

THE SLEEPY ME DECADE

My first thought regarding Robert Wieder's *A Tribute to the Seventies* (January) is that he was pretty brave to take on such a task with another 12 months to run on the clock. Let's hope history doesn't repeat itself, for his sake and ours.

ROGER RAPOPORT
Berkeley, California

I can't stand your synopsis of the Seventies. I, for one, am not apathetic or power hungry and, furthermore, I don't give a damn about your McDonaldized, valueless, post-industrial revolutionary Western society. All I want is a mansion in Seville and a yacht!

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Boston, Massachusetts

Wieder's trenchant comments on the Seventies hit the nail on its head. He was so right on in his analysis that I believe even *60 Minutes* couldn't have stated it better.

JOHN DELUCCO
Hartford, Connecticut

JAILHOUSE ROCKS

I thoroughly enjoyed James Perryman's interesting article, *No Fool for a Client* (December). I found jailhouse lawyer Jerry Rosenberg to be an unusual prisoner for three reasons. First, his tenacity in maintaining and fighting for his vindication of a murder charge against insurmountable odds is incredible. Secondly, he comes from an affluent background. And finally, Jerry's family never abandoned him. Very often, prisoners are abandoned by their families—not because they don't care, but because they have other immediate problems of their own.

Mr. Perryman's article showed a great deal of sensitivity, which can probably be attributed to the fact that he himself has survived 18 years in those bastions of hell commonly known as "correctional institutions." I found him to be a very fine and articulate writer, and I eagerly look forward to reading more of his work in OUI.

CAROL ROSENBERG
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

As a jailhouse lawyer myself, I found the commentary by James Perryman on the life of Jerry Rosenberg to ring true as far as what I know of life behind these and other walls. When "Jerry the Jew" says that a jailhouse lawyer fights from his heart, he speaks for all of us.

I find it ironic; however, that the very law that remains on the books in New York State—the "felony murder rule," which holds even a passive participant in a murder responsible for the acts of the active party—was overturned in California several years ago. And it was thanks to the arguments of a jailhouse lawyer, Tom "The Consigliore" Miller, that this was accomplished.

The sad state of affairs, as reported by Mr. Perryman, only serves to reinforce the comments of Chief Justice Warren Burger, who has claimed that more than 50 percent of the members of this country's bar are not qualified to practice law.

DANIEL JOSEPH PORTLEY IV
Terminal Island, California

Just read OUI for the first time. I am intrigued by the article about Jerry Rosenberg. After all the study groups and blue-ribbon commissions have had their well-paid say, isn't it appropriate for a con (Rosenberg) and an ex-con (Perryman) to give a trenchant analysis of what's wrong with our criminal-justice system?

BENJAMIN WEINSTEIN
Attorney-at-Law
New York, New York

I received a notice from this institution's Media Review Committee regarding your December issue's article about Jerry Rosenberg. It states that the material "has been disapproved" and that I "will be notified of the [Albany Central Office's

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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final disposition] just as soon as your material has been returned." They felt that the article "incites disobedience toward law-enforcement officers."

I have known Jerry Rosenberg since the mid-Fifties, and he is a man who has progressed intellectually despite repressive measures that exist in the American penal system—such as the banning of certain editorial material, as I described above. It's a look over my shoulder at what I thought was left behind during the Comstock days of the Fifties when newspapers were cut up.

ROBERT HYLAND
Attica, New York

Mr. Hyland is an inmate at Attica State Prison.

That provocative article about Jerry the Jew reminded me of a question I have pondered many times. Why is the punishment so much greater for killing a policeman, who is trained, armed and paid to fight criminals, than for killing defenseless old people in their homes?

JANICE CONLEY
St. Petersburg, Florida

TROPICAL FRUITS

The girls of your *Separate Vacations* pictorial (January) were simply delightful! While the snow was piling high outside my home, I sat in front of the fireplace daydreaming about being on that breathtaking island with those two breathtaking girls, doing breathtaking things.

Well, now the snow is melting and so is my fantasy. Do you think you could give me another shot of the girls to rekindle the flame?

MICHAEL QUINN
Detroit, Michigan

Sure, Mike. We know how it is for all you guys up north who rarely get to feel blue waters and warm sands. And we don't think the girls would mind, as long as you just look and don't touch.

FAIR-HAIR FANS

I enjoyed the article *The Blonde Mystique* (January) very much. I have read everything John Calendo has written since his early days at *Interview* magazine, and your article is one of his best. In fact, after reading it, I'm seriously thinking of turning blonde myself.

MARGARET CALENDO
The Author's Mother
Los Angeles, California

Where do you guys come up with all those great ideas? *Blonde Mystique* was wonderful! Calendo certainly has a unique perception of things and he's *so-o-o* funny! The only problem with that article was that it ended too soon for me. Do you plan on having a continuation?

ROBERT RUSSELL
Cincinnati, Ohio

Not in the near future, Robert. But we hate to leave our readers hanging; so, in the Calendo tradition, here's "The Blonde Way of Changing a Tire."

IN EXCESS

Regarding the article, *Excess*, in your December issue and, in particular, the description of the Discojet "flying saucer," I'd like to point out that the August 1975 issue of *Popular Mechanics* did an article on the same machine. The name of the "saucer" is the same; its performance is unchanged and it looks identical. The only difference is the price, setting a prime example of our inflationary times. The price, which increased from $10,000 in 1975 to $687,000 in 1978, seems, well, *excessive*!

CARL RICHARD
Avon Park, Florida

Your coverage of the Taser TF-1 was partially inaccurate and misleading (although I'm sure unintentional).

First of all, Taser Systems, Inc., in California no longer sells the TF-1 model; we [Quality Creations] have purchased their entire stock of TF-1s and are now the sole source for these models. We are an authorized and government-licensed distributor.

We first became aware of your coverage when a representative of the Playboy Resort in Great Gorge, New Jersey, phoned us (he was referred to us by Taser Systems, which had been bombarded by inquiries). Upon conversing with him, we found his interpretation of the Taser's workings was in error.

After purchasing an issue for ourselves, we discovered how the misunderstanding occurred. It is important to note that the Taser definitely does *not* work on a laser principle. Voltage is not generated from a "blast" but, rather, from two barbed darts attached to trailing wires.

The two new Taser models are the TF-76 and TF-76A. They differ slightly in design from the TF-1. *Both new models require registration, and we may sell them only to licensed dealers.*

If your readers are interested in the Taser TF-1, please have them phone Quality Creations at 216-759-0387.

MARC FROOMKIN
President, Quality Creations
Youngstown, Ohio

91-59-89?

Your pictorial on *Christina* by Peter Weissbrich (January) was excellent. So much nicer than those crotch shots other photographers seem to focus on.

TONY G.
Alexandria, Virginia

Marvelous, marvelous layout of Christina. She's a prime example of the OUI girl to me: classy and elegant, yet sassy and uninhibited. With so many of the other men's magazines going the way of sleaze, it sure is nice to have OUI around. By the way, you mention her measurements are 91-59-89 metric. I'm not hip to the metric system yet, so can you translate those foreign figures for me?

LARRY MADDOX
Atlanta, Georgia

Chris replies: "Oh, you Americans—always interested in numbers. Here, I'll figure it out . . . OK, I measure 36-23-35. Satisfied? Well, you shouldn't be. What's important is not how much, but how good."

Address letters to:
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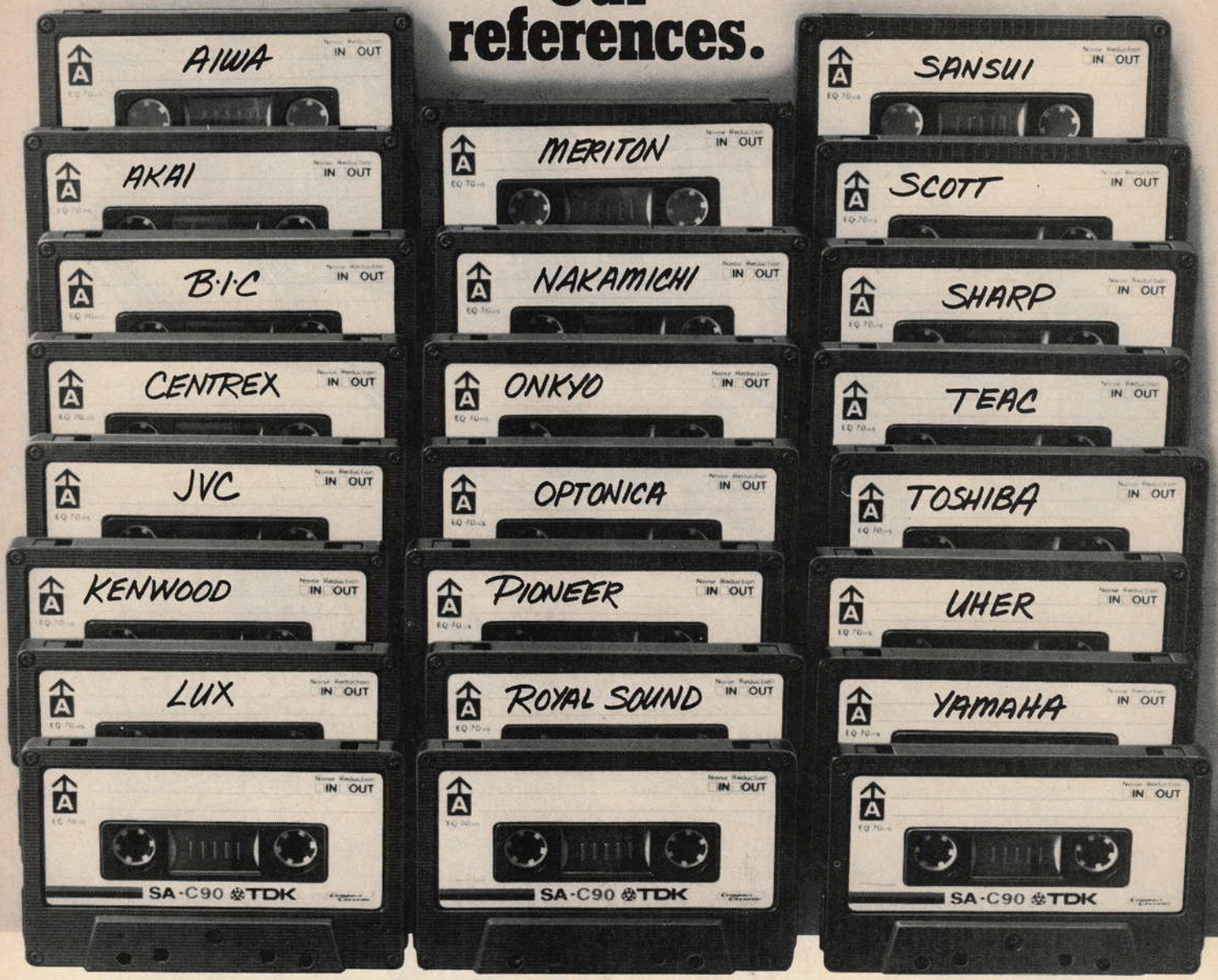
Our references.



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If that isn't enough of a reference, ask your friend, the hi fi expert. It's perfectionists like him who have made SA the number one-selling high bias cassette in America.

So if you want to know exactly how good TDK SA is, ask your deck manufacturer, ask your friend, the hi fi expert and listen to your own ears. Because one listen should convince you that SA delivers more of what you're looking for—great sounding music. And then we'll be able to use you as a reference.

TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, New York 11530

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OPENERS

ADVERTISING HITS ROCK BOTTOM

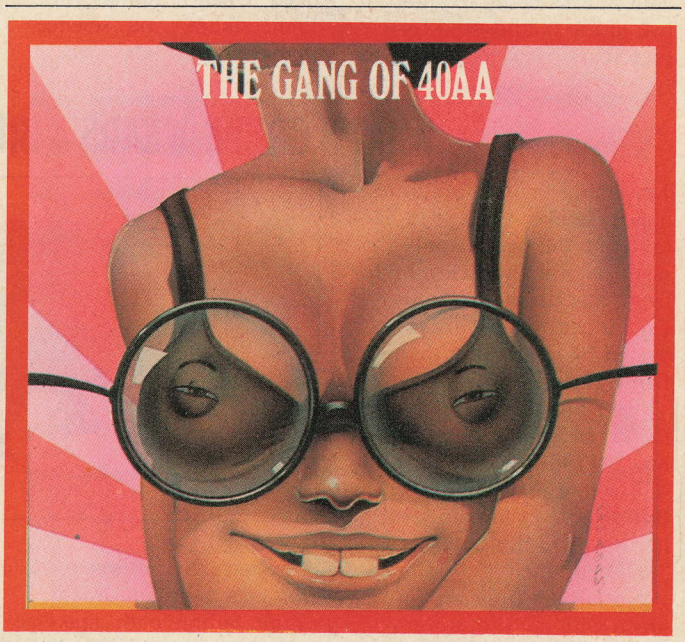
Ads and billboards which feature a rock or tree are more effective than those which display luscious nude women, claim researchers M. Wayne Alexander and Ben Judd of the University of Texas at Arlington.

Their study, published recently in the *Journal of Advertising Research*, was based on the responses of 180 red-blooded American college boys who were shown five categories of advertisements. Alexander and Judd started the respondents off with nonsexual pastoral scenes in Level One. The faces and necks of female models were shown in Level Two, and Levels Three and Four got progressively hotter as tits 'n' ass were displayed.

Level Five, say Alexander and Judd, consisted of "a full frontal view of the model with face, breasts, pubes, and legs, but not buttocks [sorry, back-door men!] exposed." Models wore nary a stitch and carried no props in the 35mm slides, which were flashed on a screen. All five levels contained pictures of products in the lower right corners; brand names were centered directly beneath the models—be they the limbs of trees or girls.

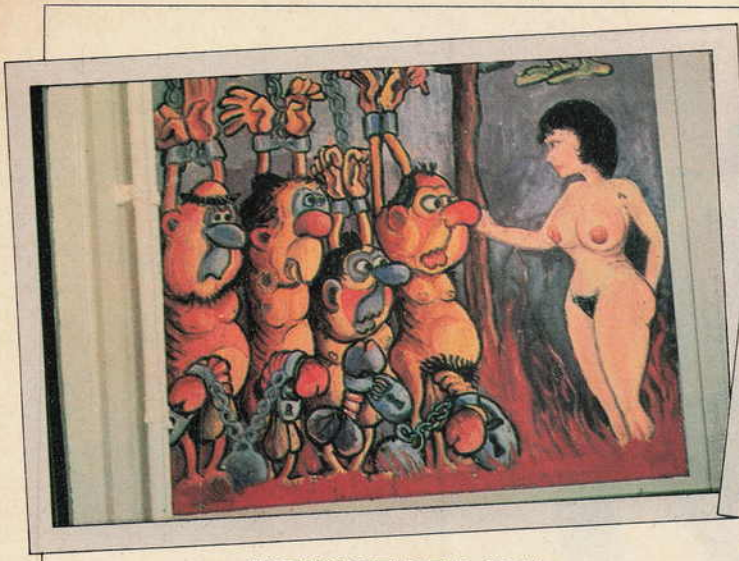
When the respondents had cooled off sufficiently, they were tested to find out which ads were most effective in selling a product. The result? Say the two raunchy researchers: "While an illustration of a nude female may gain the interest and attention of a viewer, an advertisement depicting a nonsexual scene appears to be more effective in obtaining brand recall."

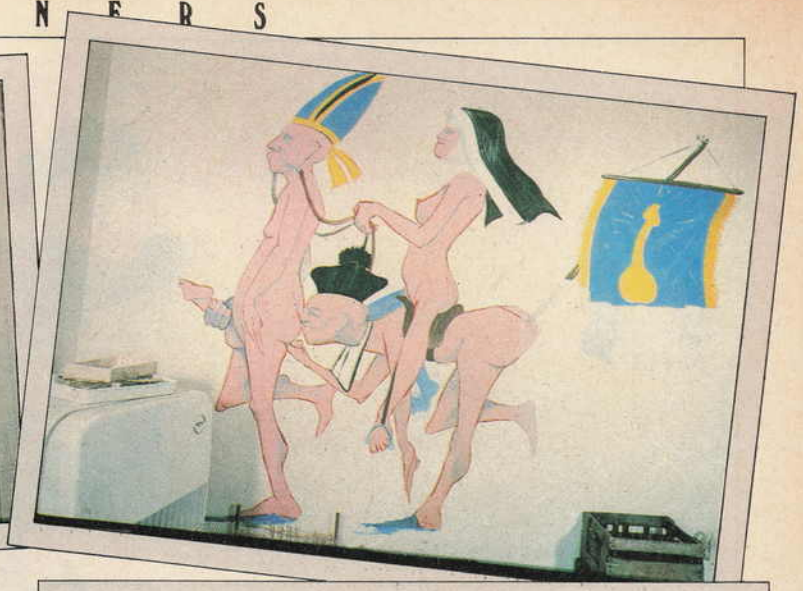
All well and good, fellows. But tell us true. When's the last time you've seen anyone jerk off to a rock?



LONG MAY IT WAG

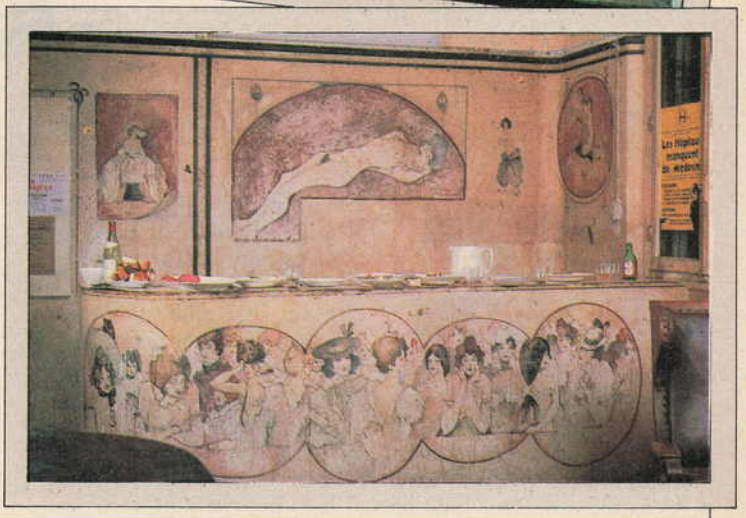
Anticipating a tidal wave of cleavage-consciousness, China's modern-minded leaders have asked a major Japanese underwear firm to build a bra factory for the sleeping giantess. According to officials of Wacoal of Kyoto, the generous Chinese offered them land, buildings and a work force for the projected plant. However, there's one condition that's holding up the deal. The Chinese want to sell the bras back to the Japanese, at least until Peking decides the time is right for Chinese women to don Western underwear. Right now, Chairman Teng is scouting for a print of *Flower Drum Song*.





L'ESPRIT DE PORN

These rarely seen erotic frescoes are the naughtiest French medical discovery since the tickler. Dozens of them have been found decorating the inner walls of the old Catholic hospitals of Paris, the legacy of a secret fraternity of intern pornographers. Interns putting porn on hospital walls? *¿Qué va?* Well, until recently, medical school in Paris was *le grand* bummer, with interns being required to live inside the hospital for four years (right there with the sick and dying). Only a Gascon was satisfied with an occasional piss off Montparnasse for entertainment. So what does a Parisian do? Paint, of course. Right on the walls of their private quarters, which were off limits to the public and nicknamed "The Guard's Room." To the unknown brain surgeons and gynecologists who are responsible for this deed: *Openers* thanks you; France thanks you; science thanks you.

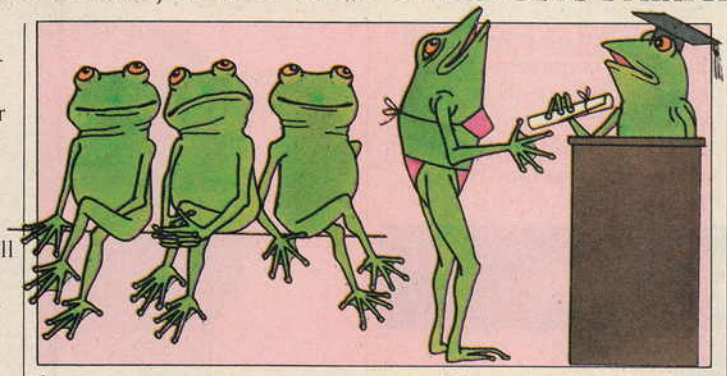


WHAT'S GREEN, WEARS A BIKINI AND GETS STRAIGHT A'S?

Talk about big tits in a little pond. Croaker College in Sacramento, the world's only institute of higher learning for frogs, has admitted "Dolly Do," a chesty amphibian owned by none other than Dolly Parton.

"Her bikini is the envy of all the other female frogs," boasts Professor Croaker himself, whose real name is Bill Steed. "In human terms, her bust size translates to a 38DD cup."

Not all the frogs are turning green with envy, however. "Dolly Do" joins 50 other aspiring students at Croaker, including undergrads owned by Johnny Cash, Walter Cronkite and former California Governor Ronald Reagan. The elite of frogdom, they train to win major frog-jumping contests around the world—and they learn to cope with the pressures of fame.



Reports the professor: "Each frog gets room and board, sauna, bubble bath, massage pad, swimming, weight lifting and two hundred forty hours of 'uplift talk.' " Uplift talk? "For years, frogs have lived with the image of being slimy, cold and icky. But frogs are a lot like people. This image has ruined their self-esteem so they can't jump as far as they are able."

To combat this, the prof turns the student frogs on their backs and hooks them up to tiny headphones. The frogs then listen to a consciousness-raising rap featuring Professor Croaker.

A veteran of 20 years in the sleep-learning business, Bill Steed made the leap to professorship after attending the world-famous Calaveras County frog-jumping contest. "I said to myself, 'I can motivate people—why not frogs?' " Why not, indeed? In 1970, he convinced Arkansas Governor Winthrop Rockefeller to sponsor a frog and ship it to California by air freight. The next year, a confident Professor Croaker trained a frog owned by San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen; it came in first in a field of 300.

Since he opened Croaker College in 1972, the professor has educated some 350 frogs; yet he was so impressed with "Dolly Do's" attributes that he waived the usual $50 matriculation fee and presented her with a full musical scholarship. "After I finally got those big cups on her," chuckles the professor, "she had a little swagger to her hop. She looked like she was doing the Tennessee Tango."

Next month: The best pair of legs on campus. Sautéed.

—GARY HANAUER

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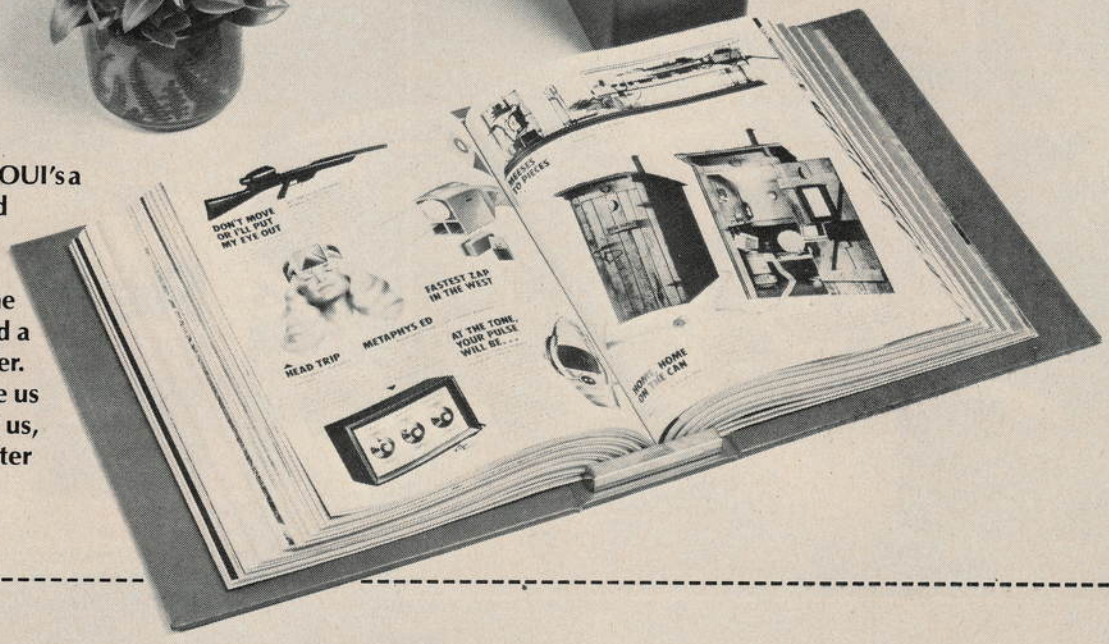

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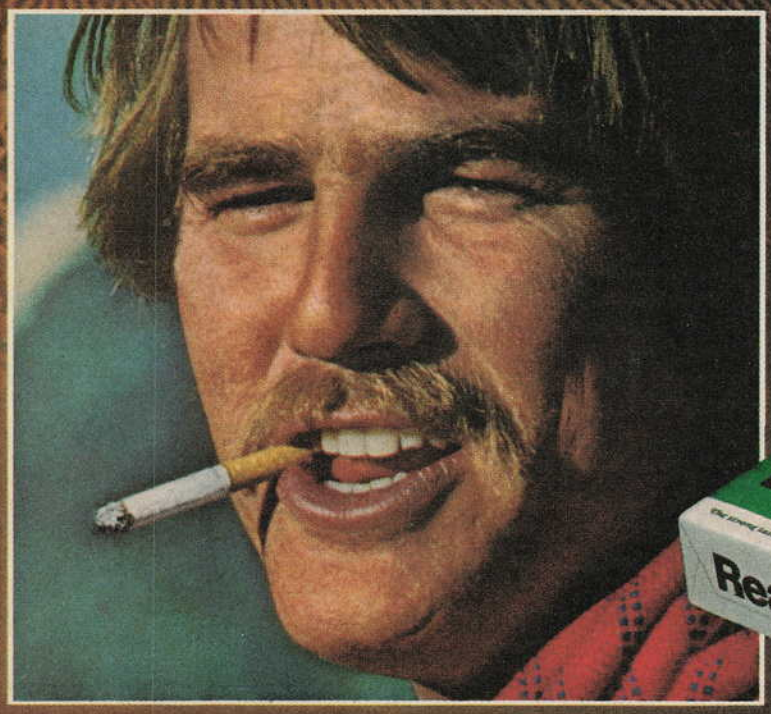
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Only 9 mg tar.

"Real's got dynamite taste! Strong...more like a high tar."

The strong tasting low tar.

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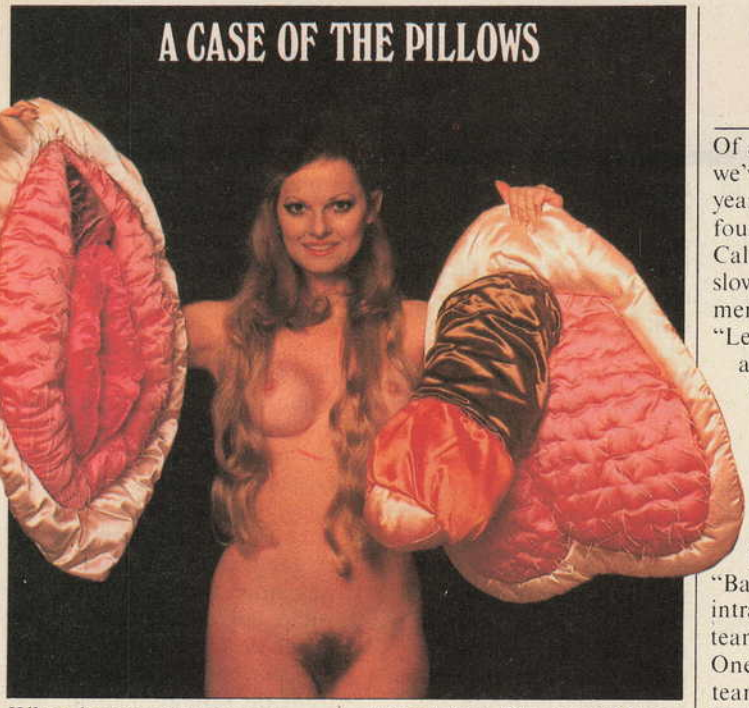
A CASE OF THE PILLOWS



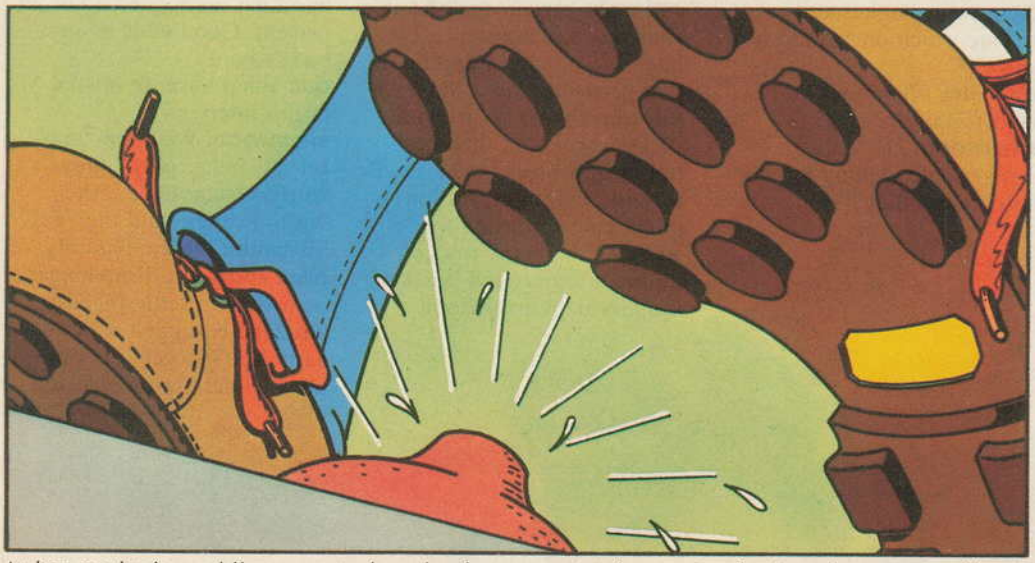
When her art class was assigned a thesis, our bold embroideress stood up and told the professor he could stuff it. Later in the semester he stopped by her flat and did just that. The result? Her hot-pink "soft sculptures" win the *Openers* visual-aids award, plus an A for the course. The rest of the class got to watch.

GIVING SPORTS A BAD NAME

Of all the intramural teams we've been rooting for this year, some of the best can be found at the University of California at Davis. A recent slow-pitch softball tournament featured a game between "Level Strokes for More Pokes" and "Hoping to Score." Other teams entered in the contest included "The Fast Ballers," "Slick Sticks & Hot Licks," "The Full Mooners," "Bush League Player" and our hands-down (?) favorite, "Bats & Cracks." The Davis intramural cross-country teams are no slouches, either. One of the hotter women's teams is "The Tromping Trollops." For the men, there's "Nothing Short of 12 Inches," "The Fork Q's," "Trojan Pros" and last, but certainly not least, "Watch Our Balls Fly."

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

WHERE'S THE POINT?



At her mother's prodding, a lovely debutante was about to have a breast lift before her appearance on the society pages. Both agreed that the right nipple could use a little straightening, and so the surgeon was instructed as to the desired angle and position. During the operation, the nipple was routinely separated and gently placed in an ice-filled petri dish while the breasts were fattened. But when the time came to place the pink dainty on the agreed-upon spot, it was missing! Pandemonium broke loose in the OR and the patient stayed etherized on the table while trash cans were searched, medication bottles inspected and the floor swept several times. Finally, panic turned to gloom as hope was abandoned for the lost tit-topper. That is, until an out-of-uniform laundry boy arrived on the scene to discover something underfoot. Time and again he'd been reprimanded for not wearing surgical slippers in the OR. But his day had come. As the entire company watched in horror, he reached down and discovered, lodged in the groove of his Vibram sole, one *nippilis vatinis*.

Ten minutes later, nipple and deb were reunited.

—I. DAVIDSON

TRIBUTE TO TRASH

Bored by the masterpieces? Performance art make you puke? Then here's some tart for art's sake, courtesy of the Unknown Museum in idyllic, happy-go-wacky Mill Valley. Once a Packard dealership, the funky two-room structure now houses the world's largest collection of what its contributing artists term "collected and upgraded objects." In other words, junk. A temple to the Disposable Society, the tiny museum overflows with thousands of colorful, shiny

objects. Some are structural, some vehicular, some glued or assembled, some simply lame. Where else can you find a car with a stuffed water buffalo attached to the hood and a miniature ceramic impala on the side? Or at least four other drivable autos—a '62 Olds, a '71 Toyota, a parade vehicle and a sports car with a life-size female mannequin holding a pineapple seated next to a frog—all covered with literally thousands of glued adornments? Then there's a giant ten-feet-tall hand, miniature robots, Buddhas, Santa Claus dolls, a string of pink ballet slippers, a pile of more than 20 lunch boxes that literally hold up a portion of the ceiling, a beautiful full-scale horse covered with thousands of bottle caps, an eight-feet-tall bird composed of donated glued items that can move its wings, a playable super-glued bass guitar, a 707 model

Sex in the Supermarket

All right, forget those stupid cracks about "squeezing the melons" or "hanging out at the meat rack." *Openers* went shopping this month and came home with a California "sexpert" whose specialty is speed-line sex.

Lyn "The Happy Hunter" Sherwood is the author of *Sex in the Supermarket* (Ermine Publishers), the ultimate guide to scoring in the aisles. Since Sherwood swears that his carefully plotted game plans land him more strange ass than Warren Zevon's toilet seat, we invited him to give us a taste of sex in the supermarket.

OUI: First off, why supermarkets?

SHERWOOD: It's simple. You can pick up women in any of a thousand places, but that's spreading yourself too thin. So, what's the one thing all women have in common? They all eat, so they all have to go to the supermarket. Some go two, three times a week.

OUI: But how do you pick the *right* supermarket?

SHERWOOD: A scientific approach is imperative. For example, do you know what they say about nurses? Well, it's true. Nurses are among the world's horniest women. But nurses don't do their shopping in a hospital, do they? The first step is to look for a hospital located near any large apartment complex. Then concentrate on the supermarkets most convenient to the apartments. But make certain that the market has a large liquor department, with an especially good selection of wines. A nurse who doesn't drink usually doesn't fuck, either.

OUI: How is your batting average with stewardesses?

SHERWOOD: Remember what I said about nurses? Well, that goes double for stews. Although they don't do much grocery shopping, they nearly always need new lipsticks, colognes, etc. So, one way to land a stew is to use the "cosmetic-counter ploy." Station yourself near the men's after-shave department, pick up two bottles and wait for the quarry to approach; then assume an expression of concern. When she's noticed you, say, "Excuse me, miss, I'm terribly sorry to bother you, but would you do me a favor? Smell these two colognes and tell me which one would turn you on."

OUI: How often does that land you in the sack?

SHERWOOD: Not only are stews usually willing to offer an opinion, they'll sometimes recommend a different brand, adding, "You can't miss with this one." There's been an 84 percent success record with this gambit.

OUI: So your advice is to play dumb?

SHERWOOD: The supermarket is practically a woman's home ground, and bear in mind that all women are possessed of powerful maternal instincts. Thus, the man who appears confused in the supermarket becomes the likely recipient of "mother's" help. Learn to perfect facial expressions that reflect confusion, indecision, sadness or frustration. Women can't resist them. Their curiosity is too intense.

OUI: What's one of your most outrageous ploys?

SHERWOOD: There's the "sanitary-napkin ploy," where the sexplorer stations himself in the women's-hygiene section. Pick out your target and make certain she's headed your way and doesn't intend to do any shopping in that particular aisle. Make sure you choose a cart with a sticky wheel, and then position it so it blocks the aisle. Be sure to wear an expression of extreme confusion while studying the many rows of different brands and boxes of sanitary napkins. After a while it will become obvious that you're too engrossed in your own confusion to notice that she can't pass.

OUI: What comes next?

SHERWOOD: Act like you've just been hit with the realization that you're holding up traffic, and attempt to move the cart. The sticky wheel will add to the frustration. Then say something like "I'm really sorry, but I'm rather new at this sort of thing. Women must be geniuses to find their way around so easily." As you're talking, manage to knock down several boxes. In 86.7 percent of the cases using the sanitary-napkin ploy, the prey responded to the poor, helpless man.

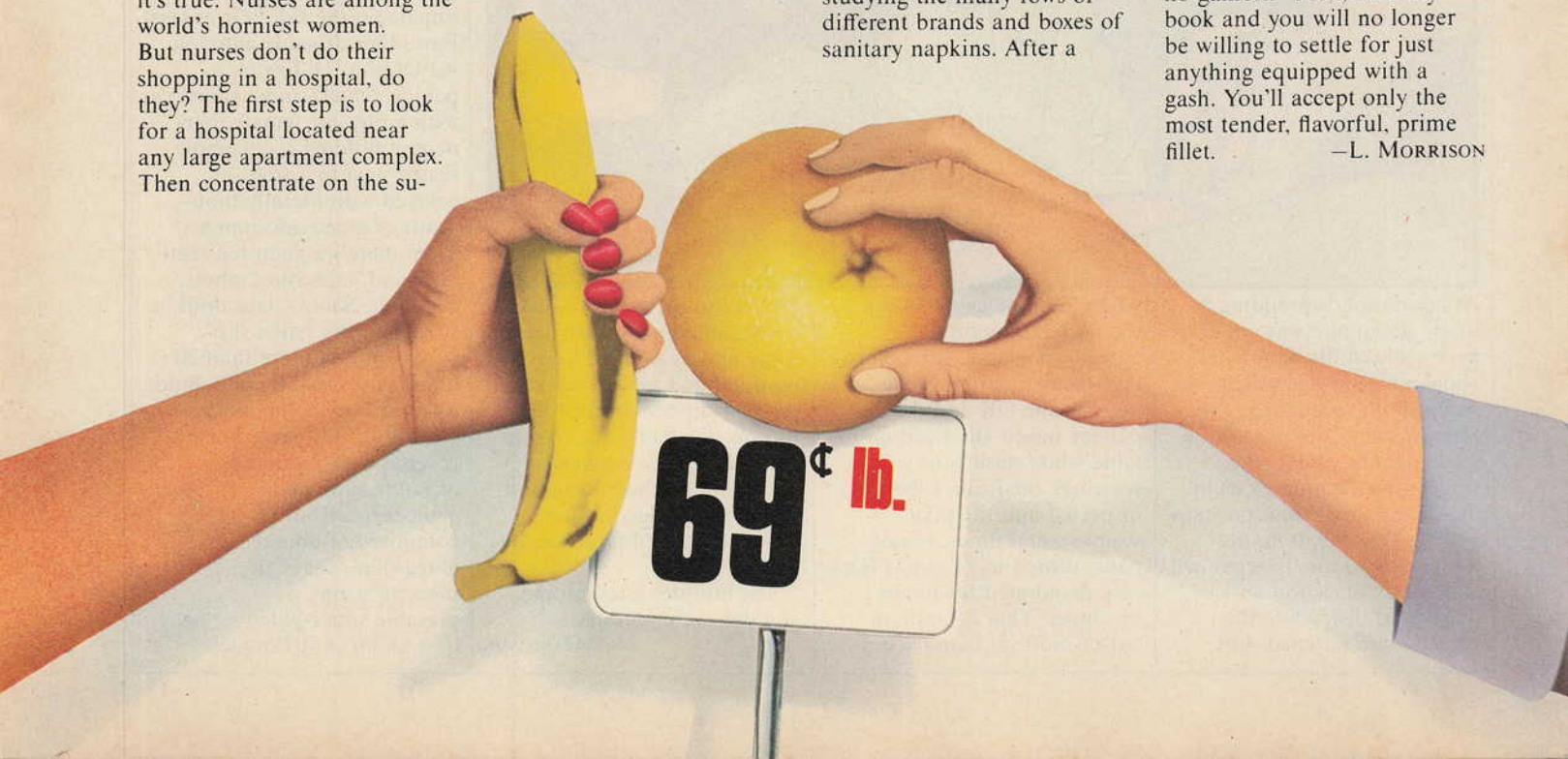
OUI: That's a long way from bringing home the bacon.

SHERWOOD: In the book I detail several subsequent steps in the sanitary-napkin ploy that can add to your chances. All in all, however, this ploy has a net success record of 39 percent. Good odds in anybody's book.

OUI: What have we missed in this interview?

SHERWOOD: Well, the "market-researcher ploy," the "dirty-vegetable bit," the "swami caper" and the "gay-lib gambit." Men, read my book and you will no longer be willing to settle for just anything equipped with a gash. You'll accept only the most tender, flavorful, prime fillet.

—L. Morrison



Oil on the halfshell. The French are mad about it.

The ingredients are simple:
(1) Shortsightedness.
(2) Oysters.
(3) An oil spill.
Mix.
Result: a disaster.

In 11 years, four major oil spills off the Brittany coast have brought the recipe to perfection.

• 1967 was the first great year: The crash of the Torrey Canyon dumped 29 million gallons of oil into French and British fishing waters and really messed up the place.

• 1976 wasn't bad either: Two more tanker wrecks added several thousand more tons.

• But 1978 was sensational: The recipe was finally perfected. The Amoco Cadiz broke wide open, pouring 50 million gallons of crude oil onto France's most productive coast.

• The fishing industry was destroyed,

• The tourist season ruined,

• 90 miles of beach were polluted,

• Millions of sea animals died.

Oil on the halfshell may soon be an American specialty: oil leases are likely to be granted above Georges Bank, this country's richest fishing grounds, as well as off the crowded beaches of New Jersey and Long Island.

The rush to exhaust scarce fossil fuels will not "solve" our energy problems. We should be planning now to develop alternative fuel resources that are clean, renewable and inexpensive. Like solar power.

Solar energy is America's energy future.

And Friends of the Earth is the leading environmental organization working for a solar, non-nuclear energy age. Actively and effectively.

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Oil on the halfshell, anyone?

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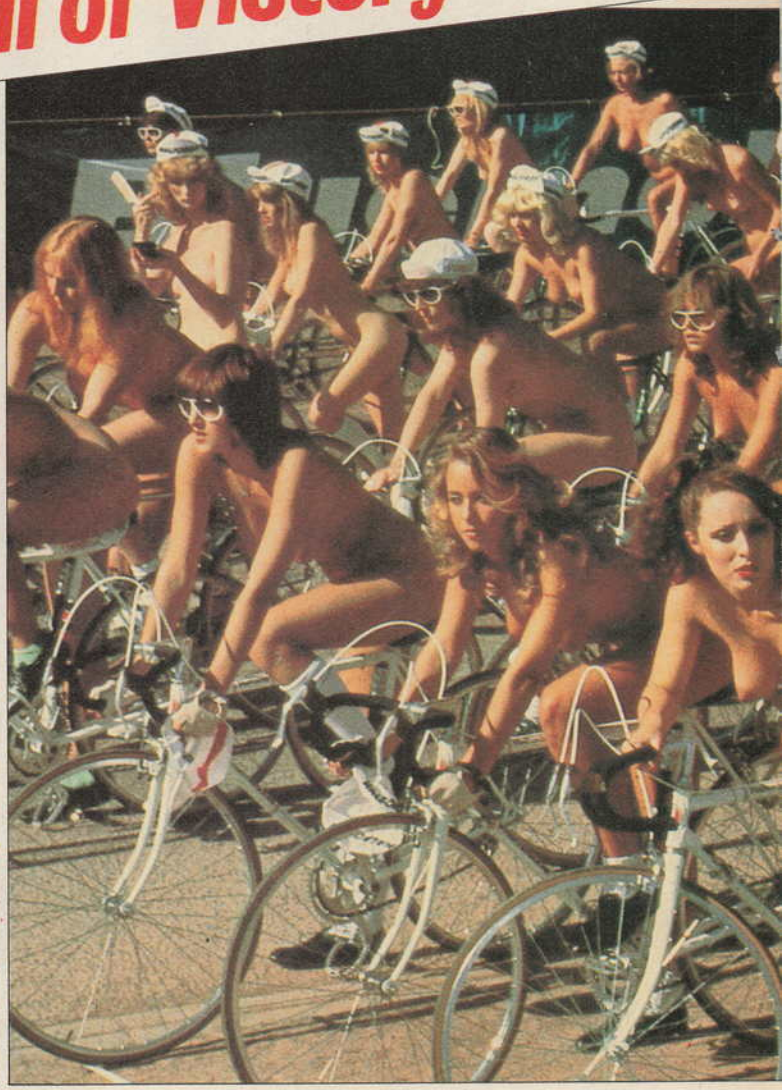
The Sweet Smell of Victory



Attention, bicycle buffs, especially those of you with a nose for real action. There's still a chance to cop a snifty souvenir of the first-ever nude bicycle race, held recently in London's famed Wimbledon Stadium. This historic event featured 55 lovely pedal pushers who were selected on the basis of candid snapshots. These dedicated athletes risked severe chafing and literally put their asses in gear for the sake of cycling. However, the company that rented the bikes refused to accept the seats after the race, claiming they had been "soiled." As a result, 55 moist bicycle seats are now available for mounting in the living room or for snarfing in private. Send your requests to the New York or Los Angeles offices of Elektra-Asylum Records, who helped sponsor the race. Sorry, only one odor per household.

RICH
ESTATE

Something new has happened to the sound of music.

Are you still listening to a music system developed in the stone age of sound reproduction?

Today's music has gone far beyond the confining area of the one-dimensional sound of yesterday. And while the sound of music can be heard in many ways, only a true high fidelity component system can recreate the excitement of a live musical experience in your home. It's a fact! You can enjoy every tone of complex musical sound in its undistorted, unaltered form.

We know, because as the Institute of High Fidelity, our members include many of the world's most respected manufacturers of high fidelity equipment.

To help you get the most enjoyment from high fidelity, we have completely revised, updated and expanded our popular "Official Guide to High Fidelity." In easy-to-understand language, this abundantly illustrated 207-page guide gives you a step-by-step approach to help you select the very best hi-fi component system for your home.

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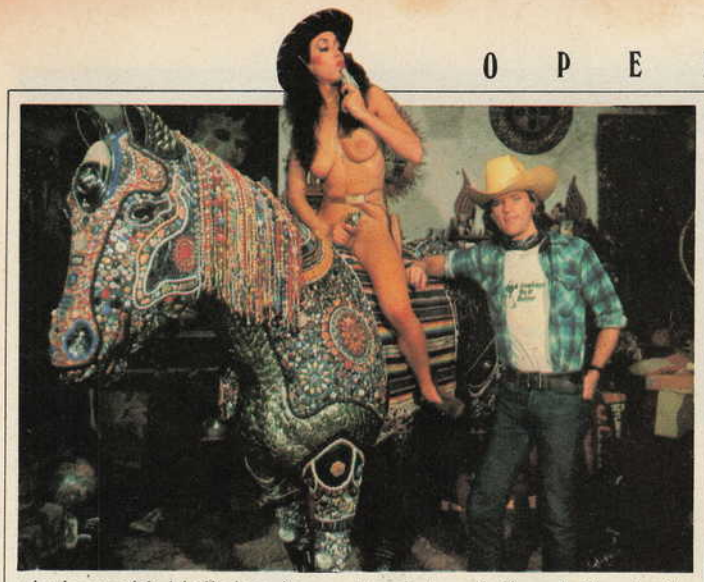

airplane with bird's legs instead of landing wheels, and a floor littered with dozens of bathroom scales.

"We call it the Unknown Museum because a lot of the objects on display here are of unknown origin," explains bearded co-curator Dickens "44" Bascom (who was born four minutes after four on the 44th day of 1944). Turning to a customized car by one of the best-known contributors, Larry Fuentes, he asks: "Who made all these buttons glued on here? Who designed these taillights? And who won all these bowling trophies?" (Fuentes lined the tail of his vehicle with more than 30 trophies, not to mention 50 or so butter knives and perhaps 75 plastic cowboys and Indians.)

Bascom believes that "anything can be art—from tools to paintings." He admits there is a humorous side to the museum but insists that the art there is mostly serious. "The job of collecting all possible materials and making art out of it is, in a way, the most serious approach to art you can take."

Dickens dreams of "starting a Palace of Unknown Art in a woodsy area, not necessarily in California, but wherever we could get a donation of land." Since the present museum is already packed, the co-curator has been filling his home with various collections for nearly seven years.

"I'd also like to glue the bottom and sides of a swimming pool, and maybe a whole building," Dickens told us. "Something like a bowling alley would be perfect." Yeah, but is it art?

Here She Comes, Miss Drumstick

All who can remember her mourn the passing of the traditional beauty queen. Luscious and dumb, she walked the runway into our hearts. In this post-lib era, however, even Miss Teenage America has to have brains and talent; competition on the basis of sheer physical appeal appears a thing of the past.

Not so, say the editors of *The Contest Book*, published by Harmony Books. And to prove tradition still thrives, they point to such pageant lovelies as these:

- Miss Perfect Legs, in Pomona, California. Her only qualifications are a pair of statistically flawless gams.
- Miss Vacant Lot, in Victoria, Texas. She qualifies on the basis of being as vacant as possible. Last year the reigning queen captured the title by stuffing her mouth full of quarters.
- The Grandmother's Beauty Pageant in Oceanside Heights, New Jersey. Other than looking fine, the contestants don't have to be anything other than fertile.
- The Mother-and-Daughter Lookalikes, also chosen in Pomona (obviously a bastion of sexism). Just clean fun, but how does Dad tell them apart?

Some of the unusual beauty contests do feature talent of a sort. In Hemet, California, they choose a Miss Farmer's Daughter, who performs a round of farm chores. The Queen of the Road is another matter; every year, *Open Road* magazine crowns a lady truck driver who can hold her own with the rest of the boys (the first winner drove automobile carriers).

However, the Peanut Queen, the Frog Queen, Miss Chili Power and Miss Cow Chip are crowned, quite simply, as sex objects. Why, in Spring Hill, Florida—where they hold the annual World Chicken Plucking Championships—there's a Miss Drumstick competition. Contestants line up for the judges with flour sacks over their torsos—only their legs show. Pretty hot stuff, huh?

The price of beauty is the demeaning spectacle some of these lithesome lasses provide when they're crowned: the Queen of the Rattlesnake Hunt in San Antonio, Texas, has to eat rattlesnake; Miss Swamp Buggy, named for the odd contraptions they race in Naples, Florida, gets dunked for her troubles—in swamp mud, of course.

MERCI

Awwright!! M.V.P. (most voluptuous player) and all-around good sport Nina scores with "heads up" hustle to spare. But before we retire to the showers, let's hear a few cheers for this month's *Openers* squad. Bonuses and a stiff Reggie bar are in the mail. Editorial: advertising's new low, Hank Nuwer; l'esprit de porn, Halya Hrynchuk; college for frogs and unknown museum, Gary Hanauer; bad names, John Keefauver; where's the point?, I. Davidson; miss drumstick, Ken Dollar; nude bicycle race, Ed Bott. Photo: american bottom, Langelle; l'esprit de porn, Didier Farnault; case of the pillows, Darryl Baird; unknown museum, Bob Knickerbocker; nude bicycle race, WEA Records; openers and merci, Robert Peak (styling, Jana Whelan). Art: gang of 40AA, John Hamagami; college for frogs, Christine Nasser; sex in the supermarket, Fred Nelson; where's the point?, Johnny Lee.

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Alive with pleasure!

Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

SEX TAPES

SEX AND FOOD

Food and sex are two primal urges, intimately intertwined. Anyone who has tried to diet knows that sex can be a substitute for food. Conversely, a lack of sex often results in compulsive overeating. Most of our respondents regarded food as a prelude to sex. One person asks the other out to dinner, after which (allowing for the possibility of movie interruptus), they find themselves in one or the other's bed indulging in some private dessert. A variation on this involves food in foreplay, as when licking honey, whipped cream or chocolate syrup from a tender portion of a lover's body. Certain foods have a history of aphrodisiac powers, especially those resembling the female genitalia, such as oysters. Too much food is definitely antierotic but, as with alcohol, by the time one has overindulged, it's often too late for anything but sleep.

Robert P., 29, bike-shop owner: It isn't the thought of food that I find sexy; it's seeing my wife in the kitchen. Belinda says it drives her crazy, the way I'm always coming up behind her as she's peeling vegetables or washing dishes. But the truth is, I just like the challenge. We've been married for six years now, and when we take off our clothes and get into bed, I find it real difficult to muster up any convincing passion.

I need to have a little resistance, something that brings back the thrill of the chase. When Belinda is busy cooking dinner, sex is the last thing on her mind, and that makes her tremendously exciting to me. She'll kind of playfully push me away, and then I'll sneak up behind her again, my erection brushing hard against her ass. Once I took her from behind, while she was leaning over the kitchen sink. And another time I pushed her up against the rumbling refrigerator. Usually we manage to stumble into bed, and more times than not the soup boils over or something burns—but I could care less about that. Belinda gets pissed sometimes, but she looks so cute when she's angry that I just want to fuck her again.

Joan B., 27, artist: I'm always looking for new ways to enjoy myself in bed, and one thing I've learned is that the more you give, the more you get. I especially like going down on my boyfriend in the morning—sort of waking him up like that. It always makes him feel great, and I really get off on his waking moans and groans. Besides, I usually get to take full advantage of his morning hard-on.

One morning I had gotten up early and was having my morning grapefruit and honey when I got a great idea. I took the half-eaten grapefruit and the squeeze tube of honey into the bedroom, carefully peeled back the sheets and poured just a little of the honey on my boyfriend's cock. He began to stir a little as I slowly licked it off.

By the time he was beginning to come fully awake, I was dripping honey on his cock, squeezing a little grapefruit juice on it and then sucking it off. It was great—the sweet honey and the sour grapefruit juice tasted terrific mixed with the musky smell of his cock. The thing about honey is that it takes so long to lick off. I really got into the teasing aspect of it, and the instant sugar brought on a burst of energy.

Arousing my boyfriend is the fastest way I know to turn myself on; by the time he's good and hard, I usually have some juice of my own trickling down on my thighs. Then I get on top and go for a little ride. It sure beats jogging.

Patrick B., 26, cabdriver: I don't go for that kind of kinky stuff myself, but Donnie, my partner, is always trying new things, getting hooked up with pretty strange ladies. Trouble is, good old Donnie can't walk and chew gum at the same time. Not too bright but real good looking. Women see us together and immediately go for Donnie on first sight. He has that I'm-a-blaze-in-the-sack look: I'm slower, steadier; I usually get a lady and stay with her a long while. Donnie wants the thrill of the chase.

So, last week we're at a bar. I'm with my lady, Noreen, and Donnie is cruising, looking to get laid. This lady walks right up to him and says, "I've got this fruitcake left over from Christmas," and Donnie looks up like he has been plugged in the belly by a .45. He smiles and I hear her ask, "Wanna share it with me?" Donnie says sure and they disappear.

Then two, three days later, I'm at his house and dying to hear what happened. Donnie tells me how they went to her

apartment, and it was really fancy; so he figures right off that she is a hooker or something. She goes to the fridge and takes out some tiny boxes, each holding a slice of fruitcake—you know, tied up like what you bring back from weddings. And so she says, "Pick a box, any box." Big mystery. So Donnie picks one box. This broad excuses herself to slip into something comfy, and she comes back dressed in a bikini.

Believe me, this kind of stuff never happens to me; not even before I met Noreen. So out comes this lady, practically nude, and she is carrying a beach towel, to boot. She lays the towel down on the parquet floor, puts on sunglasses, takes the box Donnie selected and then asks him to rub her tummy—which he does 'cause he's out for a good time, right? And then she asks him to untie the string of the box at the same time, which poses one helluva problem for old Donnie 'cause, like I said, he is not what you would call Mr. Coordination.

He does it anyway, all this time rubbing the gal's stomach. Then she says she really likes Christmas and usually spends it in Miami, and she wants to relive that now, which explains the sunglasses and the bikini and beach towel. So she hands him suntan oil and asks him to rub it all over her body and to keep rubbing her stomach. The way Donnie tells it, the oil is splattering this way and that, and the broad starts squirming and aahing and oohing. Then she asks him to bend over while he is rubbing her tummy and putting on the suntan oil and eat her. Just like that. So Donnie is trying to do all this, when she moans and tells him he should slip out of his clothes, which he cannot figure how to do while patting her stomach, eating her and rubbing in the suntan oil.

Somehow he gets naked and is lying next to her and she says, "Let's eat the fruitcake." So they do, she feeding it to him, him feeding it to her, the crumbs all sticking to the suntan oil. Apparently this whole nonsense is making the broad absolutely fucking crazy with desire or something, because Donnie says she is squirming all over the floor by now.

The crowning touch—and this I didn't believe the first time Donnie told me, either—is when she asks him out of the blue to sing *Silent Night*. She still wants him to eat her out between verses, you understand, which completely throws old Donnie for a loop, and he gets crazy. He keeps at it, though, until she comes, which at that point doesn't take long. Donnie thinks OK, now's my turn, but the broad suddenly sits up, takes off her sunglasses and tells him he owes her 50 bucks—for the fruitcake, yet. Donnie tells her what she can do with the fruitcake, and goddamn if she doesn't go get another piece and crumble it all over his cock and navel and then nibble it up. Every time I hear the expression "nutty as a fruitcake," I think of that story. But, as I said, nothing kinky like that ever happens to me.

Elliot P., 35, lawyer: Everybody does something different to relax. After sex, for example, a lot of people light cigarettes. Some people just fall asleep. Others read. I usually fall asleep. But this one girl, Laurie, was the oddest sex partner I ever had. After she came, she would eat a taffy apple. It was a compulsion. She would come, excuse herself, go to the fridge, take out a taffy apple and climb back into bed with it, happily chomping away. She must have bought them by the case, because she was never out of the damn things. All that chomping finally got to me and I called it quits. Now I always look in a girl's refrigerator before I even *think* of getting serious with her.

Arlene G., 33, housewife: The only time I ever had group sex came about as a result of food—too much food.

Even though there's just my husband and myself to cook for, I was raised in a big family and just never adjusted to cooking for two. I made a bunch of lamb chops one night and Martin was, as usual, complaining about the waste; so on a whim I called up our new neighbors, Terry and Don, and asked them to join us for dinner.

I had never been unfaithful to Martin before this night, but Don was just one of those guys

As Don and I wove our way into the bedroom, he was telling me how wonderful the dinner was, and how I had the greatest tits this side of the Rockies

who oozes sex. Tall, blond, tanned, and those crinkly blue eyes. A fanny made for slapping. His wife, on the other hand, was quite ordinary—or so I thought.

Shortly after we sat down at the table, I felt an interesting sensation on my thigh—it turned out to be Don's searching fingers.

I am not the kind of woman that men usually go gaga over. I haven't let myself go to pot or anything and I haven't many wrinkles for an old broad of 33; nevertheless, I was completely unused to this kind of sexy attention.

We all left the table, finally, and I noticed that Terry was humming around my husband like a bee around honey. Martin was blushing and he looked at Don, who bluntly said, "I would really like to make love to your wife."

Naturally, I dropped my drink in my lap; Martin sat up straighter and hemmed and hawed a bit before asking Don if he were serious. Don said he absolutely was and that, furthermore, he thought Martin wanted to make love to Terry. Martin nodded his head somewhat shyly. No one inquired as to whether Terry and I were interested, but it didn't seem to matter a whole helluva lot at the moment. Don stood up, took my hand and asked Martin and Terry if they would mind taking the living room while we took the bedroom. Just like that. More amazing still was that Martin, straitlaced as a man can be, said they would, indeed, take the living room.

As Don and I wove our way into the bedroom, he was telling me how wonderful the dinner was; how he had never had lamb like that in his life; how the salad would put French chefs to shame; how the cookies (now mind you, these were cookies from a *bag*) were magnificent; and how I had the greatest tits this side of the Rockies. All of this, naturally, made me crazy with desire.

I could hear noises from the living room: Terry and Martin were really going at it. The noises started turning me on (Martin is usually so silent with me in bed), and I got hotter than hell. But I was also really curious, so I asked Don if we could go into the living room too—which we did. So then there were the four of us, lying in various positions, watching one another, eyes glazed with desire and excitement. Don was moving like a bat out of hell, his legs pushing hard against my body, his cock pounding into me, and Martin watched this and smiled. Terry, bless her heart, was giving him head a lot more vigorously than I ever have. While I was thinking about that, Don came in me and rolled off; then Martin pulled away from Terry and suddenly we were together, Martin and I, and we were oblivious to anyone else being there. Don and Terry must have let themselves out, because I don't remember them leaving. All I remember is Martin making love like never before.

Well, Terry and Don aren't exactly on our Christmas card list, but we occasionally see them in the hall and nothing is said. Martin and I don't talk much about that evening either, but he hasn't complained since about my overcooking.

Bert F., 46, owner, investment company: Once, I ate a whole can of refried beans off my girl's cunt, which is what I really call a super taco.

Pamela G., 32, receptionist: Jack and I had an argument about butter versus margarine—which is better, you know? So he lay down on the bed and put butter on one testicle and margarine on the other, and I licked a bit from each one and tried to guess which was which. You know what? I couldn't tell the difference. I don't imagine they'll show that taste test on television. □

SEX TAPES QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be described and analyzed on the *Sex Tapes Letters* page in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know what you think about sex and food.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. I most often think about food...
   a. during sex.
   b. before sex.
   c. after sex.
   d. only at mealtime.
   e. Other _____.
6. The sexiest thing about food is its...
   a. shape. Example: _____.
   b. taste. Especially _____.
   c. color. I like _____ best.
   d. texture. As with _____.
7. After I have sex, I like to...
   a. eat.
   b. smoke.
   c. shower or bathe.
   d. sleep.
   e. have more sex.
8. My favorite sex-and-food fantasy involves...
   a. being seduced at a fancy restaurant.
   b. having some kind of food stuffed in one of my sexual orifices.
   c. licking food off the body of my lover.
   d. Other _____.
9. My most interesting *real* experience with sex and food was as follows (use separate page to explain):

LETTERS

Sex Tapes

The response to our January masturbation survey was reassuring as well as informative. It was comforting to discover that not one of our readers found masturbation to be sinful—the sticky taboos of the early 20th Century seem to have finally dissipated.

The overwhelming majority (95 percent) of all our male and female respondents found masturbation to be an OK substitute for intercourse, but hardly as good as "the real thing." Almost as many (85 percent) used sexy books and erotic photographs as a masturbation aid, and the rest got off on everything from bananas to mousetraps. ("It takes a while to get used to the pain, but after you do, the feeling is simply marvelous!")

The only point on which our respondents really disagreed was the question of whether or not to masturbate in front of a lover. Surprisingly, more women than men admitted to getting a kick out of watching their partners masturbate. It appears that the older a man gets, the more likely he is to be turned on by this practice. Half of the 18- to 25-year-olds never even thought about jacking off while their lovers watched.

We could go on and on with the statistics, but the following letters from our readers are much more interesting.

I haven't been with many men—I'm only 19—but the man I am with at present is very experienced and taught me everything I know. He got me to start reading sexy books and taught me to masturbate.

My masturbation fantasy is to be with two men. I masturbate in front of them and turn them on with all the things my boyfriend taught me. These two guys then get flipped out, because they think I know nothing about sex, but here I am doing what pleases men most. Playing little Miss Innocent and then turning into the best lay they ever had is the real turn-on for me.

CHARLOTTE R.
Brooklyn, New York

I've masturbated ever since I realized that it was much more fun to play with my little peter than with anything else (maybe that's the reason I now have ten inches!). But the real payoff came the day I found I could lie on my back in bed, throw my feet back over my head and hook them in the headboard. The old boy hung right in there in front of my mouth! I slowly brought my dick down and licked the head, then bent more until I had about two inches in my mouth. Then I had to stop for a while because I could not keep from coming. This I continued for about an hour. Boy, to blow with your own mouth! Sure eliminates the worry of someone else biting you.

JIM B.
Sterling, Illinois

My favorite masturbation fantasy is one that did occur in real life. It involved fucking my ex-sister-in-law, while my wife is screwing my best friend. Of course, things don't always turn out the way you want them to. My ex-wife now lives with my ex-best friend. My ex-sister-in-law got married. I lost my job and my car and am trying to keep my house on my way to financial ruin. Need I say more?

GEORGE F.
Westland, Missouri

I wore out my mother's mail-order catalogs, looking at the women modeling bras and panties

I remember guys in junior high school who used to make a circle with their thumb and forefinger and laugh. I used to think that was just some new way of saying hi, but later, in shop class, I saw some of the guys using their fingers in this manner to go up and down between their legs. I finally got the idea of what they were doing.

So one day, while in my room, I started doing what they did. It felt good, so I kept going. It felt better and better, and I continued until I had my first climax. That was when I was 15 years old.

After that, all hell broke loose. I masturbated three or four times a day, every day—in school, in cars, in fields, at home. I wore out my mother's mail-order catalogs, looking at the women modeling bras and panties. I fucked ground meat and then mixed the semen in it so no one would know. We ate it later as Sunday-dinner meatballs. I fucked bowls of gelatin and put holes in cantaloupes. One night I was standing outside a neighbor's window and saw a lady shaving her underarms. I jacked off and came on the side of the house.

This is all the truth. I'd take a lie-detector test to prove it. I've even done things that would make the Marquis de Sade look sick. But you know, I've found that I'm no different from anyone else. If anyone tried to tell me they never did any of these things, I'd just call him a damn liar.

MIKE Y.
New Castle, Pennsylvania

My favorite fantasy is about my wife. She puts on a 15-inch dildo with a vibrator and I lie on my back. Dee starts going at my asshole with the vibrator while I jack off. When I'm close to coming, I lift my head to lick up my own juices. Then I kiss Dee with come still on my lips. Next I do the same thing to her. She loves having a baby-oiled dildo up her asshole. I do it to

(Continued on page 135)

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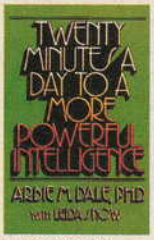

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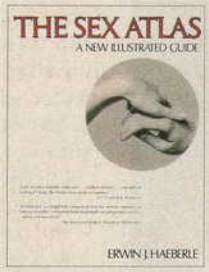

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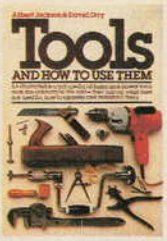

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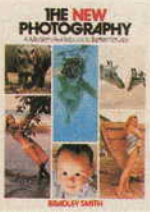

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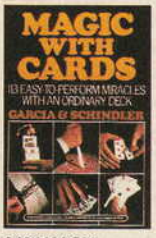

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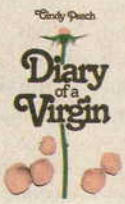

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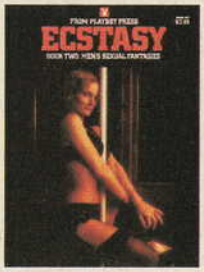

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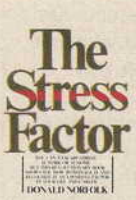

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MAN IN THE STREET

BY D. KEITH MANO

Fortune Telling: Who Put The Gyp In Gypsy?

Eh, Goombah. You. Remember this or a man'll come and bend both your big toes back, and you'll look very funny wearing sandals at the beach. Remember, Joe Valachi didn't tell you—I did: The Mafia is heavy into palm reading. Not to mention candle burning. And rubber Hail Marys. It may not be as profitable as loan sharking or hijacking a truck of provolone. But credulity is still your fastest low-risk scam.

See, I'm straphung on the Lex uptown-local train, and I see all these flashy, foot-square pressure-sensitive posters. **MS. ROBERTSON. SPIRITUAL READER AND ADVISOR. RESULTS IN 24 HOURS. 555-6103.** Counterfeit IBM shares aren't printed up with more exquisite detail: Jesus in one corner, then Buddha, the Torah, an astrology chart—something for every pew. And, friend, they're plastered on like limpet mines; you could remove a civil servant easier. Yet, when I change at Grand Central, so does Ms. Robertson. Shazam, she's **MRS. DORA, 555-2365; MISS STELLA, 555-1216; MOTHER BERNICE, 555-2665.** Same upper-middle-class-wedding-invitation print job; same pious pictures; same superstickum. But different name, different phone. I'm beginning to wonder if this Ms. Robertson is one swindle-fast broad—all the time on the lam from charges of holy fraud and/or permagluing up a public transport.

I am wrong. Ms. R., Stella, Dora, Bernice: They're all separate floozies, working for the same spiritual chain store. Brooklyn, Bronx, Astoria, Midtown: They sit in cozy nostra whorehouse-chic apartments (a waiting room with instep-deep carpet, glass coffee table and at least one low, soft chair that'll suck loose change out of your pocket). Better yet, their routine is vintage callgirl. Phone 555-2365 and Dora wants *your* number—so she can ring back and make sure you're not dialing from a precinct desk. Hell, Ms. R. in Queens didn't even know what subway stop she lived near; new at that location probably. And when I show up (I've told her I'm a desperate, laid-off shoe salesman), she wants to see identification yet—from Thom McAn himself.

"Choo show me pruf."

"But Thom McAn isn't a person. Besides, you don't need a New York State license or anything to sell shoes. And I've been laid off, anyway. How come you need proof?"

"The management ax for it. Whatchoo god in the zootcase there?"

"A newspaper." Some fortune teller. The ad said: "Will call your friends and enemies by name, without knowing them," and she can't even guess what's in my briefcase. But I play stupid-straight and let her frisk my satchel.

Ms. R. is done up in lend-lease Gypsy; i.e., she resembles a marked-down Sicilian. Babushka-type scarf over the hair. Brass earrings caught from some merry-go-round. And an accent that's more speech impediment than dialect: I think she has harelip of the tongue. Exotic as an exchange student from, oh, Staten Island.

"Choo want the raggler reading is twangty dollars. Spezzial is twangty-fi."

"What's the difference?"

"Fi dollars."

"I blow on jour wallet firz. Good lug." Standard con—just checking my net worth as a sucker. "Choo money grow now. H'ride?"

"Yes. All right."

Ms. R. doesn't read my palm; she skims it. Like "hands clean" inspection in first grade. For the cheap, "raggler" palm read you probably don't even have to take your glove off.

"Jour han' tell me choo very poor ride now. No job." (Perceptive. I'd learn more from a manicurist. And my nails'd get clean.) "Jour luggy nummer is seven. Choo be very happy soon. A women jew love is comin' bag—if choo pray. How much money jew god for a candle to burn?"

I forgot to tell you: The only thing that isn't regulation bordello furniture in this joint's a little altar, organ piped with big, smaller, smallest candles. But, like any other pro, Ms. R. won't light my wick for nothing.

"Uh, five dollars."

"Choo god more. I saw."

"But I have to pay my rent. Look, couldn't I buy that very small candle?"

"I god to send up a prayer for jew. I can' pray for no fi dollars." (She might get a run in her prayer shawl, genuflecting and regenuflecting for turkey feed like that.) "When jew get money?"

"Well, unemployment insurance—"

"Come bag than. We pray. Ask for Ms. Robertson."

"What's your first name?"

"I can't tell you."

She can't tell me because everyone who works the Astoria office is plain Ms. Robertson. Like Cosa Nostra ads in *Screw*: VISIT ME, CHEERY, AT MY POSH PRIVATE APARTMENT. Then, in parentheses· ("Girls interviewed daily.") But at least a whore will give you something—penicillin bait, anyhow. The spiritual-reader racket is pure ripoff—on poor people mostly. It must be the last Genovese or Bonanno cousin of a cousin of a cousin fresh from Sicily who runs the fortune telling. I can see him now, candle wax all over his dark suit. Say this for organized crime: If they don't get you with numbers or bookmaking, they'll get you by the crystal balls. □

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD MANTEL

This month Playmate Michele Drake bends over backwards to please. And, as always, there's a lot more as well in the current PLAYBOY. For example, TV reporter Dan Rather answers 20 tough questions. There's a report on why some athletes just can't quit. Marilyn Monroe's personal maid tells tales out of MM's boudoir. You'll learn how it feels to ride shotgun with the vice squad, enjoy a close-up visit with Europe's top sex stars and more. In May PLAYBOY, now at newsstands.

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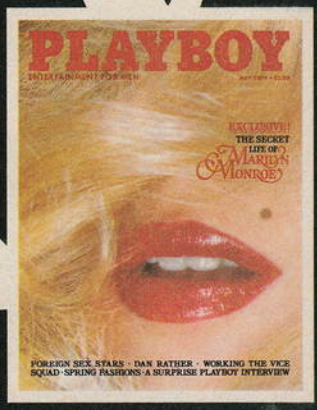
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SEX

BY JIM FRAGALE

Being Hung: Does It Improve Sex?

Joke: Proper English lady and gentleman in bed for the first time.

SHE: My, what a small organ you have.

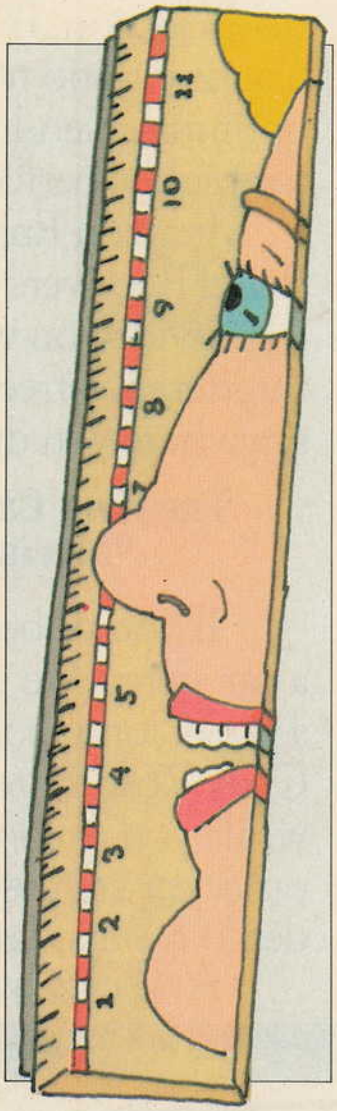
HE: I didn't know I'd have to play in a cathedral.

•

Since the beginning of time, man has been preoccupied with the size of the penis. Phallic monuments are common in the British Isles, Egypt, Crete, Greece, Italy and France, Polynesia and parts of Africa. Giant stone phalli were *de rigueur* in ancient India's Hindu temples.

The Arabs were crazy on the idea of phallic dominance. Sir Richard Burton's fascinating investigations point out that the Turks, for example, successfully conquered the Arabs partly on the strength of their penis superiority. When the Turks gained some control of the Arabs, they began to post measurements publicly and the impressive sizes entirely shattered Arab resistance. As far as present-day America is concerned, our attitudes can best be summed up by the memorably hilarious scene in the original *M*A*S*H* in which enlisted men lined up to take a peek at a showering soldier's large genitals.

There is no end to what has been printed, theorized and speculated about the importance of penis size in sex. Medical author Dr. Joseph Dow, in his book *Sexual Anatomy*, confirms: "There is perhaps no single element in the world of sexology subject to more speculation and inaccurate information than the field of penis sizes." In the journal *Medical*



Aspects, Dr. Harvey E. Kaye listed what he called "the five principal sexual myths of Western culture." Heading Kaye's list was "the sexual superiority of the penis," followed by "the mystique of size."

When research statistics from a number of experts, including Kinsey and Masters and Johnson, were compiled, it was found that the average erect penis measures just a fraction over six inches. Ninety percent of the male population are in this category. The other 10 percent fall fairly evenly into either the smaller or larger categories.

For those who still wonder, there is little relationship between the size of the penis and body size, as Robert L. Dickinson confirmed in *Human Sex Anatomy*. Therefore, one cannot assume that a taller and better-built man will have a larger and thicker penis. Unlike the size of any other organ in the body, penis size is almost completely unrelated to general physical development.

After Masters and Johnson conducted extensive research and tested the actual sexual intercourse of hundreds of couples, they concluded that just about any size organ will do the job. The primary allure of a big cock, therefore, is one of fascination rather than one of function.

I.S. is a 40-year-old advertising creative director from New York City. He's been divorced twice and is now remarried. At 6'2", he has a nine-inch penis. "Having a large cock does not enhance my sex life," he said at first. "But having a big cock rids you of fears. It makes you cocksure. A big dick eliminates the fear of rejection that a lot of other people have—you know you have something other people want. Yet some people become intimidated by it. Women don't usually. Some get frightened of it, yes; others love it. I know some men don't take showers at the gym because they're intimidated by their cock size. I'm a competitive person; I know that my cock enters into it. I'm glad I have it. I have something a lot of men don't have! In talking to you about this, I realize just how competitive I am, and I think it has something to do with this big dick I have. I just realized that. I'd have to say, yes, that I *know* a big cock improves my sex life. More women than not love it."

That's one side of the story. Another comes from T.A., a 26-year-old graphic artist from Chicago who has an extremely thick ten-inch penis. "I don't know if this Dick of Death—that's what bedpartners call it—improves sex, but I know it doesn't make me more competitive. If anything, I'm much more casual about competition because of what's hanging between my knees."

Finally, we come to porn star Harry Reems: "Do I think a large cock improves sex life? I don't know. You're operating under the assumption that I think I've got a large cock. It's a stupid question. I get bored with people walking up to me thinking I have this fourteen-inch cock."

Unfortunately, curiosity over and respect for the big, engorged male organ is too basic, entirely too traditional to our culture, and perhaps to the species, for us to change our minds about it now. But if you are one of those fellows who still frets about the size of his genitals, you might look at it the way Desmond Morris does in *The Naked Ape*:

"Every human male may enjoy knowing that of all the primates, the human phallus is by far the greatest. It is not only longer when fully erect, but also thicker when compared with other species; not only larger, it is bigger than the apes' in the flaccid state. Your penis may be a shade smaller than a friend's or a bit tinier than an enemy's; but it is sure to be larger than a chimpanzee's, bigger than a baboon's or even greater than a gorilla's." So much for King Kong. □

Jim Fragale wears a size-ten shoe.

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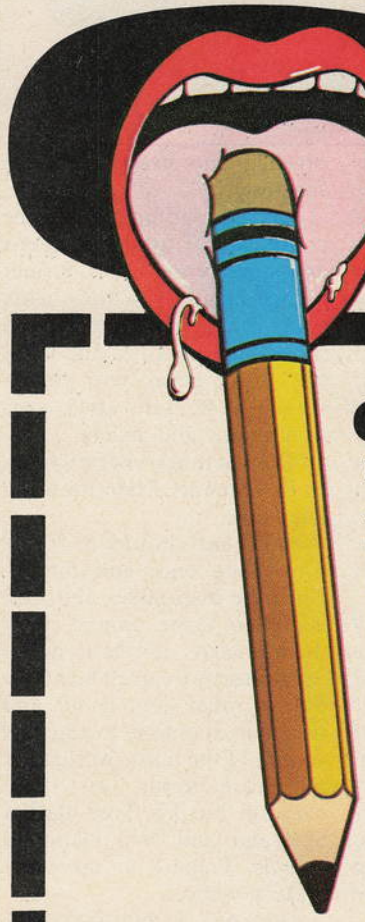

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MUSIC

BY ED NAHA

Battle Of The Bands: Rockers Vs. Dancers

There is a war raging in the streets of America and no one seems to know about it: rock 'n' roll versus disco.

Not since the days when WASPish pop fans rebelled against Sixties Motown soulsters has the music community witnessed such a relentless, all-encompassing feud. Violence flares daily. Radios are turned off. Platform shoes are bombed. Donna Summer LPs are hidden in the 'polka' section of record shops by crazed Bob Seger fans.

Actually, it's not too surprising that rock and disco should find themselves at opposite ends of the musical spectrum. They are, after all, philosophically contrary. Traditionally, rock has been a spontaneous, youth-oriented release of primordial energies—an omniscient sense of rebellion with a back beat. Disco, on the other hand, simply revels in a cool, controlled, sexual sense of smoothness. It is champagne to rockdom's Ripple. Silk to denim.

What is surprising are the reasons *why* typical rockers despise disco and discophiles abhor rock. Concerning disco, Ellen of New York's rock haven CBGB says: "It all sounds the same." And when it comes to rock, Trish of the same city's Xenon disco decrees: "It all sounds the same." Hmmmm.

CBGB is probably the quintessential contemporary rock club. Small. Crowded. Loud. It attracts a raunch-hungry clientele that ranges, in appearance, from your traditional jeans-and-sneakers crowd to your basic *Rocky Horror* types.

Xenon, on the other hand, is as flashy as can be. Intergalactic tackiness abounds within, as flashing lights and blaring percussion herald another night of "roller disco"—a sort of sado-masochistic event wherein hipsters on skates fall to the strains of Alicia Bridges.

Two different clubs, two different philosophies—each totally intolerant of the other.

CBGB's Ellen and Bob are quick to list their prime objections to disco:

"It's boring, repetitive. It sounds like a rain dance: thump, thump, thumpa."

"The lyrics stink. All this 'le freak, le freak, le freak' stuff."

"The singers don't sing; they just breathe heavy."

"The music has no soul."

"It's prefabricated, jive."

Bob and Ellen bridle in their blue jeans. "The people who like it are real assholes."

Trish and Roger, showing off their best Bee Gee-esque outfits at Xenon, think that disco is where it's at and hate rock:

"It's boring. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang. It's too loud."

"The lyrics stink. They're babyish 'where's mah baby?' stuff. Junk."

"The singers just want to scream at you."

"The music has no style, no class. It's old-fashioned."

"The people who listen to it are assholes . . . with pins in their ears."

About the only time you'll find the two opposing factions agreeing on anything is when such discoing pop/rockers as Elton John, Rod Stewart and Dr. Hook are mentioned. "Pathetic," all agree.

At this point, it would seem that both sides are totally polarized musically. In an age of détente and mediation, this is indeed a waste of energy. So, in order to both advance the cause of peace and possibly snare a Nobel Prize, I have come up with a solution to the problem: a safe middle ground for both sides to boogie upon. I propose peaceful coexistence through a new type of music, which would be half rock, half disco: Risco! Risco would combine the very best/worst of both worlds.

Rather than using the steady thum-thum-*thump*-thum beat of disco or the crazed banga-banga-banga-*bang* of rock, risco would employ a sort of spaz Bo Diddley rhythm, offering a thumpity-thumpity-thump-bang-bang beat over and over again. See? Risco would be just as dull as disco *and* rock and it would be equally undanceable for all.

Risco lyrics would be rotten, repetitive and puerile. Instead of listening to "where'd mah baby go?" or "le freak x 20," music lovers would be treated to the likes of "le freak, le freak done has left me" and "someone left a cake out in the rain/ so I hit it with my VW van."

Risco songs would be performed only by screaming asthmatics, thereby preserving both howling and heavy breathing for posterity.

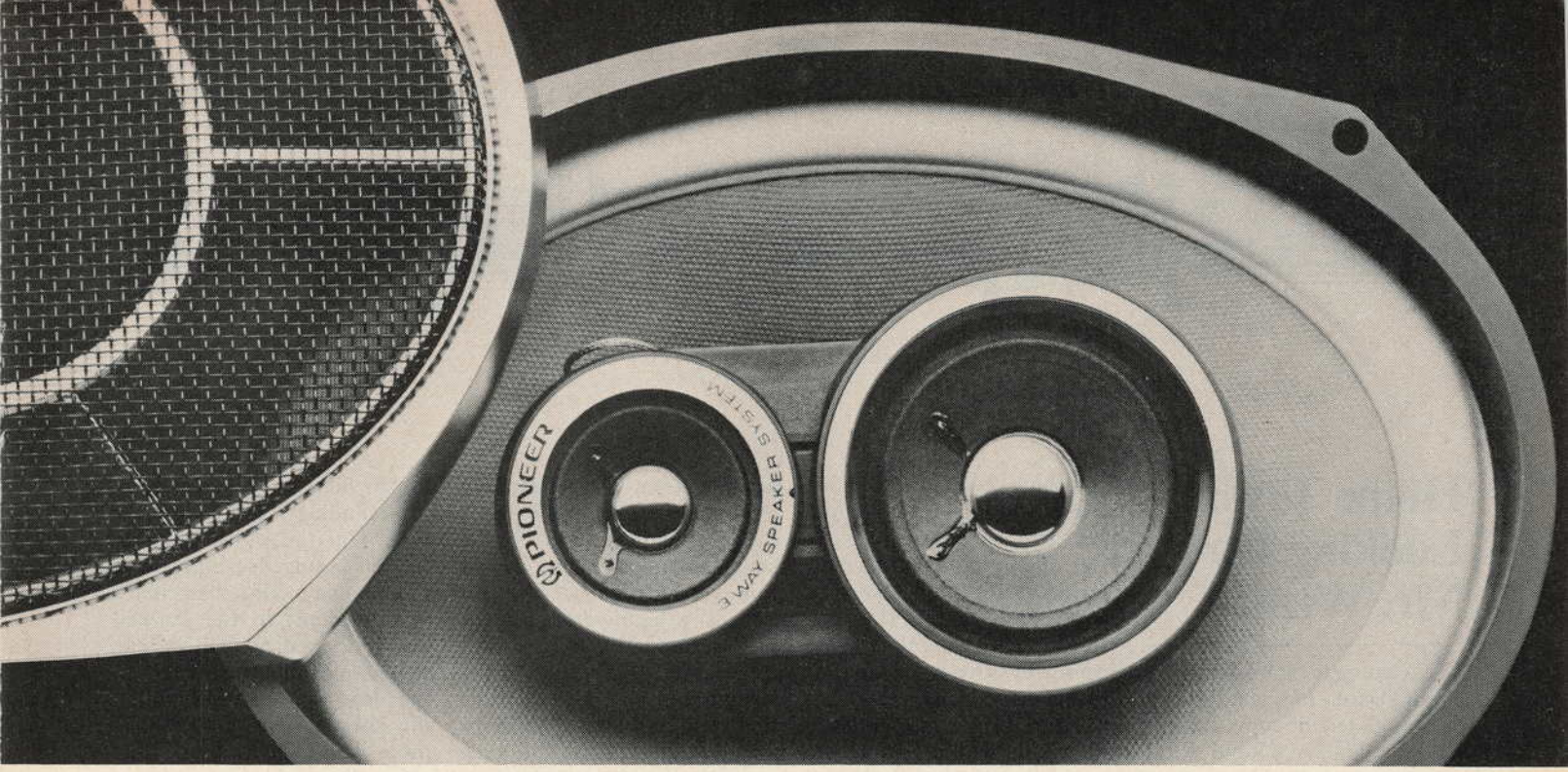
All risco groups would be composed of total has-beens and never-wases, plus former lounge singers who dress badly (pins through their platform shoes) and drink heavily. Thus, the entire genre will simultaneously be sans style, sans soul, phony and archaic.

All risco tunes will be written by Rod Stewart, Elton John and Dr. Hook.

And *that* should end this squabbling once and for all. Once the discophiles and rock 'n' rollers come around, bury their hatchets and unite in the risco cause, we can all breathe a sigh of relief, join hands and turn our attention to the *real* vermin of the music worlds . . . all those nerds out there who are buying those Barbra Streisand and Neil Diamond records. Prepare to meet thy makers, wimps!

Thumpity-thumpity-thump-bang-bang! □

ILLUSTRATION BY EMANUEL SCHONGUT



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But if you still aren't sure about which three-ways to buy, take your ears into your stereo store. And let them decide.

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???FUTURE???

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH

Home Toys: Looking For Mr. Wizard

You're going to be hearing a lot about Dakota Jackson. For one thing, he's terrific copy: a name right out of an Ayn Rand story; a face that wouldn't be out of place on an album cover; a past that includes serious training in stage magic and illusion. For another thing, he's smart—very smart. In fact, at 30, he's not only the most interesting—and amusing—furniture designer around; he's also a great promoter for a rational future.

Jackson has one brilliantly simple concept. The furniture of the future, he says, won't depend on new technologies; all we need to do is learn to use what we already have. He's not talking High-Tech, that wholesale application of industrial hardware slammed into your home. He is talking Future Furniture. "Form," he concludes, "will become more streamlined, with the function hidden." Which is a polite way of saying: All right, we all know it's wonderful to have a communications center and game room as the living room of the future, but who in his right mind would want to *live* there?

Thanks to Dakota Jackson, the swells don't have to see six tacky wires running out of their stereos and, better yet, they don't have to pay the maid those outrageous Park Avenue prices to dust the home computer. Now, for $15,000, your upscale mover-and-shaker can snap up one of Jackson's limited-edition "self-cleaning" desks. Inspired by aircraft technology, it has four work surfaces that disappear inside one another, each taking with it as much as four inches of clutter. Or, for about $7500, the rich can maximize their living space with a Jackson "efficiency bed." It appears to be like any other bed, but press a button and end tables pop out from the side. Press another button and the tabletop swings over to become an eating/working surface with a built-in telephone. For even busier living rooms, Jackson suggests the $7000 "self-winding" coffee table—a brass base with several pieces of counterweighted glass that swing out to serve even the most isolated guest.

For those who can pay the freight, it's in the economic stratosphere that Dakota Jackson really shines. Take his audiovisual complex, for instance. (See photo.) Made of glass, copper and lacquered wood, it holds four projectors, a TV and video-cassette equipment, a complete music system, and a computer that controls lighting and sound levels. It is not small—it stands 7½ feet high and 12 feet wide. And it is certainly not cheap—think $30,000. But it does, in one fell swoop, save the monied aesthete from the uncomfortable sense that he has become the prisoner of his toys. For the small fortune a Jackson creation will set you back, you get not just a highly crafted piece of furniture but a sense of control as well: In addition to designing his own hardware so that drawers open effortlessly, Jackson adds little touches such as secret storage compartments that only the owner can find.

Control is the magic word in the future. While what we euphemistically call the "outside world" seems determined to prove that nothing works anymore, the direction in home environments is toward the computerized bunker.

Feel like dancing? No reason to drive over to the shopping mall, where they've turned disco from a steamy back-room experience into a singles bar *mit* Muzak. Not, that is, when you've got your at-home disco just a switch away. Chase lighting and phase-shifted sound might set you back $10,000 now, but if you can hold out a little longer, microprocessor technology will yield a state-of-the-art package for less than $5000.

Too pooped to pop? For the truly passive, the future is pig heaven. Liquid-crystal TVs will have screens so thin you can hang 'em on the wall like mirrors—or have them recessed so they become part of the wall.

If it's starting to sound like the future is nothing but the fabled Sixties with an overlay of technology, you've got the idea. Cut the politics, boost the self-indulgence, and you've got a home environment that's a monument to the stroked and processed Self. Electronic backgammon's for pikers—in the pleasure-me-blind Eighties, the pornographic hologram is more likely to be the bargaining chip that encourages your friends to drop by your place instead of hitting the local sensorium. And for the truly decadent, it should be possible to buy chairs equipped with sensors, so the mood of your room-sized orgasmatron—lights, music, temperature—can be literally wired to your ass.

Dakota Jackson is important to that kind of future, because he gives a veneer of class to a style of living that's fundamentally unattractive, if not outright *dégoûtant*. For the moment, his creations are worse than pricey, but that seems to be part of Jackson's master plan. Like the woman you overlook until you realize how much you need her, his aim is simply to be on the scene. When the time is right—when furniture gets too expensive to be hand-tooled and is, instead, mass-produced from plastic molds—Dakota Jackson will say yes to the conglomerate that gives him capital without taking control. We'll get his furniture cheap; he'll have his name in lights—and we'll all be happy as porkers. □

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MONEY

BY CHRIS BARNETT

Credit Cards: Visa's Keeping Up With You

Got myself a Visa card. Finally. Swore I'd never do it. I pack a lot of plastic—American Express, Carte Blanche, Wickes—but one of those easy-money bank cards? Never! I'd tell myself that Visa and Master Charge were nothing but plastic passports to the poorhouse. You can buy anything with them and everybody accepts them.

Actually, that's why I applied for one. Fewer and fewer restaurants and saloons, it seems, honor the card Karl Malden touts. And even fewer establishments let you put it on the cuff with Carte Blanche.

I didn't have my new Visa card more than five hours before I deflowered it. Plunked it down for $25.69 (generous tip included) worth of martinis and munchies with a pal. Next night, the old tab grabber picked up $64.23 in soggy tostadas and weak margaritas, which were wolfed down by a pack of outtatown friends. Morning after, I slipped into a cashmere sweater I had been lusting after for weeks, and once again whipped out the new plastic. Since then, I've produced a virtual blizzard of Visa charge slips—gifts, lunches, dinners, snacks, hooch, clothes, a camera lens. I even jetted 150 miles to a party, instead of schlepping there by vintage Pontiac.

Then one night it hit me. I was ordering a second bottle of $18 Rothschild Mouton-Cadet and thinking how I could never go back to my old four-bucks-a-bottle California cabernet, when my "host," a big-time magazine editor, beelined to the john, leaving me with a bevy of bimbos who had somehow joined us for dinner—and the bill. Now, in the pre-Visa days, I would have sat there until penicillin sprouted on that check. This time, with a fidgety waiter circling the table, I reached confidently into my wallet—not for my American Express card: that's for serious spending, and you have to pay the whole bill off at the end of the month—for my new painless plastic that allows me to send a monthly minimum to keep the buzzards off my back.

Right then I knew I was hooked. Me, the *Money* columnist of OUI, a fiscally prudent man who's resisted the big temptations—the 42-foot Columbia, the $30,000 Benz, the round stereo bed from Mattress City. I had blown a grand in a single billing cycle and my first statement hadn't even arrived.

I'm not alone. Dr. Robert W. Johnson, director of Purdue University's Credit Research Center, says our personal indebtedness is at an all-time high record of 15.8 percent. That means the average person is shelling out $15.80 for every $100 he gets in his paycheck just to repay monthly *installment* debts. And that total doesn't include mortgages or utilities—just the buy now/pay later debts.

Now, here's something to jolt you: Every time we plunge into record debt, we're squeezed by a recession. It happened in 1969 and 1973 and it looks like we're being set up again. As you know, most savvy economists are predicting a recession right about the middle of this year.

Problem is, predictions and statistics just don't faze us. So what if we Americans carry 600 million credit cards and owe $500 billion in monthly bills? We only worry about our own skins. How do we know when we're up to our asses in debt? More importantly, how do we get out?

Professor Johnson says there are plenty of danger signs. Do you pay off every credit card at the end of the month, or do you pay the minimum and let the balances build up? Asks the prof: "Are you using credit cards as a convenience or as a crutch?" A harder question to ask yourself before you borrow to buy or charge it: Do I really need this, or do I want to impress my wife/lover/friends/neighbors? Johnson says that if you're using credit to finance your "quest for approval," you are heading for trouble.

If you're busting your butt moonlighting and working overtime to cover your monthly nut, you are also sinking, he insists. You may be current with all your creditors, but you should be able to make it every month on your main paycheck: otherwise, you're a rat on the treadmill, slaving to survive—and that's bullshit.

Are you putting it on the cuff today because you are convinced you're getting a raise tomorrow? You may be swan-diving into a shark tank. Warns Robert Hargarther, senior vice-president, Houston National Bank: "Inflation is moving faster than salary increases. The guy may be able to afford the hundred-sixty dollars a month for boat payments today, but when gasoline, insurance, slip rentals and his other

(Continued on page 108)

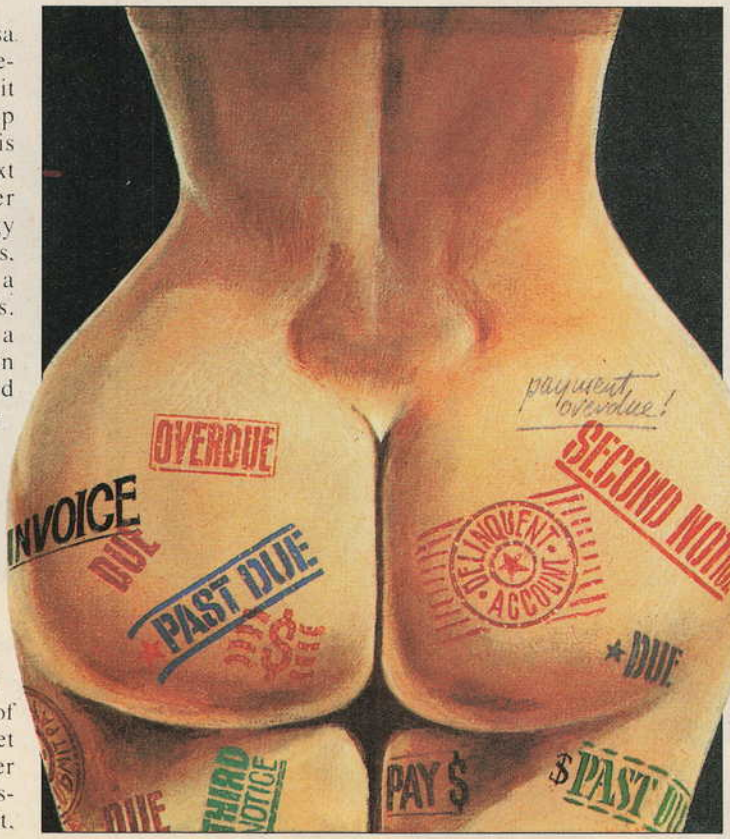

ILLUSTRATION BY STANISLAW ZAGORSKI

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SNOOZE
MY FAVORITE BRAINTEASERS
by Martin Gardner
OUT WITH THE ONION — Arrange 4 paper matches on the table as shown to represent a glass. A match head goes inside to indicate an onion. The puzzle is to move just two matches so that the glass is reformed, but the onion — which must stay where it is — winds up outside the glass. The glass may be turned to the left, right, or even upside down, but it must be exactly the same shape as before. Fig. 1b isn't a solution because the onion is still inside. Fig. 1c doesn't work because 3 matches have been moved.
1a
1c
1b
EYEBALL BENDERS
The object here is to guess the photo — don't be fooled!
Susan Kerler
Laddergrams
R I V E R
S H O R E
The object is to "travel" from one word to another by a series of letter substitutions. Only one letter may be changed at each step and a real word must be formed at each stage.
ANSWERS: LADDERGRAMS: River — Rover — Cover — Coves — Cores — Corns — Coins — Chins — Shins — Shine — Shone — Shore —
EYEBALL BENDER: Softball seam.

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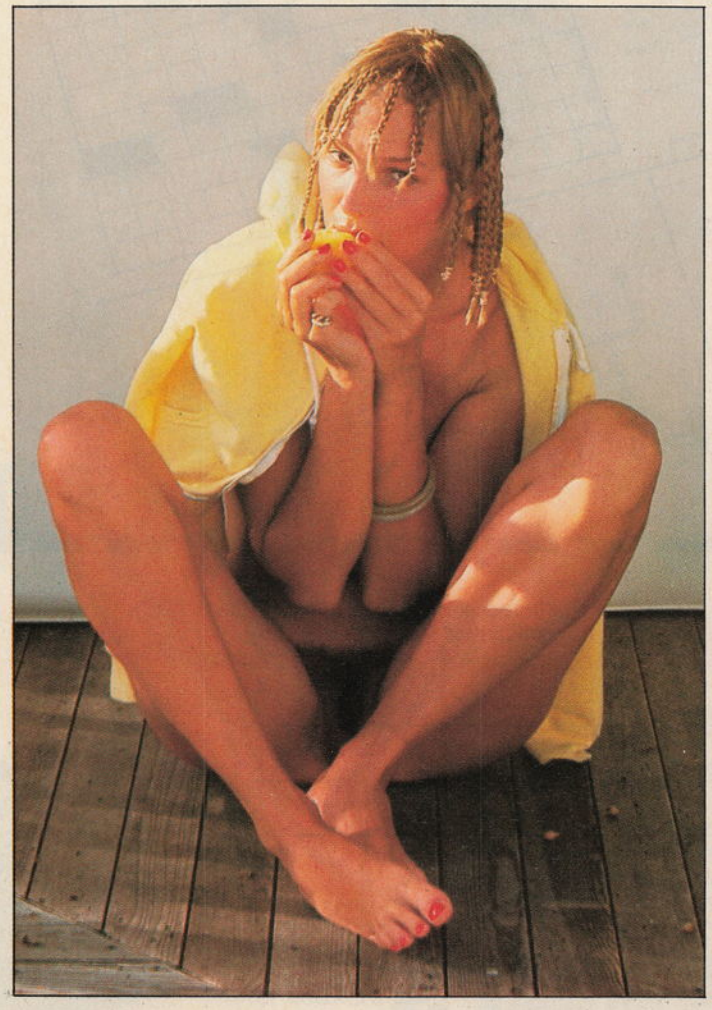
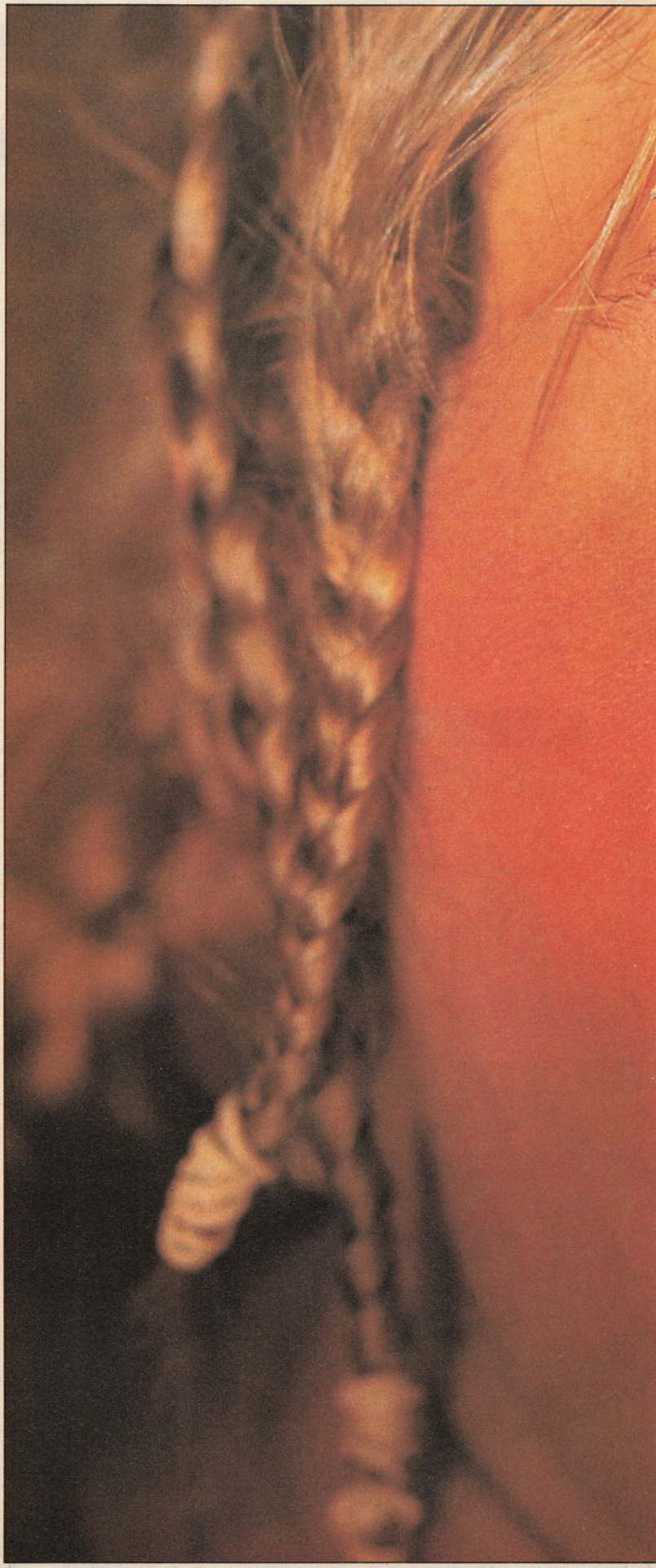
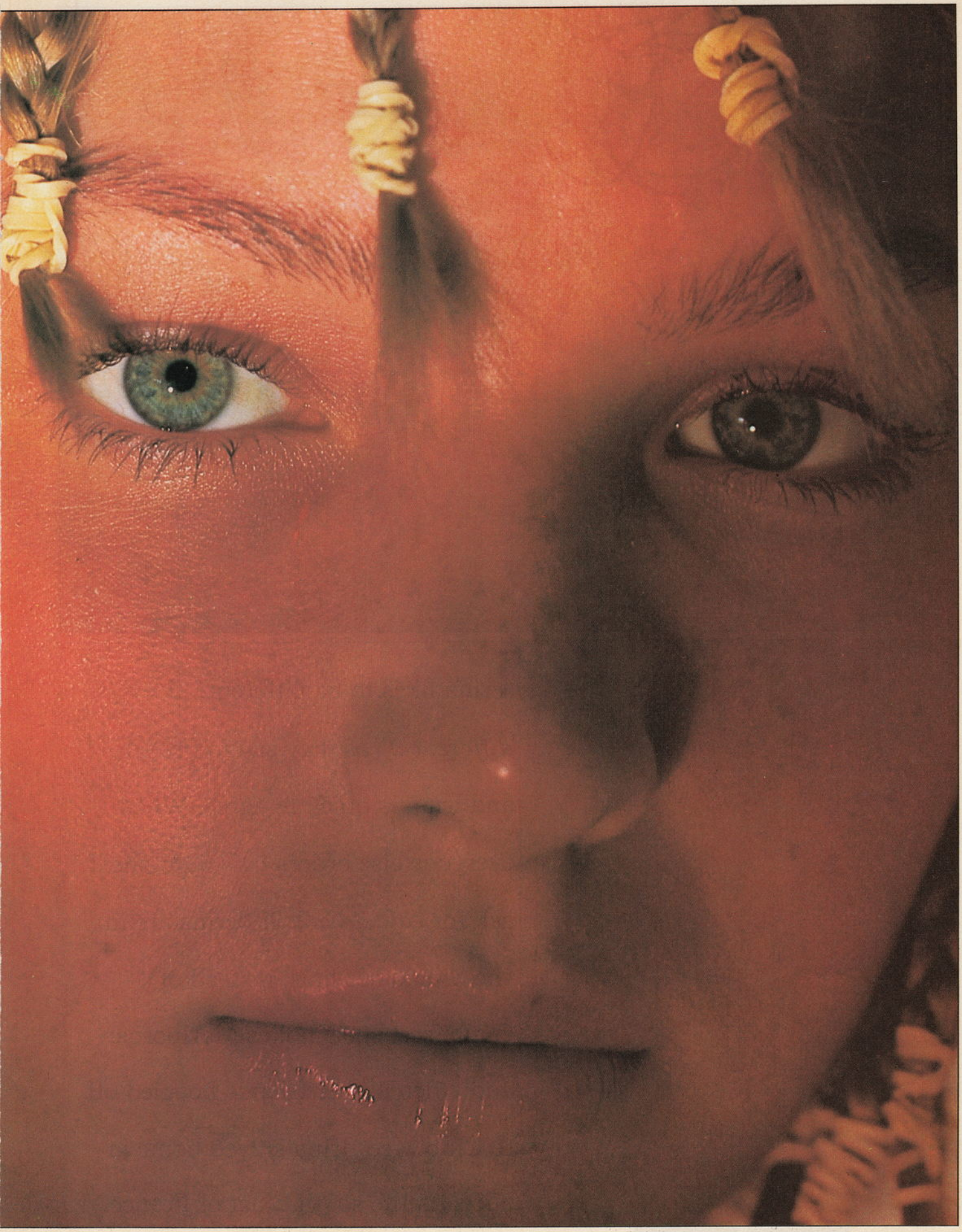
DARE TO BE DIFFERENT

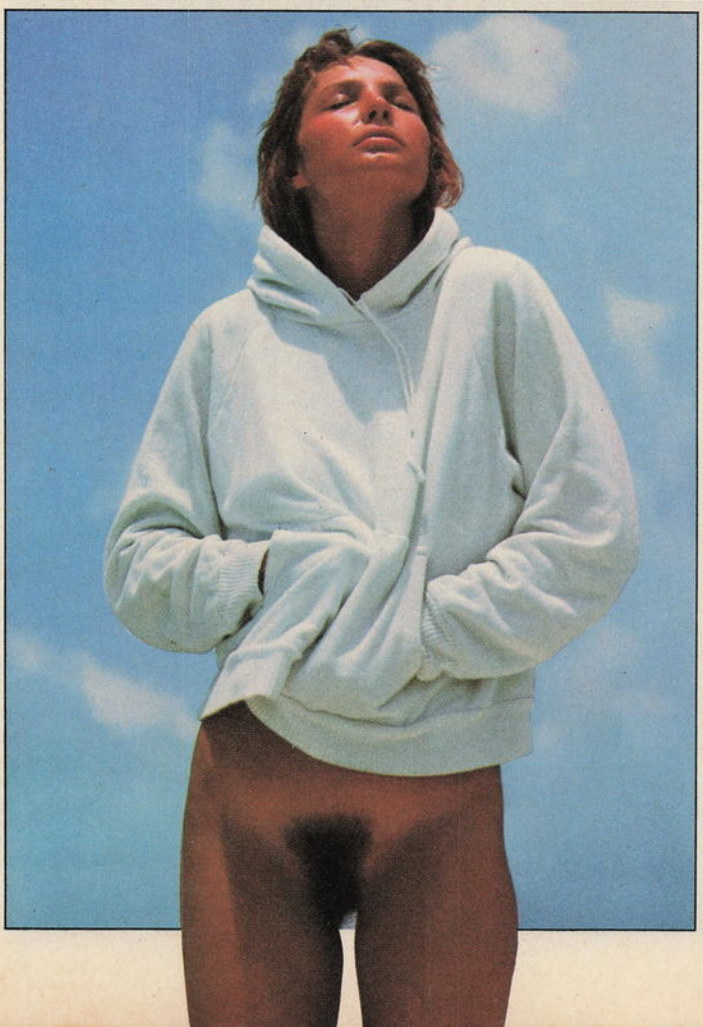
IRINA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK GITTY





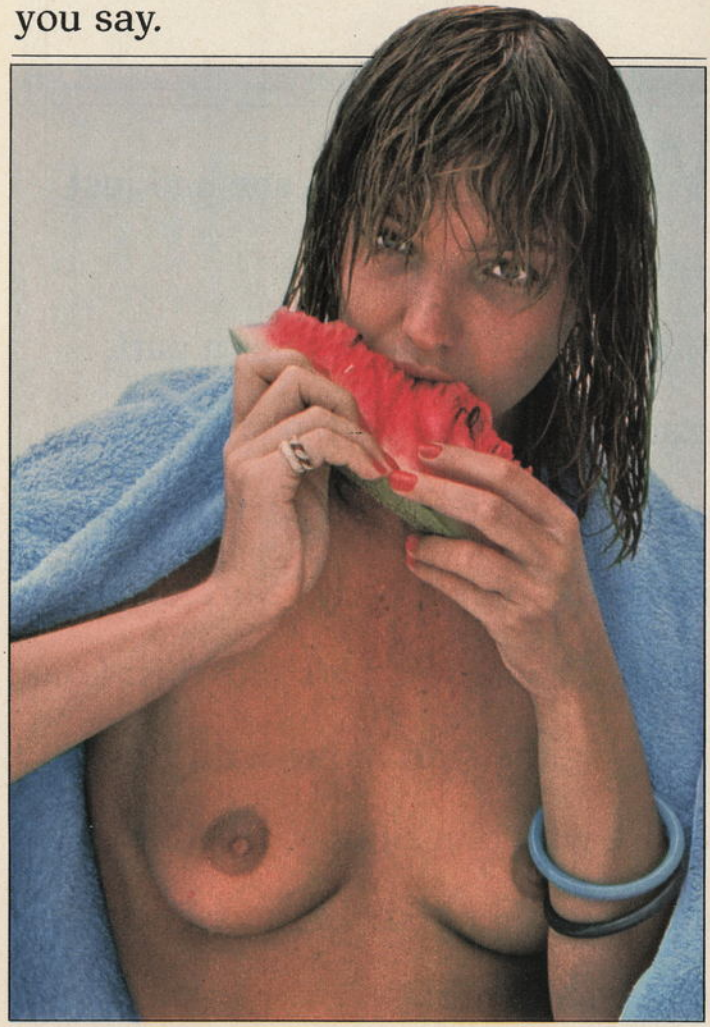




Irina likes to be different. *"Vive la difference!"* as they say in French, and Irina is quick to agree. When everyone else orders *cafe noir,* she'll ask for *cafe au lait.* If perms are in, she braids her hair; instead of Gauloises, she smokes Marlboros; and when all her friends boogied off to Club Med, Irina stayed home in Nice, on the south coast of France.

When we met Irina, she had just won a part in the movie *Moonraker.* "Well, it's not a part, exactly," she said with a sly smile. "It's a part of a part. What I mean is, I play a body." Sure, Irina, whatever you say. "It's like this: Lois Chiles is the star, along with Roger Moore who plays James Bond, and I play *her* body in the scenes where she's nude."

Even when she talks about sex, Irina likes to be different. "When my boyfriend speaks of *soixante-neuf,* I tell him I prefer eighty-three." What's eighty-three? we ask nonchalantly. "What? You don't know? It's when you put your big toe *here* and your mouth over *there.* Of course, upside down it's a thirty-eight." Sure, Irina, whatever you say.



BOUNTY HUNTER

ARTICLE BY HANK NUWER

Tiny Boyles has caught 300 men in four years, can spell only 17 words (all of them dirty), and carries a briefcase in one hand and a .410 heavy-load shotgun in the other

"You can't miss me. I'm wearing a black hat and a buck knife, and I'm the biggest mother in the place," roars bounty hunter Tiny Boyles into the telephone. It is seven o'clock on a Wednesday night. I am late, I am lost, and my '58 Buick is oozing transmission fluid when I run back from the highway phone with Tiny's directions to the Cabaret Bar in Stanton, California.

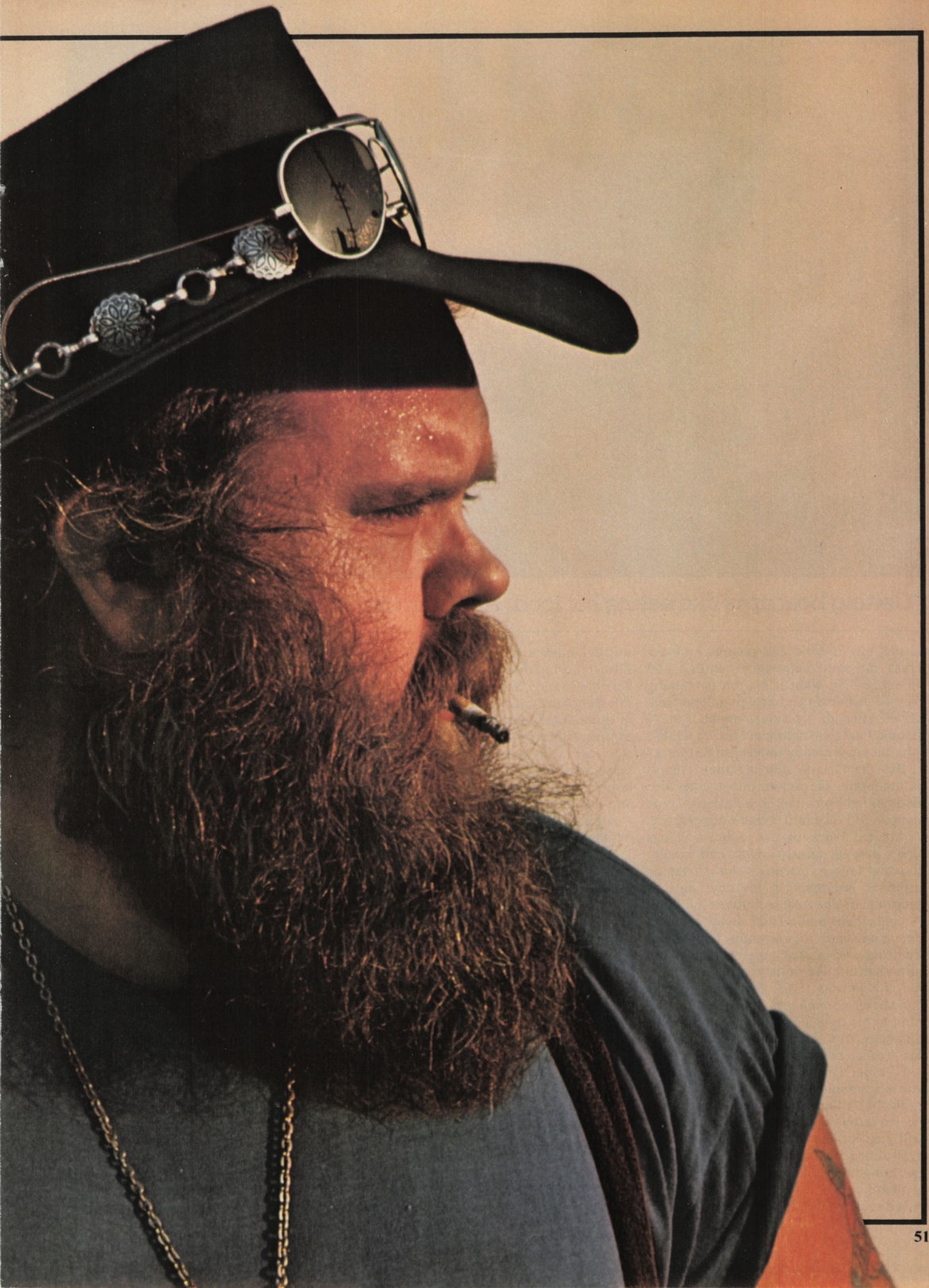
The Cabaret's interior is womb-dark, and I curse myself for wearing my Captain Midnight prescription glasses. I stand planted in the entranceway, certain that if I move I will collide with someone. Removing my specs is out of the question; without them I couldn't spot a whale ten yards away.

Suddenly, a figure looms before me. He looks a lot like Dan Blocker, assuming ol' Hoss has returned to earth in a beard and biker's regalia. A gigantic arm extends itself and a massive paw envelops my hand. A voice so low it could have come from beneath the floor bellows, "You must be Hank!"

Instead of denying my identity in the interest of self-preservation, I nod and croak, "Yeah." My voice breaks in the middle of the one-syllable word like a pimply 14-year-old's, and I internally scream at all my body parts to get their act together. So what

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON MESAROS

Hank Nuwer, a frequent contributor to OUI, *is now wanted in ten American cities for his remarks in "Towns Without Pity" (February). So it is inevitable that one day—maybe soon—Tiny Boyles will be hunting him.*



"Getting beat up is like eating hot food. After the first bite you don't feel the rest."

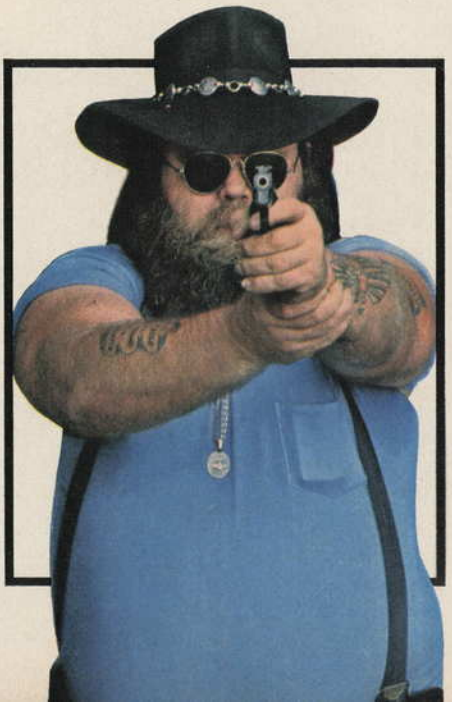
if this guy is 6'4", 360 pounds and can crush my skull between his thumb and forefinger? So what if his job is tracking wanted criminals and bringing them back alive? After all, I reassure myself, you've handled tough assignments before. Didn't you interview Debby Boone just last week?

But there is no denying that Tiny is intimidating. He moves into the relative flood of light provided by a flashing Coors lamp, and I take in the man's appearance. A tangled black mat of a beard hangs down over his massive chest, and savage-looking tattoos ornament his stovepipe arms—as testament to his days past as president of The Accused motorcycle club. A chain belt, made from metal primers, circumnavigates his enormous belly. Brass knuckles and a skull ring with movable jaws that bite are both part of his image. On the job—as if all that gear weren't convincing enough—he straps a .357 Magnum to his right side and a .45 to his left, and he twirls a .410 heavy-load shotgun in his bearlike paws as if it were a Tonka toy.

"C'mon," grunts Tiny, "I'll introduce you all around." Stumbling blindly over to the bar, I throw out my hand each time he barks out a name and pray someone will grip it. The thought of groping and grabbing some big biker's nuts makes me cringe. Just in case, I don't squeeze too hard.

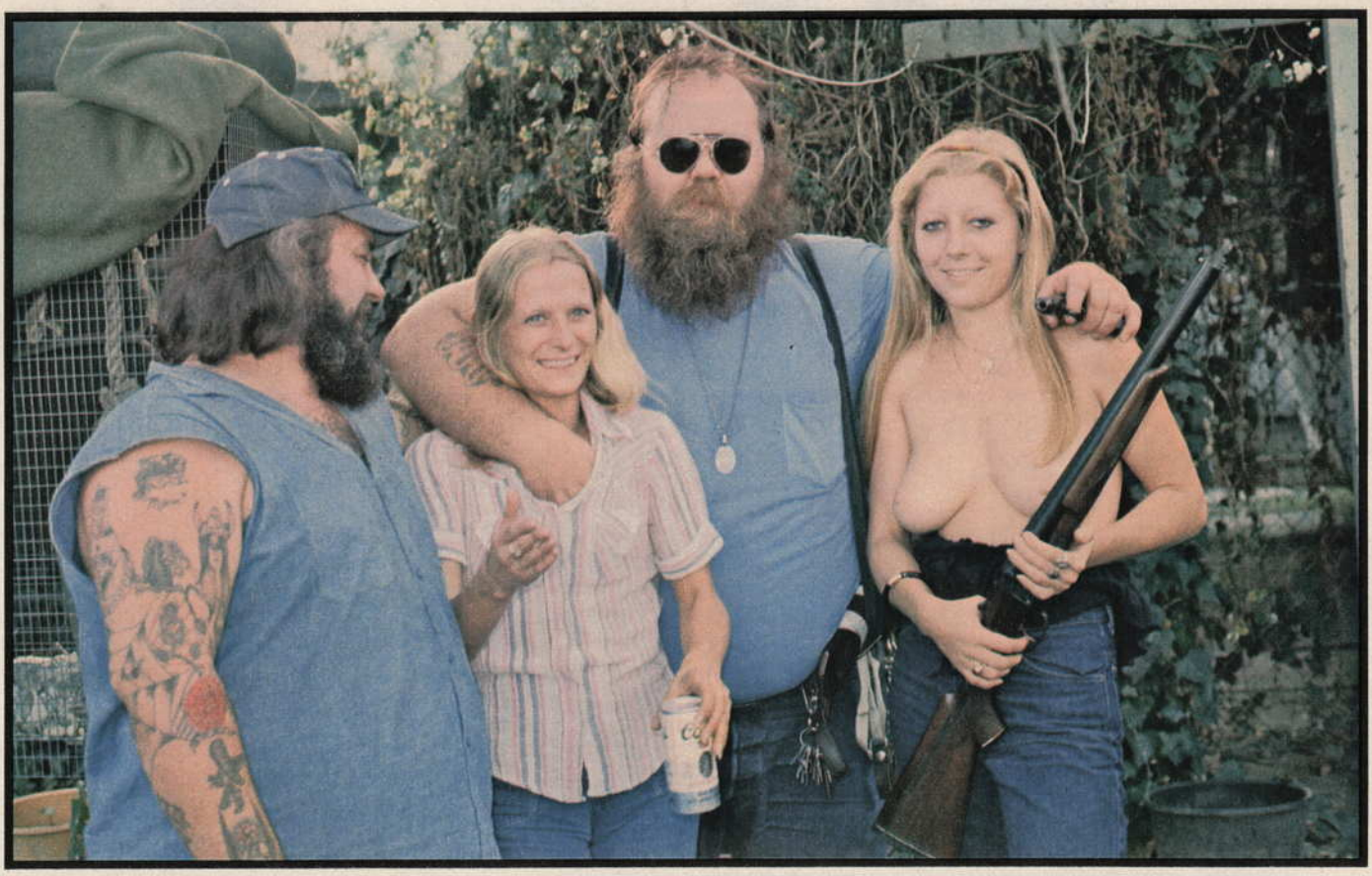
It fits Tiny not to know anyone with normal names like Bill, Fred or Carl. Rather, his buddies have colorful handles: Terrible Tommy, Snake, Wirehead and Karate Bob. Tiny's associates don't lead "lives of quiet desperation" that Thoreau warns against, either. Big John is typical—a monster man with wild hair and elongated scars dissecting both arms like zippers. His hobbies include raising falcons, pythons and lots of hell.

After the guided tour through the lower depths of the Cabaret, I leave with Tiny to interview him at home. Two hairy bears greet us in the parking lot and offer a toke of "real Colombian, man." Tiny declines, denouncing all use of weed, and ambles off to where his brown van is parked. I get in the Buick and pull over to follow him, not knowing what may lie ahead this night.



Only a half-dozen freelance throwbacks to the days of frontier justice work full-time as trackers. So, on the drive over to Tiny's home, I wonder if Tiny is anything like Stan Rivkin of New York City. The best known of all bounty hunters, Stan scuttles about like a 225-pound crayfish pinching fugitives from the law. Most of Rivkin's income, as I find is true of Tiny and other professional hunters, comes from bail bondsmen who pay healthy commissions to get back clients who have jumped bail. A lost skip can cost a bondsman from a few hundred to a half-million dollars. Rivkin and his savage Doberman bring back 100 skips a year.

Bounty hunters work under the protection of an 1873 Supreme Court decision (*Taylor vs. Tainter*), which essentially gives carte blanche to anyone in pursuit of an escaped prisoner. A prisoner remains a prisoner when released on bail; the only difference is that the bail bondsman becomes his jailer. Unlike conventional peace officers, bail bondsmen and their highly paid representatives, like Tiny, are not bound by extradition procedures,



"When I die, I want one broad under my wing and another with a foot up my ass."

rights reading and arraignments. They are rushing to get their prisoners back into court before the bail bondsman loses his financial ass, and an "anything goes" atmosphere prevails on one of these manhunts. Trunk stuffings, shoot-outs, beatings and abductions are all in a day's work. Except in Oregon.

In the spring of 1977, bounty hunter Clyde Epps of the Cow-Boy Bail Bond Company in Bakersfield, California, pursued a skip up north and nailed him in Portland, Oregon. Epps and a companion trussed him up, tossed him in the back of a truck and hightailed it across the state line. The incident infuriated Portland District Attorney Harl Haass, who immediately initiated criminal proceedings. In 1973, Oregon had repealed the statute giving bail bondsmen the right to take custody of skips in their state, so Epps and his buddy were arrested on kidnapping charges. They were convicted, placed on probation for two years and ordered to make restitution to the victim. This worries people like Tiny. Oregon's judicial system has set a precedent with its ruling, and the century-old protection given bounty hunters could become a thing of the past.

•

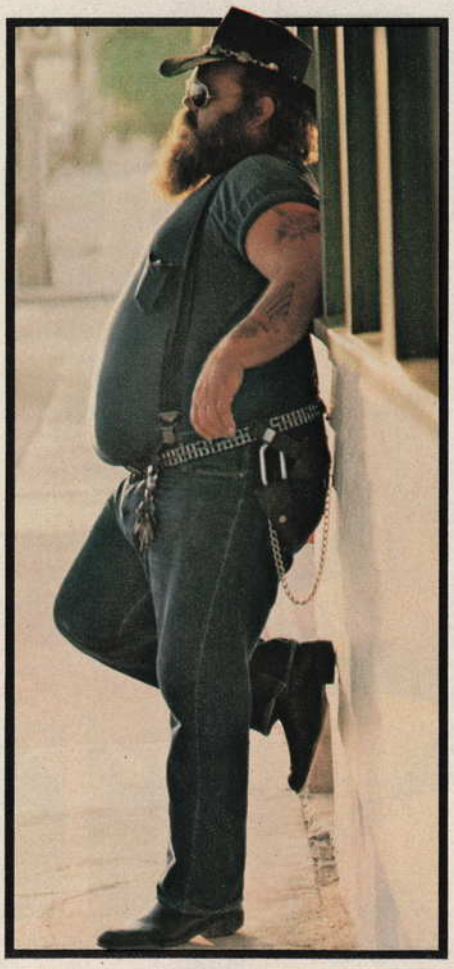
I look around Tiny's Huntington Beach home while he speaks, unnerved by the fact that he lives in an expensive, upper-middle-class dwelling. Hummels glare down at me from shelves as if waiting for a signal to attack. Western paintings and sculptures dominate the interior, complemented by antique furniture passed along by three generations of Boyleses.

I sit in the kitchen with Tiny and two bikers who assist him in his business. They are cordial enough, but obviously wary and mistrustful. A question from Tiny does nothing to ease my troubled mind. "Do those editors you work for know you could get killed doing this story?"

Watching Tiny at home, I feel as though I'm in the presence of some ancient Tongan chief—a godlike being whom all hold in reverence. All trek about quietly so as not to disturb His Majesty. A sample from his favorite meal—*rea-l-l-l* Missouri chili—is brought to him for inspection. He frowns. Everyone backs away. He smiles patiently, benevolently. Everyone relaxes. He gives instructions on what ingredients are to be added and all rush off to obey.

Tiny's home is packed with humanity 24 hours a day. A constantly changing cast of characters move to and fro, but a few faces stick out. Jeannie, Tiny's buxom blonde wife, keeps order in the household. Some 15 children scamper about. Six belong to Jeannie and Tiny; the others are adoring neighborhood children who come up to Tiny and seek his advice . . . such as on how to keep a man. "You show him a little

(Continued on page 124)



THE OFFICIAL FLAKY BASEBALL

A GLOSSARY OF TERMS USED IN AMERICA'S FAVORITE PASTIME. AND ALSO IN BASEBALL.

HUMOR BY DAN MEYERS

ARTIFICIAL GRASS: Oregano purchased from a trustworthy-looking stranger.

BAD HOPS: A defective beer ingredient.

BASE (adj.): Low, coarse, indelicate.

BASE LINE: Patter, as that of a *base coach*, which is intended to be suave and persuasive, but is in fact indelicate. For example, "Pleased to meet you, honey. Do you give head?"

BAT: A stiff club, used by *batsmen* in *games.*

BATSMAN: One who is notoriously successful or adept with his *bat.*

CUTOFF PLAY: Defensive maneuver sometimes used by a *player.* For example, "Not tonight, big boy. I have a headache."

DOUBLE: Drink size customarily ordered by a *batsman* who has just been wiped out in a *cut-off play.*

DOUBLEHEADER: Fellatio performed by Siamese twins.

DRAG BUNT: A lightly pushed infield hit by a *batsman* wearing a garter belt, evening gown, mascara and high heels.

FAIR BALL: *Games* with a *player* who performs usefully, though not outstandingly, after sliding into the *sack.*

FAST BALLS: A *player*'s derisive nickname for any *batsman* with a record of premature ejaculation. As in, "For crying out loud, *Fast Balls*, this time you didn't even get my shoes off!"

FLY BALLS: A *player*'s insulting nickname for a *batsman* with a diminutive *bat* and balls. As in, "Well, I declare, *Fly Balls*, that is the teeniest *pop-up* I've ever seen."

FOUL (adj.): Unrefined, rotten. Even worse than *base.*

FOUL LINE: Patter which is intended to be suave and persuasive, but is in fact unrefined. For example, "Pleased to meet you, your majesty. Do you give head?"

FOUL TERRITORY: That part of town which comes alive when the bars with licenses close.

GAMES: What *batsmen* and *players* play.

HARD SHOT TO THE OUTFIELD: To the outfield, a *hard shot* is a relaxing, post-*game* beverage.

HIGH, HARD ONE: What a pitcher must have to succeed in the *game.* To impress most *players*, a *high, hard one* must be up around the high numbers.

INFIELD-FLY RULE: When, with less than two out, a *player* touches an *infielder's fly*, the infielder must then retire with the *player.*

JUGS GUN: A hand-held radar for measuring *players'* chests.

LINE: Suave and persuasive patter, such as, "You make me think of Linda Lovelace."

OFFICIAL SCORER: Umpire with a successful *line.*

OUTFIELD FENCE: One who stands in the *artificial grass* beyond the infield and purchases goods from people who don't own them.

NIGHTCAP: The last drink taken during the second half of a *doubleheader.*

PITCH: Remarks made at the end of a *line.* For example, "Well, how about it, sweetheart?"

PITCH OUT: Method of ejecting outfielders who have taken too many *hard shots* and are making *wild pitches* to all the *players* in the *game.*

PITCH, QUICK: A hurried *pitch*, such as,

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM HEIMANN

DICTIONARY

"Make up your mind, sweetheart. I'm double-parked."

PITCHER'S RUBBER: A device that pitchers stand on while wearing cleated shoes. Believed to be the reason so many pitchers are fathers.

PLAYER: A girl who engages in *games* with *batsmen.*

PLAYER, SEMI-PROFESSIONAL: A *player* who would be insulted by cash, but is so fond of the diamond that she'll play to win a pendant.

POP-UP: A high fly caused by sudden pressure behind the zipper, as during a *squeeze play.*

POP-UP, FOUL: An unrefined, messy *pop-up,* as may come to pass when *Fast Balls* raises his *bat* during a pre-*game* warmup.

PORTSIDER: Any left-handed pitcher who carries a bottle of sweet, fortified wine in his warm-up jacket.

PUT-OUT: Retiring a *batsman,* as in, "Providing lots of exciting action during tonight's game was Melissa McGurk, who retired with the side in several innings. McGurk had nineteen *put-outs* on the night."

RUN-DOWN (adj.): Poor physical condition, caused by too many *hard shots, bad hops, doubleheaders,* etc.

SACK: What *players* slide into during *games,* and sometimes are thrown out of shortly afterward.

SACRIFICE FLY: A trouser front that is smashed, ripped or otherwise forfeited during play in order to make advances toward a *sack.*

"SAFE!": A loud, clear call made by an umpire whose VD check has just come up negative.

SCORING: The object of the *game.*

SEVENTH-INNING STRETCHER: Conveyance for a *portsider* who collapses as the fans take a break after six and one-half innings.

SHORTSTOP: A brief break in a journey, such as, "Give us two martinis, bartender, and where's the nearest motel?"

SPIKES: Jolts of gin or vodka surreptitiously added to the water cooler to liven play.

SQUEEZE PLAY: Play coming between the *pitch* and *scoring.*

SUICIDE SQUEEZE PLAY: A *squeeze play,* thoughtlessly executed with the girlfriend of Abominable Snodgrass, the wrestler.

SWITCH-HITTER: A *batsman* who swings both ways.

TEAM PLAYER: A *player* who unselfishly *puts out* for the benefit of the team. As in, "Going all the way for the Pirates was Melissa McGurk, a promising *team player* with great curves and an excellent motion. McGurk can really handle a *bat.*"

TIE SCORE: A *score* made when the *player* ties the *batsman* to the *sack* with ropes, manacles, etc.

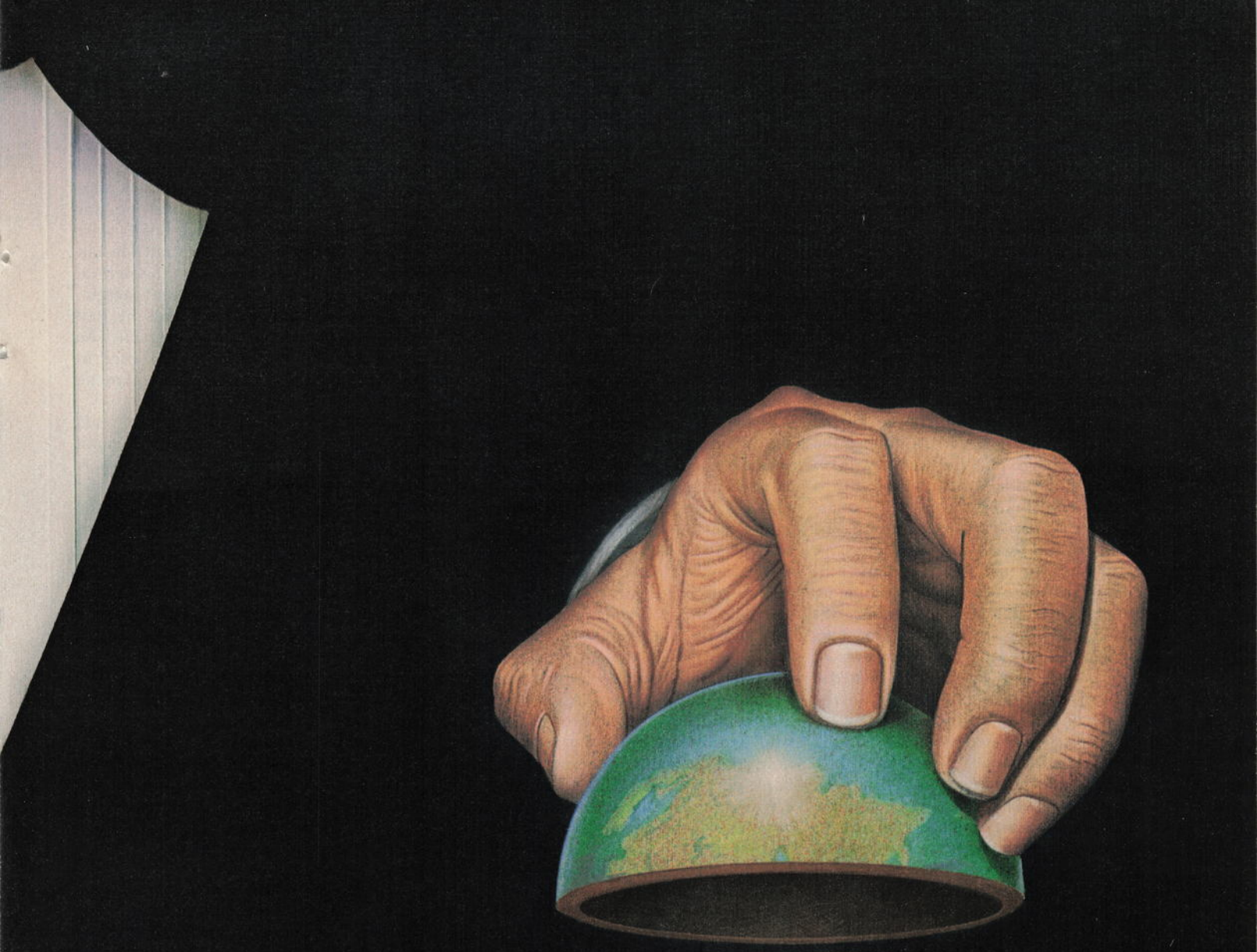
TRIPLE: The drink size customarily ordered by a *batsman* immediately after hearing that the *player* he just executed a *suicide squeeze play* with is the girl friend of Abominable Snodgrass, the wrestler.

TWIN BILL: Statement issued for payment following a *doubleheader.*

WILD PITCH: An unorthodox *pitch* often made after several *hard shots,* or during play on real grass. A *player*'s response to an effective *wild pitch* may be something like this: "But if you're the Roman general and I'm the Sabine woman, why do we need fifty pounds of spaghetti and all these goats?" □

DAN MEYERS: *A free-lance writer from Honolulu, as in, "How can a writer named Dan Meyers who lives in Honolulu, where they don't even have a major-league team, know anything about baseball?"*

GOMEZ



DIRTY MONEY GAMES

A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO STASHING YOUR WELL-EARNED, HARD-EARNED AND SOMETIMES ILL-EARNED CASH

ARTICLE BY CLIFFORD IRVING

I knew a fellow in the Hamptons on eastern Long Island, living in a rented barn, who decided about ten years ago that life was too short, and the price of joy too high, for him to play the game according to the rules laid down in that snake pit of bureaucratic lunacy called the Department of the Treasury—more specifically, the Internal Revenue Service. Each year he proclaimed to anyone who

ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ

DIRTY MONEY Malone decided he needed some of the money now, rather than when he was 60 years old and not quite so able to enjoy it with proper vigor.

would listen that the gang of buttoned-down, legally protected thieves in Washington, D.C., were taking away from him the few-thousand-dollars' edge he needed to ski the slopes at Aspen and ogle the birds on the beach at Puerto Vallarta.

And so, with a purposeful blue glint in his eye, worthy of Clint Eastwood hauling out his .357 Magnum, he elected to follow the authoritative pronouncement of the late, venerated Judge Learned Hand, who had written: "Anyone may so arrange his affairs that his taxes shall be as low as possible; he is not bound to choose the pattern which best pays the Treasury. Taxes are an enforceable exaction and not a voluntary contribution."

In other words: *"Fuck you, Uncle Sam—I'm looking out for Number One!"*

Words to stir the heart of any red-blooded, pleasure-seeking American man. This particular fellow, whose name was Josh Malone, was then about 26 years old—divorced, no kids, no obligations of alimony—and, with his brother, owned a couple of motorbike-rental shops in the Hamptons. He was doing well, but a seductive voice whispered in his ear: "Young man, you can do better." "How?" he asked, and the voice whispered back: "Be bold."

He also consulted other, more sophisticated voices: his lawyer, his accountant, his insurance broker, a couple of bankers and an actuary, not only in this country but abroad. As a result, the first thing he did, taking advantage of his status as a self-employed person, was to incorporate himself in the state of Delaware. For in Delaware there is no minimum capital requirement for incorporation, no corporation income tax on companies doing no business within the state itself; and one person—guess who?—is permitted to hold the offices of president, treasurer and secretary as well as be the entire board of directors. It can all be done by mail, too. (Delaware is *friendly*—which is why 38 percent of the corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange are located there, not physically but under the law.)

Our friend Malone, however, went a few steps further, for in his setup he had certain advantages not given to mammoth public corporations such as IBM and E.I. du Pont. He visited the Netherlands Antilles Economic Mission at 30 Rockefeller Plaza in Manhattan and shortly thereafter, with a lovely blonde playmate to relieve the tedium of his economic odyssey, flew off to the Caribbean island of Curaçao.

"See Willemstad with its quaint Dutch architecture of gabled roofs," reads the tourist brochure. "Snorkel in turquoise waters where the stars of the Southern Cross light the night." Malone and his girlfriend did all that, and he also saw an assistant vice-president of the Curaçao International Trust Company, N.V., who helped him form a local holding company (under Article 14 of the Profit Tax Ordinance), which owned all the stock of his Delaware corporation. This cost Malone a few dollars, which he considered well worthwhile; and he invested even more of his savings in a flight (solo this time) to Geneva, Switzerland, where he presented a letter of introduction from his Curaçao business adviser to a vice-president of Lombard, Odier & Cie., a private bank that would rate three stars in any Michelin guide to reliable Swiss banks. After a long talk in a hushed, red-carpeted room, he established both a corporate and a personal account. His brother, meanwhile, minded the store and kept on renting motorbikes.

Malone now had good field position. First down and ten to go on his own forty. He was ready to move. All his business income was now routed through the Delaware corporation to the Curaçao corporation, and thence to either a Willemstad bank or his Swiss bank. The Delaware corporation paid him a reasonable salary—he refuses to be pinned down as to exactly how much—just, "Well, you know, man . . . like, fifteen to twenty thousand, maybe plus or minus a nickel or two . . ." Also, thanks to the advice of his insurance broker, he paid an additional sum, from pretax dollars, into a pension and profit-sharing plan netting him 7½ percent interest on his investment. The whole of the sum, of course, was by law tax-exempt until that distant day when Malone retired and claimed the pension fund at preferential capital-gain rates dispersed over a five-year period.

Malone, however, decided he needed some of the money now, rather than when he was 60 years old and perhaps not quite so able to enjoy it with proper vigor. So once again he conferred with his advisers. The law provides that pension and profit-sharing plans can make loans to creditworthy parties. Malone thought as hard as he could but still couldn't discover anyone he considered more credit worthy than himself and his brother. He politely asked both his Curaçao bank and Lombard, Odier if they would lend him back his own money at the prime rate of interest, and both banks generously agreed. The interest Malone paid, I had better point out, was also tax deductible.

"Fuck you, IRS!" Malone yelled at the top of his voice . . . and yet no one seemed to hear.

Time passed. Not all of Malone's profits had been loaned back to him; he had invested some in convertible bonds of non-Swiss companies issued in Europe, for dividends and profits on such bonds were not taxed by the Swiss government. He had also, on the advice of his man in Geneva, taken a flyer on gold at 20 percent margin, which meant that in three years he had more than quadrupled his investment. The bonds and the gold were never owned in his name, but in an omnibus account in the name of the Curaçao bank.

Malone thus found himself, two years ago, with a fair amount of money and, coincidentally, a girl he wanted to marry. A yearning came over him to get out of the rented barn and buy a home. He knew the one he wanted, on the edge of a placid pond with honking summer geese and spectacular winter sunsets. But he had a problem; his motorbike rental company was only paying him a salary of some $15,000 a year. How could he buy a $140,000 home without attracting the inquiring, malevolent eye of the Treasury Department? (You can hate them, but you'd better believe their computers are programmed to pick up that sort of discrepancy. And some of the agents themselves *are* able to add.) He thought that over for a few minutes and then booked a flight to scenic, sultry Curaçao. The next day he was sitting across the desk from his trusty, smiling Dutch adviser.

"Mijnheer, let the *corporation* buy the house. Then the corporation will rent it to you for what you can afford. Also, I'm sure that your bank here or in Geneva will see its way clear to holding a first mortgage."

Seeing the light, Malone agreed.

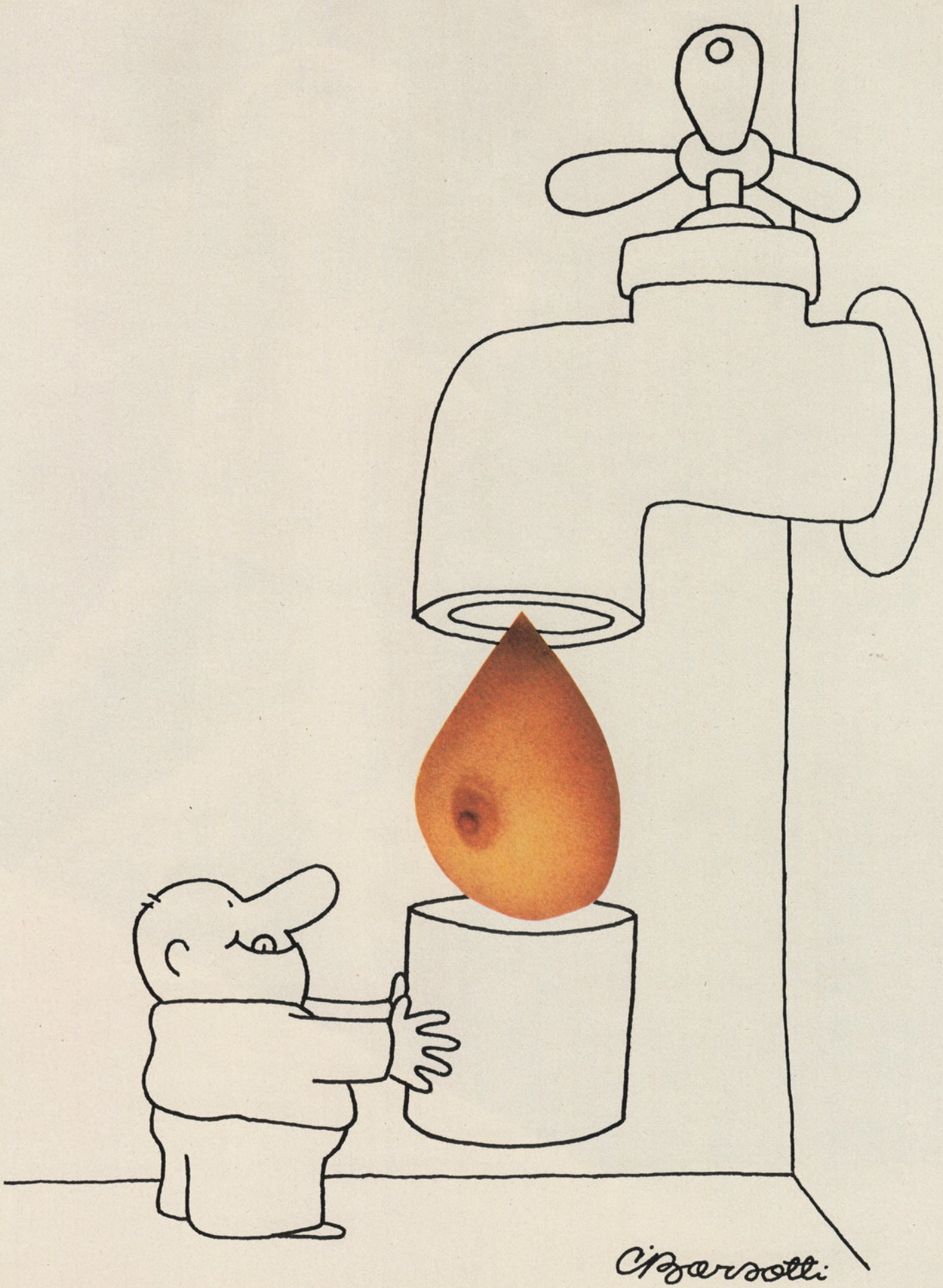
"Screw you, Uncle Sam!" he shouted into the balmy night under the Southern Cross.

But the bottom line of this illustrative tale has yet to be written. As described, Malone had done absolutely nothing illegal in the eyes of the United States government and any of its agencies. Utilizing every conceivable loophole in the absurd, paradoxical world of taxation, he had broken no law . . . by his acts.

The moment of truth, however, came for him—as it would for any of us—when each year he had to unburden himself to his accountant and file his Form 1040 with the IRS. Now it was not so much a question of acts, but of omissions. He had foreign bank accounts, and the law required him to declare their existence. He had made super profits through his investments via his Swiss bank, and the law required him to include them in his statement of unearned income. Not to do so would be a crime, a felony—it's called tax evasion; whereas what Malone had hitherto been

(Continued on page 129)

Clifford Irving knows from whence he speaks.


Cipparsotti

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JEFF DUNAS

QUINN

MIGHTY BRITISH

WHY DOES THE WORLD HAVE SO MUCH FUN AT ENGLAND'S EXPENSE?

"England is falling all about at its seams, you know," Quinn said as we loaded the camera. Oh, no, we thought, she's going to talk politics all day. "Don't mistake me," she continued, reading our minds. "I'm not a political person. But it's on my mind now. When I was growing up in Hyde Park—my father worked for the government as an 'industry advisor'—my parents practically sang *God Save the Queen* between dinner courses. They were so bloody British that it used to give me the pulses. Now they sit around watching the telly, worrying about the taxes and feeling very oppressed."

NOTHING IS AS CIVILIZED AS IT USED TO BE. NOT EVEN ME.

"Things have just changed for us. Now we're fair territory for all these foreigners who have lots of money." Americans, we asked? "No, no! Americans never acted like *these* people! I'll tell you a story. My nanny used to take me for long walks when I was growing up. When men would walk up to Nanny and open their trench coats, she'd giggle about it. It was sort of a game with the lower classes. Quite amusing, actually, part of the local color. Now even *that's* gotten serious. Just last week, a man exposed himself to me in the foyer of a restaurant. A Moslem, I think. He kept looking at me funny, catching my eye. Quite a nice looker, to tell the truth. Then he squeezed it right there for about thirty seconds. I couldn't keep my eyes off him. Of course, isn't that the point? But *really*—in a restaurant! I barely touched my food afterwards. And their poor Moslem women—they have my sympathy."

"The only things I hear about now—in England anyway—are punks and tax shelters. The punks make me laugh sometimes. They're right on the money, really right about having no future, you know. None of us has. I studied with Huxley at Oxford—not *the* Huxley, but his brother. And even with my background and education, I'm still wondering what to do. Maybe a man in America with lots of money will see me and want to import me!" Then she grew serious. "Is there really a chance of that?" It's happened before, we said. Wealthy Yankees take note: The sun's setting on the British Empire, but only you can save this Quinn.

oui

A CONVERSATION WITH

RODNEY DANGERFIELD

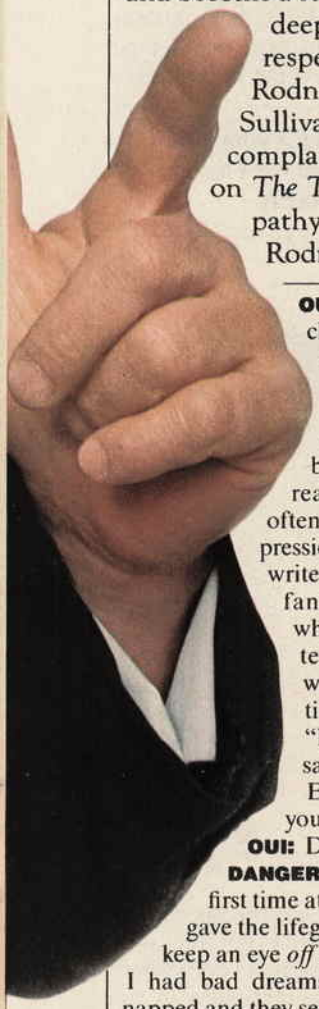
The man who gets no respect still isn't getting any—not from his wife, his dog or even the folks at Plato's Retreat. He has been known to smoke, snort and down a few, but we discovered his real obsession: Swiss cheese.

Except for maybe Aretha Franklin, Rodney Dangerfield has done more for the word *respect* than anyone. And he did it the hard way—by not getting any. Of course, it's not hard to see why; take away the muscles and the good looks, and the early Rodney is Rocky Balboa. Take away the dancing and the good looks, and Rodney is the loser Tony in *Saturday Night Fever*.

The *real* Rodney Dangerfield was a paint salesman from Long Island when, at the age of 40, he decided to quit being an upstanding member of the community and become a stand-up comic instead. He sank $20,000 deep in debt before he finally got some respect from a guy named Ed Sullivan.

Rodney's first downtrodden routine on the Sullivan show made him a star, and he's been complaining ever since (over 60 appearances on *The Tonight Show* alone), winning the sympathy of the underrespected everywhere. Rodney has become the patron saint of the dumb schmuck, the loser who loses his way to the top. He's the kind of guy who goes to a discount massage parlor and finds out it's self-service. He once tried to tell his son about the birds and the bees, and the kid told him about his wife and the butcher.

With luck like that, we figured Rodney didn't need any respect from us, either; so we sent contributing editor Glenn O'Brien, for whom we also have little respect, to interview him. O'Brien's report: "When I met Rodney Dangerfield, he was sitting in his hotel room eating a huge bowl of puffed wheat, pears and steamed milk. It looked like the stuff you see on the sidewalk at three in the morning on Forty-Second Street in New York. Naturally, I liked him immediately. Even though he owns a nightclub, Dangerfield's, and is such a success he has a kidney-shaped pool ('with a stone in it'), Rodney is at heart a *mensch*, a nice guy, the kind of fellow you meet pigging out at your cousin's bar mitzvah. He even says he isn't funny most of the time."



OUI: Were you a funny child?

DANGERFIELD: Not really. I started writing jokes when I was about fifteen. I probably did it to escape from reality. Comedy is very often a camouflage for depression. You find that if you write jokes, you can enter a fantasy world and go where it takes you. You tell jokes because you want acceptance. One time I told my old man, "Nobody likes me." He said, "Don't feel that way. Everybody hasn't met you yet."

OUI: Did you feel unwanted?

DANGERFIELD: Unwanted? My first time at the beach, my old man gave the lifeguard five dollars . . . to keep an eye *off* me. I was very insecure. I had bad dreams. In one, I was kidnapped and they sent a note: "We want five thousand dollars—or you'll see your kid again."

OUI: So you started writing jokes when you were fifteen?

DANGERFIELD: And when I was about seventeen I started playing amateur nights, doing impressions. I did Charles Laughton, Al Jolson, W.C. Fields, the usual. When I was nineteen or twenty I had an agent named Buddy Frye and I was hitting the big time, five dollars a night. My first job was actually in the Catskill Mountains for twelve dollars a week plus room and board; but when I came back I was making five dollars a night, less fifty cents for the agent. I remember one night my agent sent me up to the Bronx and the boss says to me, "I told him the waiters were doing the emceeing. We don't need an emcee tonight. I'll give you a dime carfare." The subway was a nickel then. I said, "I could really use the money." So he made me a waiter for the night. I had four tables. I was also a singing waiter once at the Polish Falcon in Brooklyn. That's where I met Lenny Bruce's mother, Sally Marcel. She was the mistress of ceremonies.

OUI: What name were you using then?

DANGERFIELD: My legal name is Jack Roy, which I was using then. Roy was my father's name in vaudeville—Phil Roy of Roy and Arthur. I was born Jacob Cohen in Babylon, Long Island. I took the name Jack Roy for show business. I quit show business when I was twenty-eight, but I stayed Jack Roy. When I was about twenty-five, I worked a place called the Homestead in Washington Heights. My first job coming back into show business at the age of forty-one was at the same place. I said to the owner, "Don't put my name in the paper. I'd be embarrassed if people saw me. I haven't been in show business for years. Make up some name and put it in the paper." So he made up Rodney Dangerfield.

OUI: What did your friends think of the name?

DANGERFIELD: Well, when I went up to the club it was the same guys, the same comics, as fifteen or twenty years ago. And they looked at me and said, "*Rodney Dangerfield?*" and I said, "Look, if you're going to change your name, *change* it."

OUI: Have you ever met anyone who is really named Dangerfield?

DANGERFIELD: No. I know they're out there, though. There's also a Daingerfield, Texas. Spelled differently. I've never been there.

OUI: What did you do between the ages of twenty-eight and forty?

DANGERFIELD: I sold paint. A very colorless job. Hah. I sold paint to stores, contractors, that sort of thing. I kept on writing jokes, though, and sometimes I sold a few. About sixteen, seventeen years ago I wrote for Jackie Mason. He was just starting to get hot then. I wrote Ed Sullivan spots for Joan Rivers. I sold a bit to Joey Bishop. But after a while I realized that the stuff I was writing fit no one but me. It's my

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY

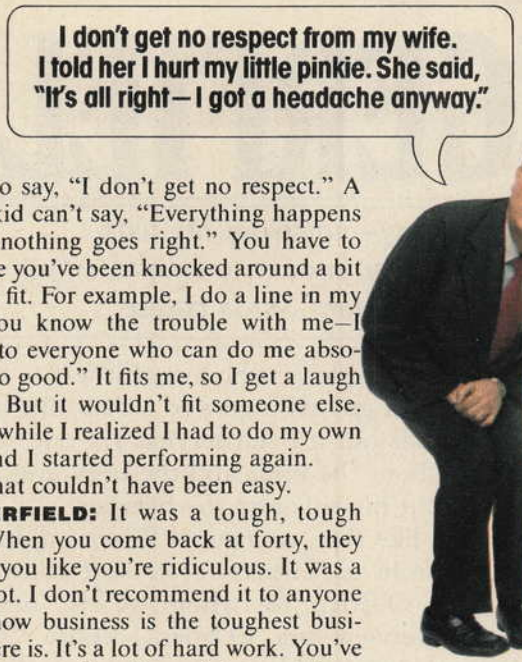


image to say, "I don't get no respect." A young kid can't say, "Everything happens to me—nothing goes right." You have to look like you've been knocked around a bit for it to fit. For example, I do a line in my act, "You know the trouble with me—I appeal to everyone who can do me absolutely no good." It fits me, so I get a laugh with it. But it wouldn't fit someone else. After a while I realized I had to do my own stuff, and I started performing again.

OUI: That couldn't have been easy.

DANGERFIELD: It was a tough, tough road. When you come back at forty, they look at you like you're ridiculous. It was a long shot. I don't recommend it to anyone else. Show business is the toughest business there is. It's a lot of hard work. You've got to keep writing funny jokes and have an image, whatever it is.

OUI: Why did you give up show business at twenty-eight?

DANGERFIELD: I got married. My wife was a singer and I thought it would be difficult to be in show business and work in different parts of the country. So we both quit to lead a normal life. And we found out that life isn't that normal outside of show business, either. You know the answer to life? Nobody wins. So I went back into show business at forty, just like that.

OUI: Did marriage give you the idea that you weren't getting any respect?

DANGERFIELD: It might have helped. I asked my daughter what she wanted to be when she grew up, and she looked at my wife and said, "Single." I called the house and my son answered the phone. I heard him say, "Mommy, it's Daddy—are you home?" I thought marriage would get me some respect, but it didn't work that way.

OUI: When did you find that out?

DANGERFIELD: I started having second thoughts at the wedding. The judge said, "If anyone is against this marriage, speak now or forever hold your peace." I looked around. Her family had formed a double line.

OUI: Was it any better when you were single?

DANGERFIELD: I wasn't exactly popular. I remember my first blind date. I waited an hour on the corner. A girl walked by. I said, "Are you Louise?" She said, "Are you Rodney?" I said, "Yeah!" She said, "I'm not Louise." Girls . . . You know, a girl is like a used car. How many times when you need it, it won't turn over?

OUI: A lot of people get married in order to have regular sex. Did you?

DANGERFIELD: Oh, sure. In that area my wife's real thoughtful. Every time I want sex she leaves the room to give me privacy.

OUI: Do you think other people get more sex than you do?

DANGERFIELD: Undoubtedly. Of course, then there's my cousin. He's so lazy, he married a girl who was pregnant.

OUI: How do you write a joke?

DANGERFIELD: It's a strange thing. It's like with music. There's only so many combinations of notes. You think, "How can they think up a new melody?" It's the same thing with jokes. You think, "Ah, I've exhausted myself. There are no more jokes." Then, all of a sudden, *bop*, one comes into your head and there it is. The intro to a line is what's important. The setup, the attitude. I've had a line sometimes that don't work. It looks funny, but it don't work. All of a sudden, months later, it follows the right line, it comes in with the right tone and attitude, and it works. I write a lot of jokes that I think are funny, but they don't get a laugh. I wrote one the other night. "You know, exercise is good for you. The other night I did fifty push-ins." One day that might get a laugh, I don't know. Only thing that bothers me is when the people who can't write jokes steal them. It's frustrating to discover your colleagues stealing your jokes and then switching them around.

OUI: Do well-known comics steal?

DANGERFIELD: Yes, a lot of them. Milton Berle comes to see me in Vegas with a tape recorder and he takes some of my jokes and later I hear them on the air. I think that's pretty low. He's not the only one, though. I hear my jokes everywhere.

OUI: Do young comics ever come to you for advice?

DANGERFIELD: Sometimes. I like to help when I can. I saw Robert Klein years ago at the Improvisation and I thought he was very talented. I got friendly with him and got him his manager, Jack Rollins. If I see someone who's good I try to help him.

There's enough room for everybody, you know. There are a lot of terrible comics around, too.

OUI: Why do you suppose some of them hang in there so long?

DANGERFIELD: The need for love. Many people go into show business because of their need for attention, because their life is lacking something.

OUI: Some people say the same thing about politicians. Did you ever think of going into politics?

DANGERFIELD: No, I was never interested in that. I never went to college—that was for rich people—and I guess I lacked book learning. I was never into politics at all. Besides, it's too difficult to be completely honest in politics.

OUI: Are you completely honest?

DANGERFIELD: Yes. I've never lied to anybody. Never stole anybody's jokes, either. If I see a joke I like, I buy it. I pay fifty bucks a joke.

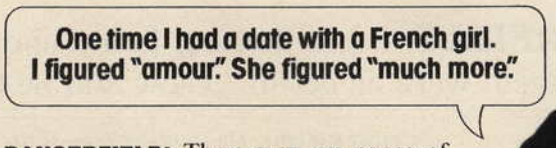
OUI: Do you try out your jokes on friends before they go into your act?

DANGERFIELD: Yeah, you can't help it. You can't wait to have a reaction to a joke. But sometimes your friends can't tell if something is funny. You must do it in front of an audience to get a true reaction.

OUI: Do you do the same act every time, or do you have more than one that you do during a certain period?

DANGERFIELD: You've got to have plenty of material, but you prepare one act. You make that one act as strong as you can. Of course, I'm constantly breaking in new material. Every time I do *The Tonight Show*, I've got to have new material, and it's very difficult to come by. I have some fellows who send me jokes, guys I've known throughout the years. But the bulk of it I still do myself.

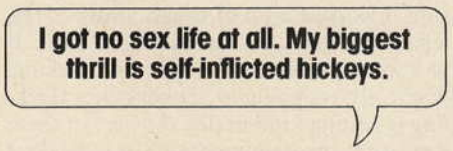
OUI: What do you think of the new comics you see on TV these days?



DANGERFIELD: There sure are gangs of 'em comin' up. Unfortunately, the comedians of today who start in coffee houses and then go to television don't have the years of nightclub training. In nightclubs you learn that a performer has to be believable, whether he's a singer or a comedian; he has to create a sense of "nowness," the feeling that what he's doing is not a routine. If you catch Don Rickles, you wouldn't think he's got a routine. He's just kiddin' around up there. The comedians of today are reciting material that they think is funny, but you don't find many who give you the feeling that it's not a routine. Steve Martin will. He's dynamite, the best to come up recently. I caught Dave Letterman on *The Tonight Show* recently. He's good. There are a lot of good ones coming up: Andy Kaufman, Kelly Monteith, Steve Landesberg.

OUI: Did you ever try to tell anybody how to do stand-up comedy?

DANGERFIELD: When Dustin Hoffman was getting ready to do *Lenny*, he hung out with me about a week at my club. I knew Lenny Bruce, and my friend Joe Ancis was



also tight with him. Hoffman wanted to get information, so he asked me how to do stand-up. And I told him, "Stand-up isn't something I can tell you, 'Here's how you do it.' You gotta walk the boards for ten years. Walk into joints and nightclubs, get the feel of the floor." You can't just tell someone how you do stand-up. I think a comedian can be an actor much more easily than the other way around.

OUI: Who is the funniest person you've ever met who wasn't a comedian?

DANGERFIELD: The guy I just mentioned, Joe Ancis. He's in the construction business. It's not that he's really a joke teller—it's just that he has a funny, accurate view of situations.

OUI: And how did you meet Lenny Bruce?

DANGERFIELD: I met Lenny through his mother. I met him when he was in the navy, when she was the emcee at the Polish Falcon. I was a singing waiter there, and she introduced me to Lenny. I knew him very well. He knew Joe then, too. He adored Joe.

OUI: Lay comics. Are they a dying race? Do people—ordinary people—tell as many jokes as they used to?

DANGERFIELD: It depends on who you hang out with. If you're hanging around with a lot of archaeologists, maybe you don't hear too many jokes, but I still hear a lot.

OUI: You see a funny side to just about everything. Do you see anything funny about death?

DANGERFIELD: Death? No, I've never been dead, so what do I know?

OUI: What would Rodney Dangerfield be like in heaven?

DANGERFIELD: I don't believe in anything like that. I'm not religious and I don't think I'm coming back in any way, shape or form. As far as I'm concerned, life's a one-way trip.

OUI: I just thought that in heaven maybe

RODNEY DANGERFIELD I find nothing funny about the dentist. I've got a weird dentist. I told him my teeth were all gettin' yellow and he told me to wear a brown tie.

you'd finally get some respect.

DANGERFIELD: No. You see, if you didn't get any as a kid, you can never get enough.

OUI: How about a few personal questions?

DANGERFIELD: Sure.

OUI: What's your favorite food?

DANGERFIELD: Well, recently, puffed wheat came into my life. Before that it was Chinese food. And cheese. I used to say I'd marry Swiss cheese.

OUI: What's your favorite book?

DANGERFIELD: Don't have any.

OUI: Favorite movie?

DANGERFIELD: *It's a Wonderful Life.* Did you see it?

OUI: No.

DANGERFIELD: It plays every Christmas. A great, great story, with Jimmy Stewart. You watch it; you'll know what I mean.

OUI: Who's your favorite actress?

DANGERFIELD: Oh, I don't know. Glenda Jackson's very good. I don't go to the movies much.

OUI: How about TV? Do you watch it?

DANGERFIELD: Yeah, football. And boxing. I was watching a fight once and a hockey game broke out.

OUI: Do you play any sports yourself?

DANGERFIELD: Just swimming. I swim every day in a health spa across the street.

OUI: Ever do est, TM, Scientology?

DANGERFIELD: No, no and no; I never did any of that stuff.

OUI: What's the biggest problem in the world today?

DANGERFIELD: Everything. Trying to stop smoking, wars, screwed-up kids, everything.

OUI: OK, now for some serious stuff. Do you think women should be allowed to play in the NFL?

DANGERFIELD: Yes. I think more people would score that way.

OUI: I bet you're the kind of guy who even tells jokes to the dentist.

DANGERFIELD: No, when I see the dentist I find nothing funny about it, really. I've got a weird dentist anyway. I told him my teeth were all gettin' yellow and he told me to wear a brown tie.

OUI: Where do you prefer to perform?

DANGERFIELD: The only art I have left—and I'd like to do something arty, a great part, dramatics, whatever—the only thing I really get a kick out of these days is doing the Carson show. You can write a movie and do it, and the project takes years. Carson is immediate. You do it and you watch it. I get a kick out of kiddin' around with Carson. He does a great straight. A really great straight. *The Tonight Show* is *the* show today. A few years ago, when I was coming back into show business, *the* show was Ed Sullivan. I was on many of his shows. He gave the people what they wanted. If you went over good and he liked you, OK. If Sullivan called you back to take a bow, your friends talked about it: "Hey, I saw Sullivan call you back to take a bow." That meant you were in. Now it's Johnny Carson. There's always one show that's *the* show-business show. There have been many other shows that were good. Jack Paar was a great show for comedians, years ago. Other shows are very helpful. I've been on Merv Griffin many times. It's a good show. Of the new ones, Phil Donahue is very good. But *The Tonight Show*, that's it.

OUI: Do you get nervous before you go on television?

DANGERFIELD: You always get nervous—always. You're doing material that you've never done before on television. So even though you've tried it out in a club, you don't know what's going to happen.

OUI: Have you ever been heckled?

DANGERFIELD: I've been through all that, sure. I worked a lot of tough joints. "Hey, whaddya think, yer funny?" and stuff. If you work places and people are drinking, you're always going to get heckling. Heckling is getting kind of dated now, but there were some great moments in the old days. I remember Henny Youngman doing something about thirty-five years ago in a club called the China Doll in New York. A girl singer was up there and she said, "And now, for my next number I'd like to take you on an imaginary trip through the Far East." And Youngman stood up and yelled, "I'm not going!" And walked out.

OUI: Do you psych yourself up before you go onstage? Do you do anything special?

DANGERFIELD: I just make sure my hair is combed and my tie is on straight. I wish I could give you a more thrilling answer—that I touch my left ear twice and kiss my underwear—but I just walk on.

OUI: What do you do in a place like Las Vegas during your free time?

DANGERFIELD: I like to do all the good things and all the bad things, I guess. I like to gamble, drink, eat. I like craps.

OUI: Did you ever smoke pot?

DANGERFIELD: Yes.

OUI: How old were you when you first tried it?

DANGERFIELD: Nineteen. In those days you were considered a dope fiend if you even tried it.

OUI: Do you think marijuana should be legalized?

DANGERFIELD: Well, if booze is, marijuana should be, too. You find more accidents and problems with booze than with pot.

OUI: Does smoking pot make you laugh?

DANGERFIELD: No, pot doesn't make a person laugh; it just gives your head a little change, know what I mean? Makes you hungry. You can be in a good mood and smoke pot and be in a worse mood. Who knows where it'll take you? If you're nervous, it'll calm you down a little bit. How can you be in show business this many years and not be familiar with pot? I've smoked pot many times.

OUI: What about cocaine?

DANGERFIELD: I've tried it. Pot is less harmful, I think. Cocaine keeps you awake, upsets your system.

OUI: Should it be legalized, too?

DANGERFIELD: I don't think so. Too risky.

OUI: Ever try other drugs? LSD? Heroin?

DANGERFIELD: No. At my age, shooting up means an enema bag.

OUI: Are you a happy drinker?

DANGERFIELD: Yeah, I like the booze, too. I like that. I can't do it as much as I used to. I've got to watch myself, you know. But why not? How can you not like havin' a couple of martinis and gettin' happy and have a nice big meal? But you've got to watch that stuff.

OUI: Do you have parties?

DANGERFIELD: No, I don't even go to parties. I walk into a party and take one bite of something, they all say the same thing to me: "Still eatin', huh?" So I rarely go to parties.

OUI: Do you have any diet tips?

DANGERFIELD: I tried a new thing. I took up yoga, and now I can eat in every position. Actually, the best way to look thin is you hang out with fat people.

OUI: What sign are you?

DANGERFIELD: I'm on the cusp

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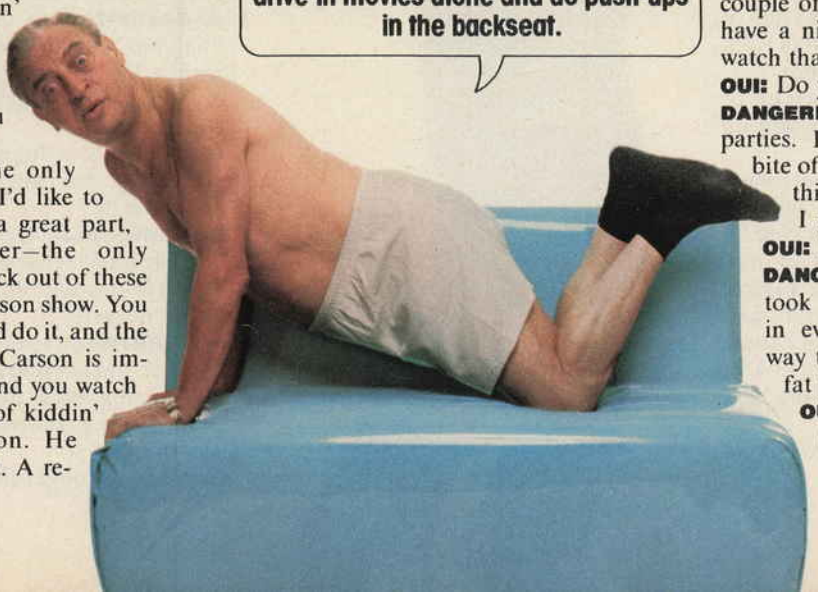


the FRIZZIES

TAKE ONE PART MILK, ONE PART LIQUEUR AND TWO PARTS SELTZER— AND YOU'VE GOT A FRIZZIE. IT'LL CURL YOUR HAIR.

By Peter Gambaccini

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN KUPERSMITH

New York is definitely the starting gate for new ideas. Everything begins there. If there were no New York, for instance, there would be no Broadway shows based on comic strips from the Depression. If there were no New York, where would porn-movie producers go to get actors with severe acne? Even worse—if there were no New York, there would be no . . . *egg creams*.

Egg cream, for you Hoosiers, is a New York concoction of milk, chocolate syrup and a spritz of seltzer. They're wild and wet and the whole drink's an art form.

This love affair I have with egg creams got me to thinking of a way to make one for adults. Keep the milk and seltzer but substitute liqueurs for the syrup. And that's how I discovered the Frizzie. Milk, seltzer and your favorite liqueur—egg creams in every color of the rainbow.

The official recipe is pretty basic: Two parts seltzer, one part milk, one part liqueur. The liquor goes in first, then the milk. Spritz the seltzer down the side of the glass, not in the middle, to avoid splashing and excess foam. You may use club soda if you wish (but why?).

The following are the best Frizzies you can spritz:

SCIARADA. The Uncola of Frizzies, this citrus drink from Naples merges perfectly with the other ingredients for a pale green blast.

MIDORI. This is a Japanese liqueur that tastes like honeydew melon. The color is like an Oriental sunset.

PISTASHA. A Frizzie with this is a pleasant light green and nothing can diminish its nutty taste.

MANDARINE NAPOLEON. Remember Creamsicles—those orange and ice cream Popsicles? A Frizzie made with Mandarine tastes just like one.

KAHLÚA. This drink is nice and brown and creamy and smooth. Sort of like a carbonated sombrero. Please pass the hat.

VANDERMINT. Our favorite concoction in the semisweet category, this liqueur makes a beige Frizzie, and it tastes even better than Junior Mints.

HIRAM WALKER CHERRY FLAVORED BRANDY. This is the perfect low-calorie cherry milkshake. Pink and sweet.

PARFAIT AMOUR. As a Frizzie, this liqueur turns violet and looks like a blueberry smoothie. Very impressive.

SABRA. This popular Israeli import makes an orange-brown blend that tastes like chocolate oranges. The aftertaste is persistent.

AMARETTO DI SARONNO. The taste is light and smooth. Add vanilla and you'll go completely nuts.

BLUE CURAÇAO. Believe it or not, this drink turns turquoise and tastes like Teaberry gum. And it's pretty. Get out the Polaroid.

GRAND MARNIER. This Frizzie is less sweet, so save it for your more sophisticated friends.

HIRAM WALKER CRÈME DE CASSIS. Tastes like raspberries and looks purplish red.

SWISS CHOCOLATE ALMOND. Like an Almond Joy in a glass, the chocolate will hit you first, with the almond right behind. A real knockout.

SAKURA. This Frizzie liqueur derives from cherry blossoms and turns pink in your glass. First you'll taste the cherry, then coconut. □

CINEMA'S GREATEST HITS

Grass. Uppers. Downers. Coke. Acid. Speed. Junk. If Hollywood is the dream factory, dope should carry a union card. So put down your popcorn, light up a joint and jar your memory. If you've still got one.

Compiled by Michael Mahler

Russ Tamblyn tumbles across a dope ring in High School Confidential! (1958) and smashes it. Schmuck.

Here we see Don Murray being called on the carpet by the Syndicate in A Hatful of Rain (1957).

This is Tina Turner in Ken Russell's misinterpretation of the Who's Tommy (1975). She played the Acid Queen. We overdosed.

In the Sixties, Hollywood started experimenting with hallucinogens. Note the gripping performance by Mimsy Farmer, playing a cop's daughter, as she's offered a little Fla-Vor-Aid before the big Riot on Sunset Strip (1967).

Marlon Brando played one of Candy's gurus in the film of the same name (1968). Here we see him with his current drug of choice—firewater.

A party scene from Blow-Up (1966), Antonioni's drugged look at British upper-class twits.

Charlie Chaplin takes a toot in Modern Times (1936), the coke freak's classic "secret" film. No wonder they wanted his body.

In Bye Bye Birdie (1963), Dick Van Dyke rushes Russian ballet dancers through their paces on the Ed Sullivan Show by giving them speed. Where there's a will, there's a pharmaceutical.

Dustin Hoffman enjoying a puff in Midnight Cowboy (1969). Then he became a fag and died. See what can happen?

Gene Wilder in the famous dope-smoking scene from Mel Brooks's Blazing Saddles (1974). Oh, wait—maybe this is the famous fart scene. Hard to tell with Wilder.

From the title, wouldn't you think Swedish Fly Girls (1972) would have something to do with airplanes?

Diana Ross on Holliday in the hit film Lady Sings the Blues (1972). Papa may have, but God bless the child who's got to get out on the street himself.

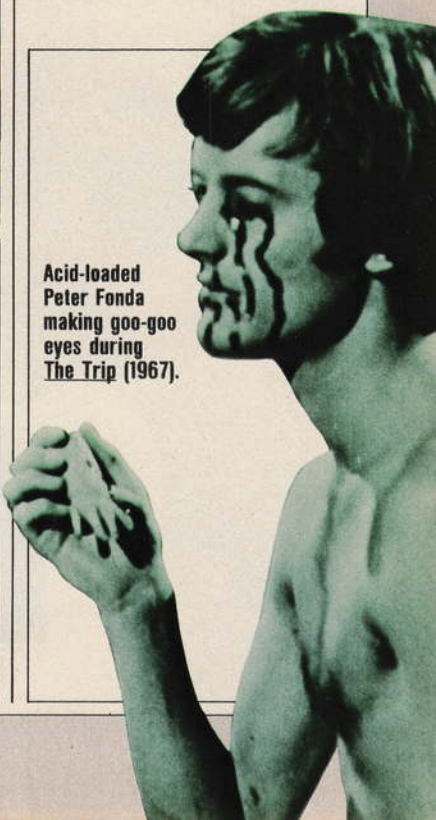
Paul Newman catches Geraldine Page's ash in the movie version of Tennessee Williams' Sweet Bird of Youth (1962). If you recall, later in the movie she graduates to his hard stuff.

Julie Christie enjoyed opium with Warren Beatty in McCabe and Mrs. Miller (1971). A few movies later she gave him a blow job in Shampoo (1975). Let that be a lesson to all of us.

OK, kids, what'll it be? Ups? Downs? Blow? Heavy mind shit? An intelligent portrayal of dope use on the screen. From Riot on Sunset Strip (1967).

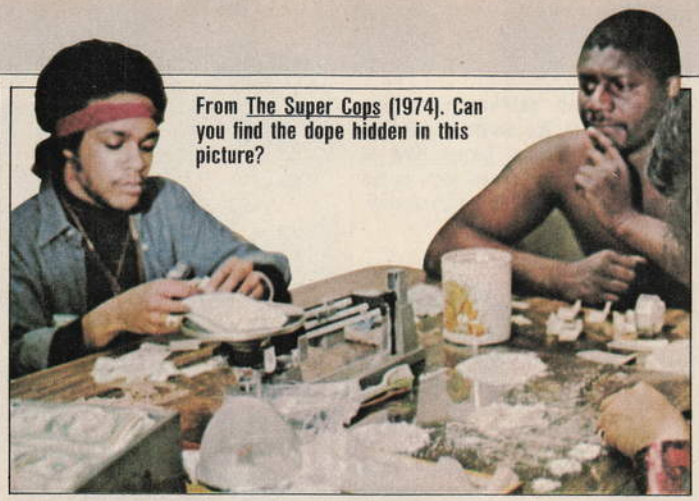
An exciting dope-exchange scene from the award-winning film The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972). Don't worry, guys—nobody else saw this film, either.

Doing enough to make anybody yodel, these three heavy-duty smokers get high in the Alps in Disney's Switzerland. It is a small, small world.



Acid-loaded Peter Fonda making goo-goo eyes during The Trip (1967).

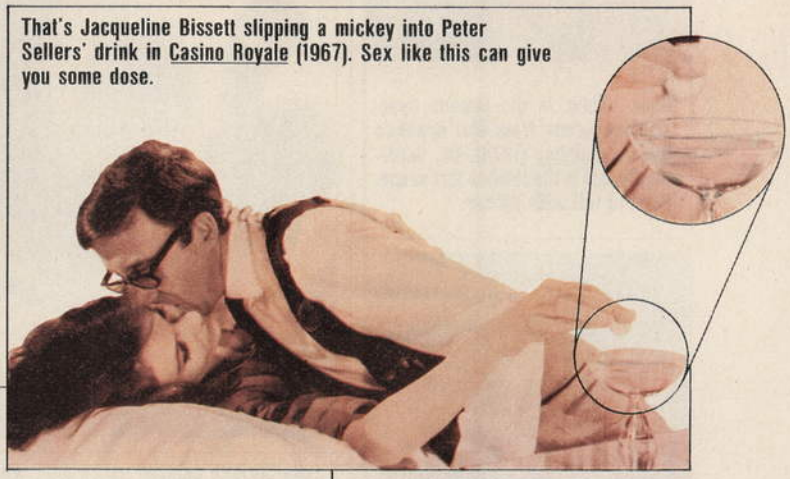
Nick Nolte shows the proper way to bring in a kilo in Who'll Stop the Rain (1978), based on Robert Stone's brilliant novel Dog Soldiers.



From The Super Cops (1974). Can you find the dope hidden in this picture?

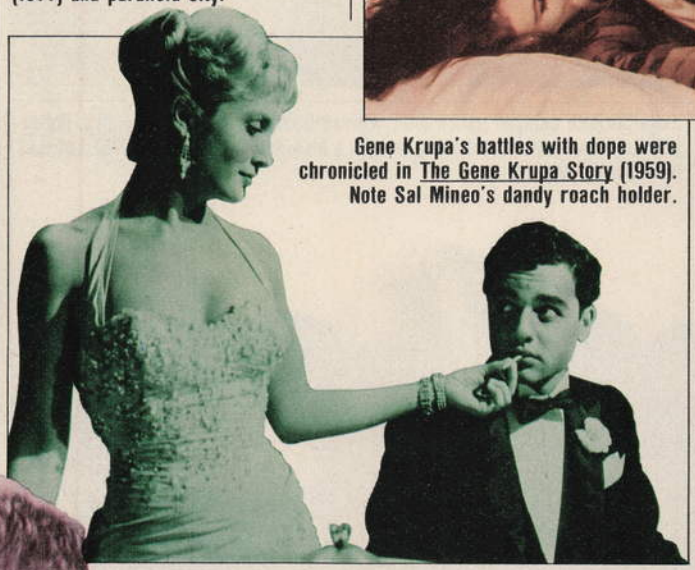
Or how about this one? Can you find any of the subliminal dope in this clip from Panic in Needle Park (1971), the much-heralded anti-junkie film that starred Al Pacino?

Diane Keaton wanted to be near the music and she liked to get high. The result was Looking for Mr. Goodbar (1977) and paranoia city.



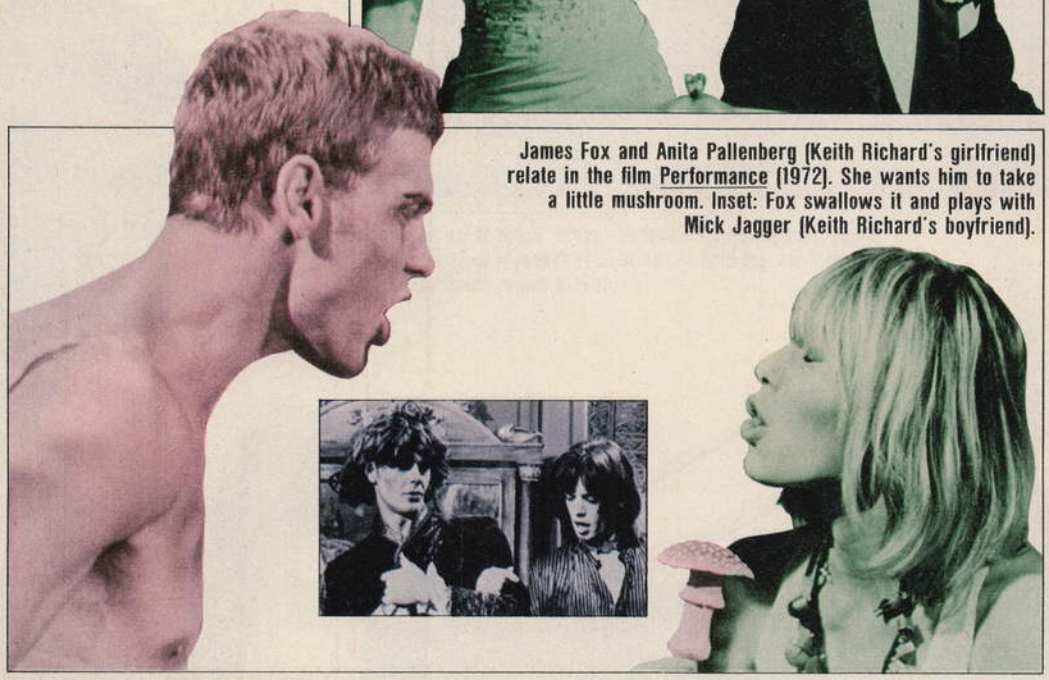
That's Jacqueline Bissett slipping a mickey into Peter Sellers' drink in Casino Royale (1967). Sex like this can give you some dose.

Gene Hackman as frog chaser Popeye Doyle in The French Connection (1971), a Nixon-era story of a modern Ahab obsessed with the white whale of heroin.



Gene Krupa's battles with dope were chronicled in The Gene Krupa Story (1959). Note Sal Mineo's dandy roach holder.

Doing it his way, Frank Sinatra hits the lowest notes of his career in the withdrawal scene from The Man with the Golden Arm (1955).



James Fox and Anita Pallenberg (Keith Richard's girlfriend) relate in the film Performance (1972). She wants him to take a little mushroom. Inset: Fox swallows it and plays with Mick Jagger (Keith Richard's boyfriend).

The old folks of Wild in the Streets (1968) were required to take acid from this bubbler. Just keeping up with the Joneses.

Tall Russian fashion model Verushka inflates herself in this overblown scene from Antonioni's Blow-Up (1966).

Hollywood has always told us that all Chinese people push opium. Here, Sidney Toler (the Swede who later played Charlie Chan) keeps his customer satisfied in King of Chinatown (1939).

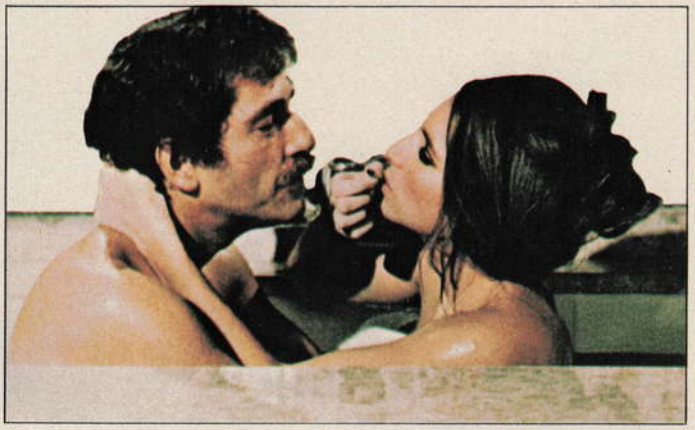
Nicol Williamson as Sherlock Holmes tries to cure Freud's bad coke habit in The Seven-Percent Solution (1976), an adaptation of Nicholas Meyer's hilarious book.

Here we see those zany characters the Bowery Boys in The Private Eyes (1953). No, that's not really dope in the pipe. Not that anybody gives a shit, anyway.

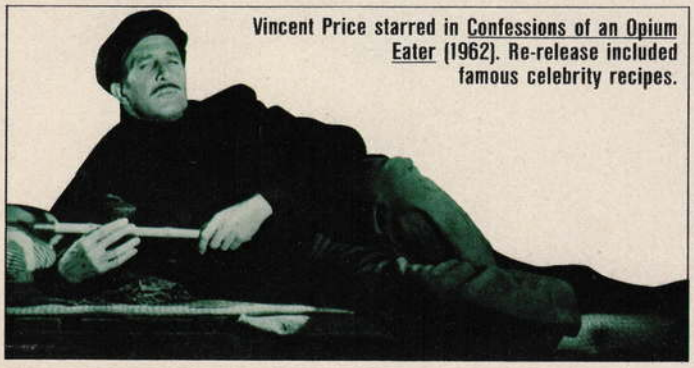
Peter Boyle, in a scene from Joe (1970), takes a much-needed break during his pursuit of dope-smoking freaks.

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas (1968) was produced to score brownie points with the narks. Unfortunately, the producers used the wrong brownies.

Streisand loads up Segal in The Owl and the Pussycat (1970).



And, finally, John Wayne. What to make of a Hollywood star who never gave a "hoot" about drugs? Here, however, from the highly acclaimed Stagecoach (1939), is Wayne caught in the act. (Photo from the collection of Paul Ballard.)



Vincent Price starred in Confessions of an Opium Eater (1962). Re-release included famous celebrity recipes.

Stacy Keach, confessing to a little opium himself in Doc (1970), turns frontierland into fantasyland.

ROMY

An Honest Woman

"My looks don't help me when my mouth gets me into trouble," says Romy, an aspiring actress from the Netherlands.

What do you mean? we ask.

"Well, it seems that I'm a bit too—what's the word?—frank, for most people. Men, especially. I see through all their tricks and I tell them so. For some reason, they can't take an honest opinion. They get all kissy-kissy and lovey-dovey and tell me how much potential I have. Potential . . . ha! Why can't they just say, 'I want your body. I want to make love to you'? That's what they really mean, isn't it?"

Well, uh . . .

"It doesn't matter what nationality they are, either. American, French, Arab—they're all the same. Not that men don't have their good points, mind you.

Photography by Eric Müller

"Men get turned off when I tell them how to make love. I don't understand that. Don't they want to learn?"

"My favorite position? What a silly question. Why, woman dominant, of course."

There's nothing in this world I like better than a tall, strong, supple male body—but the *games*! What a waste of time!"

But, Romy, don't you think . . .

"Think! Of course I think. You know what I think? I think you magazine people are just like the rest, coming around to interview me, asking me dumb questions. Face it—what you really want to know is what's my favorite position, do I like oral sex, have I ever made love to two men at once, do I like taking my clothes off, et cetera, et cetera. Am I right?"

Well, yes, but . . .

"Well, I'll make it easy for you. I'll tell you. My favorite position is on top, I love oral sex, two men are better than one and stripping in front of a camera makes me horny. Enough?"

One more question, OK?

"[Sigh.] OK."

What do you think about the recent U. S.–Soviet SALT talks?

"SALT talks! Politics! Do I look like Bella Abzug to you?"

All right, all right. Let's try another one. Do you think President Carter's sexy?

"Hmmmm. Now, *that's* an interesting question."

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY LAMB

GETTIN' DOWN WITH Etta

The Queen of Rhythm & Blues hits the comeback trail with the Rolling Stones and explains why Mick Jagger keeps that little package in his pants

PROFILE BY BURR SNIDER

"Etta, now don't say 'shit.'" Etta James, the Queen of Rhythm and Blues, is about to go on the air on Michael Jackson's top-rated Los Angeles talk show, and one of the women in her management entourage, well aware of Etta's penchant for, ah, *vivid* language, is understandably edgy. Somebody has just told Etta that Michael Jackson has already interviewed Vice President Mondale, a rape victim and a former COINTELPRO agent this morning; so the singer, plenty nervous to begin with, is chewing on her nails in mock terror.

"And now *me*?" says Etta incredulously. "*You* do it," she says to the manager. "I'm scared. I ain't saying nothin'. This guy Jackson's from England, ain't he? Oh, those guys sound so smooth. And I'm with the 'deses' and 'dozes' and stuff. These English guys are so intellectual."

"He's intellectual," says the manager soothingly, "but he's democratic."

Etta James frowns. This is dues day for the legendary soul singer. She's trying to get her career back in high gear after a

long and difficult period of heroin detoxification. She knows these publicity chores are necessary, but she's still not too wild about traipsing around L.A. courting the various media. After her radio stint here at KABC, she'll swing over to Burbank and do a public-TV talk show. Then maybe she'll chat with all these writers hanging around.

This is how it's been ever since Etta came out of a sort of enforced semiretirement this past year to resume one of the more glittering, if star-crossed, careers in The Business. Around her management people, you can sense the feeling that Etta James's time has finally come. Her long-awaited comeback album, *Deep in the Night*, produced by Jerry Wexler, enjoyed decent sales, which was certainly a plus for someone who has been out of the picture for so long. Moreover, Etta has just come off opening the Rolling Stones show in such places as Anaheim, Cleveland, Detroit and Passaic. Nobody makes a comparison out loud, but it *was* the 1973 Stones tour, after all, that exposed Stevie Wonder to the new, young, white audience, which catapulted him from being just another Motown stablehand into the rarefied precincts of platinum country.

Etta James is not your basic mainstream act; some people are turned off by the sight of a 300-pound woman shaking her ass and doing stripper squats

So the star-making, or one should say the *superstar*-making, machinery is definitely and visibly in gear, and the feeling among the Etta James people is one of anticipation-on-hold.

There is, however, one small hitch in the works. No matter how they labor to impress upon Etta the utter seriousness of what is happening, or how many times they sit her down to explain that *big things* are in the works and that the time is right for the quantum leap to the top of the heap . . . somehow, in

PHOTO BY LISA POWERS

the face of all this grand and yawning opportunity, they just can't quite get Etta to —you know—*stop fucking around.*

Like right now. She's been ushered into the sound booth and introduced to the host, Jackson, who is indeed British and imbued with an unmistakably English proclivity toward unctuousness. While he launches into his creamy on-the-air intro of the star—swiped word for word from a recent review of Etta's album—Etta herself is busy clowning. She's got her fingers stuffed down her throat and is convincingly miming someone being choked to death, shivering convulsively and popping her eyes out for the benefit of those looking on through the glass.

"Before Aretha Franklin, before even Tina Turner . . ." the host intones, "there was Etta James." Jackson reels off a short bio of Etta's roller-coaster career: sudden stardom at the age of 15, when she was plucked from the choir of the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Los Angeles to record gospel and rhythm-and-blues records; her early hits, including *At Last, Trust in Me, Sunday Kind of Love, Roll with Me Henry,* and many more; the harsh if rollicking years on the road with the old Johnny Otis show and various other packaged rock-'n'-roll shows that toured the country in the Fifties; the fame, success and adulation as she inexorably rose to the top of the black-entertainment pantheon. And then, seemingly just as inexorable, the fall: heroin addiction, arrests for bad checks and shoplifting, missed engagements and canceled dates, the futile and horrifying stabs at detox and the backsliding to dope and the junkie life. Now, at last, comes the reemergence of Etta James, happy and healthy at 40 and ready to kick the music world in the ass. "A new woman with a new dignity," says Jackson. "Etta, what happened?"

"What happened?" snorts Etta. "I became a drug addict is what happened, and it was my downfall. I got addicted at age twenty-two and everybody knew about it—the industry, the public, everybody."

"Who was responsible?" asks Jackson.

"*I* was," says Etta resolutely. "I can't blame anybody. I was totally responsible for it."

"Tell me," says the host. "Will you ever go through it again?"

Etta shakes her head emphatically. "No, I'd rather be dead. You learn in therapy that you're always just one depression away from addiction, but I'd rather die. I have dreams about being hooked again. I've dreamed about actually drawing blood up in a needle and just saying I'm going to shoot enough to kill myself."

"I see some bad scars there on your arm," says Jackson. "Did you ever try to kill yourself?"

Etta snorts again. "No, those are tracks. They got, you know, all abscessed. You don't care about those things when you're shooting dope. You can be curled around a toilet, lying in your own barf, and you don't even care about that."

"It's the Billie Holliday story," says Jackson. "But in your case the industry was kind to you, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, they were," says Etta with a grin. "Just as long as I could still make 'em money."

•

Oh, this Etta James is a devil, I can tell you. She's also a sexpot and a charmer, which is some feat for a lady who tips in at somewhere around three hundred pounds. And she can be a bit of a gross-out, too, when the mood strikes her. She is also quite the star when her status is threatened, but at rock bottom, I think, there is a half-frightened, half-belligerent street punk lurking, and it is this rebellious aspect of Etta that probably first got her into heroin.

Beside all of that, though, Etta James is *real,* which is something that can be said about very few people who've spent most of a lifetime in the spotlight. This woman is no P.R. paste-up job. Hell, they couldn't have created an Etta James if they'd tried. When Etta is feeling loose and right and outrageous, she is just a goddamned howl, and she seems to be loose much of the time. I don't want you to get the idea she's a saint—oh, no. The impression I want to leave you with is that Etta James is people. She cusses at assholes who cut her off in traffic, and she gets hurt when she feels she's being slighted. She cries when she's tired, and she parties with the heartiest of them when she feels good. She loves good nasty showbiz gossip as much as you and I do, and she's every bit as starry-eyed as the gawkiest tourist on Hollywood and Vine. Heading for the second interview of the day, Etta wheeled her Ford expertly through freeway traffic while telling me of being invited to be in the big finale scene of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band.*

"Oh, it was *fun*!" she exulted like a schoolgirl. "They had hundreds of stars there. They sent limos around to pick everybody up, and they put on a big fancy lunch, and then we shot the scene in the afternoon. We were all standing on these bleachers singing, and Margaret Whiting was on one side of me and she about pulled my blouse off grabbing me when she almost fell, and Keith Carradine was over there on the other side. I said, 'Oh, God, *Keith Carradine*!' There must have been five hundred celebrities. You'd think people like that would be so prissy, but they're just down to earth."

"Yeah, but you like everybody, Etta," one of her managers said. "Isn't there anybody you don't like?"

"Yeah, there's plenty of people I don't like," Etta said. "I don't like Nancy Wilson. I don't like Sammy Davis. I don't like Minnie Riperton, and I especially don't like James Brown, that little monkey. I'm talking about the phony-balonies, you know what I mean?"

•

I go back a long way with Etta James. I went to a military school in northern Georgia in the Fifties; and in that rigid atmosphere, one of the few real spots of fun came late at night when you could surreptitiously tune in WLAC, a powerful boogie station out of Gallatin, Tennessee, which beamed all over the South. And what it beamed was this hot, sexy, new (for us WASP kids) music that was unlike anything

(Continued on page 132)

COTTON PICKIN'

We have seen the future and it is not stay-pressed. Clothes now are loose, free, light, cool and, above all, easy. In a word, cotton. Here are our picks for summer. Naturally, prices are subject to change.

$36.00 The shawl look with twin pockets from TKG.

$27.50. This summer's colors are natural in tone, as with this cream-colored baseball shirt in French terry from Roland.
$25.00. Also in French terry, an olive-green vest from Roland.

$26.00. At left is the poplin full trouser from TKG.
$47.50. Walking shorts in baby herringbone from Gallice.
$20.00. Double-pleated shorts from Tivoli of Copenhagen.

$30.00. Cargo-style drawstring pant in Native American Cotton from New Hero, shown in rust, khaki and royal blue.

$27.50. From Yves Saint Laurent, an olive V-neck T-shirt with one breast pocket.
$25.00 Long-sleeved, suede-colored T from Cacharel.

$30.00. Polo shirt in Native American Cotton from New Hero.

$29.00. Summer basic with tie-up front in light blue and burgundy Native American Cotton from New Hero.

$30.00. Mandarin-collared shirt shown in terra cotta, rust, chamois and khaki Native American Cotton from New Hero.

Photography by Olivier Ferrand • Coordination by Judith Dan

Men's shoes from Gentlemen's Footgear by Roger Bowman • Socks from Electric Sok • All prices approximate

THIS is the summer for natural colors. Cream. Rust. Beige. Stone. We especially like Stone.

$65.00. Silver sweater from YSL. **$30.00.** One-inch-collared white shirt from Roland. **$12.50.** Italian cotton-knit tie from Pierre Cardin Neckware.

$30.00 each. Cotton canvas footwear from Gentlemen's Footgear by Roger Bowman in rust, olive; khaki, natural, burgundy and banana. Yes, we have banana.

$23.00. Round-collared shirt from New York Sportswear Exchange. **$32.50.** Iridescent bird's-eye-weave pullover shirt from Garey.

$27.50. Plain pants (left) from New York Sportswear Exchange. **$27.50.** The middle pant has higher pockets. **$21.00.** From Bridgewater Bottom Company, a pearl- colored, drawstring waist, double-pleated pant with tapered leg.

$19.00. Indian cloth shirt from New York Sportswear Exchange, topping a flesh-colored, short-sleeve, flat cotton T from YSL for **$27.50.**

$20.00 for the collarless shirt from Roland. **$60.00** for the white inverted-pleat, low-back-pocketed trouser from Cacharel.

From left to right: Canvas belt with leather thong back from John Henry for **$10.00.** Fisherman knit from Harness House for **$12.50.** Cotton canvas with perforated leather trim from John Henry for **$11.00.** Canvas belt with tapered leather from John Henry for **$10.00.** And the military web belt from Harness House for **$7.50.**

$22.50. Cotton madras plaid shirt from John Henry with rounded (Milano) collar.

Most importantly, cotton is easy to wear. Even rumpled and wrinkled—like your lifestyle.

$115.00. Iridescent zip-front jacket from Cacharel.

$37.50. Long-sleeved plaid shirt with tab front from Cacharel. The cotton-knit tie is from Pierre Cardin Neckware for **$10.00.**

$50.00. Waffle-weave green pullover vest from Cacharel.

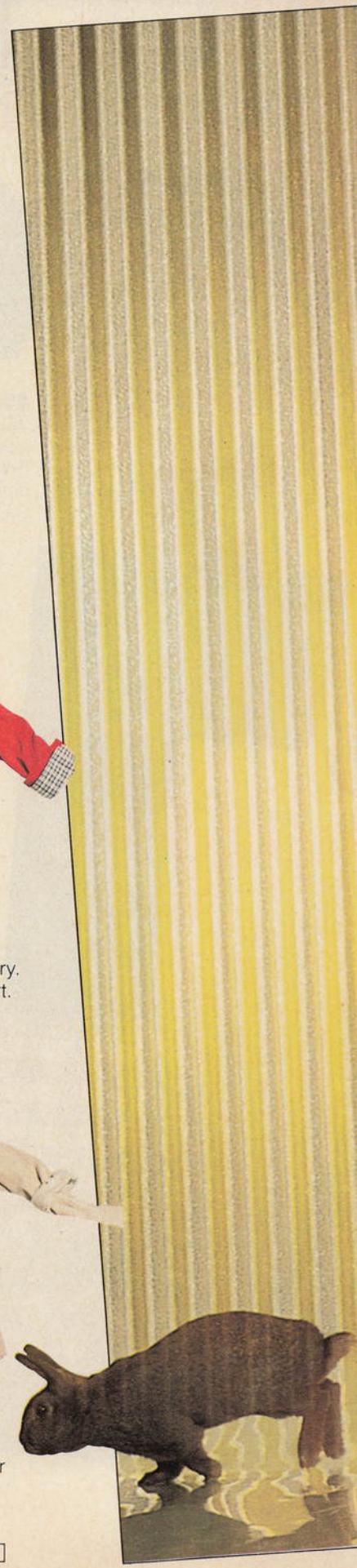
Ties. For **$10.00,** you can pick any of the three cotton plaid ties from John Henry, or the YSL signature tie. The Italian knit tie from Pierre Cardin Neckware is **$12.50.**

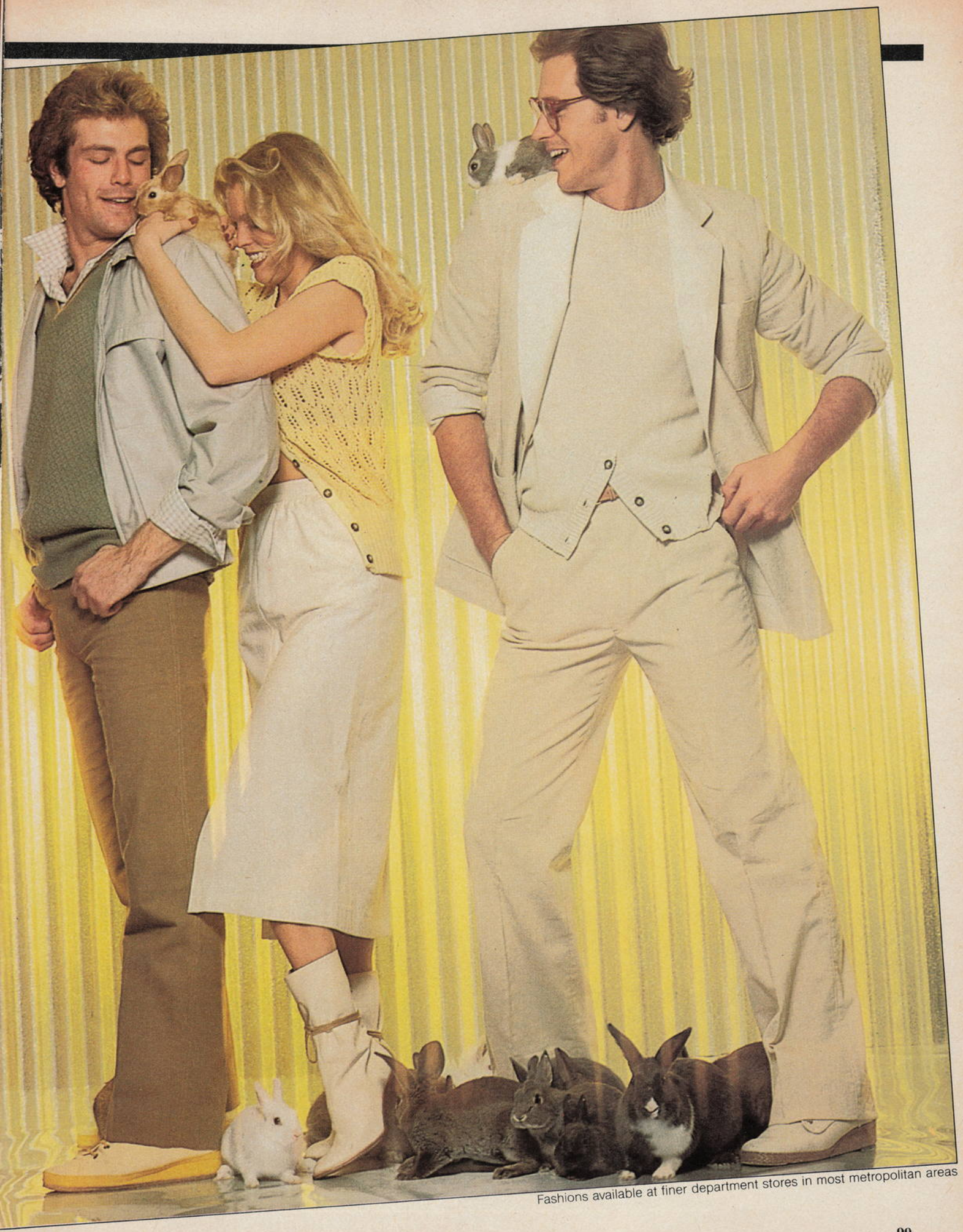
$42.50. From New York Sportswear Exchange, the soft, unconstructed blazer in cranberry.
$23.50. NYSE plaid sports shirt.
$30.00. V-neck open-weave khaki sweater, also from New York Sportswear Exchange.

$75.00. Banana blazer from Cacharel. **$27.50.** Red cotton-ribbed T from YSL.

$65.00. French-styled jean from Cacharel.
$40.00. Olive piqué pant with double pleat and belt loops, from YSL.
$2.50–$4.00. From Imperial Handkerchief, soft plaid and solid cotton squares.

$70.00. From NYSE, a reversible jacket.
$65.00. Crew-neck sweater from Knit Stitches by Jimmy Williams.
$50.00. All-cotton trouser from Zazu. □





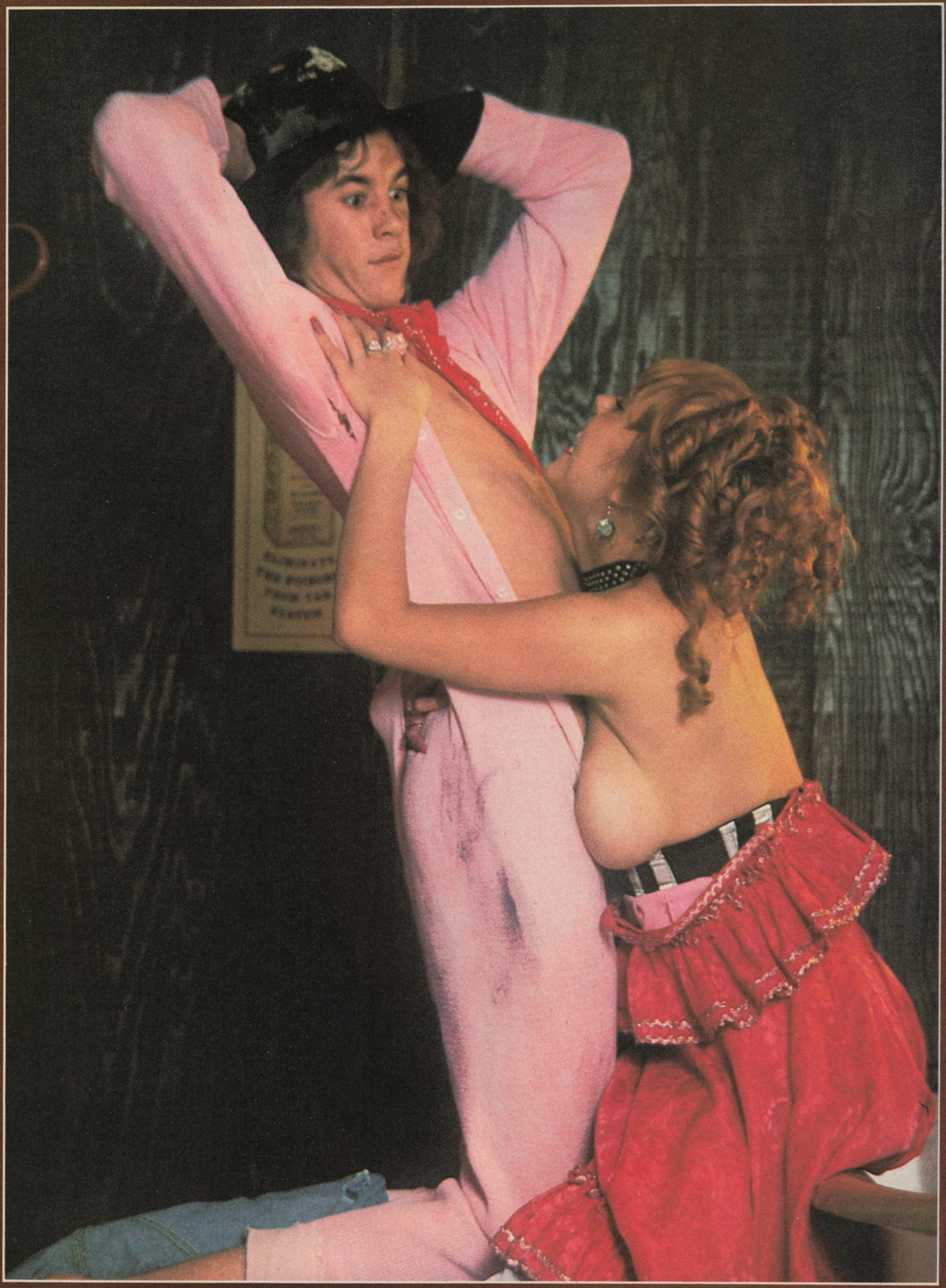
Fashions available at finer department stores in most metropolitan areas

A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT Fellini AND THE KID

"I have seen too many of my fellow Italians make American Westerns," Francesco Spigettios moaned as we walked in the rain to the backlot of Italian Cinema Nostra Cosa Studios in Milan. The temperature in this industrial city—"kind of like your Pittsburgh"—had dropped to 12°C. and Francesco had wrapped his throat with his famous yellow cape to keep it warm. "Ah, but what was I talking about?" he wondered. Italian directors, we said. "Ah! *Cinema Italiana. Stupido!*

Directors here don't understand American audiences at all. Fellini. Take Fellini, for instance. Please! Is that not a funny joke in America? Fellini thinks he understands the human mind. Fellini doesn't even understand the *Italian* mind—God's simplest creation. And Lina! Yakety yakety yakety yakety yakety. They forget the first rule of successful films in the U. S. American moviegoers want to be thrilled, romanced, indulged, excited and, above all, *seduced*. They want to be picked up at the beginning and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. SCOTT HOOPER



ELIMINATE
THE POISONS
FROM THE
SYSTEM

never let down. That is why they love *my* movies so." Love *his* movies so? We hastily reminded Francesco that only one of his films, *Squawk Parrot, Bark Dog*, had ever been seen in America, and it was *Gobble Turkey*.

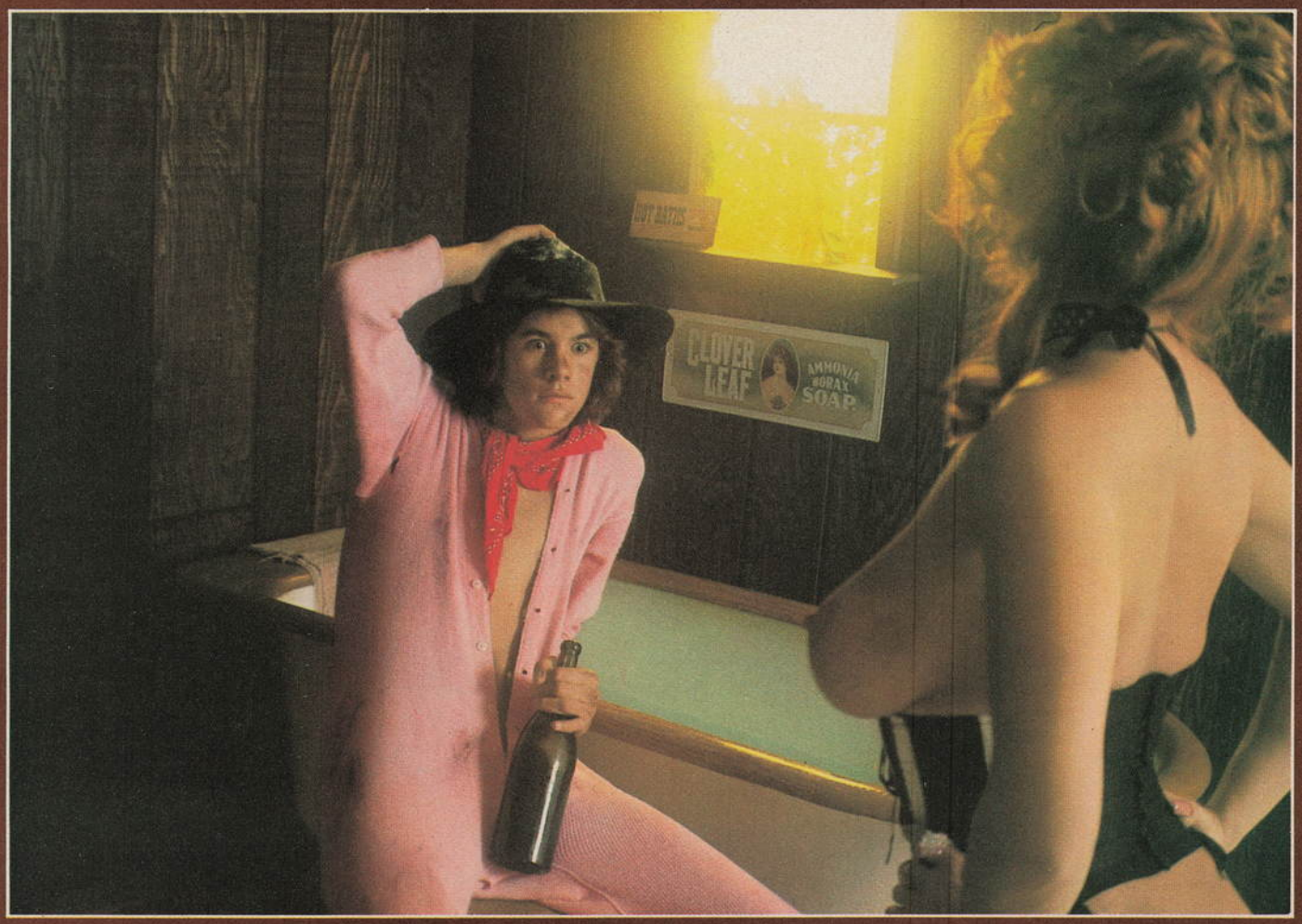
"That was just my first effort. One can make many mistakes. Take the title, for instance. Please! Ha ha. *Squawk Parrot, Bark Dog*. Sounds too poetic. Too sincere. This time I have kept it obvious: *Billie and the Kid: An Adult Western*." How adult, we

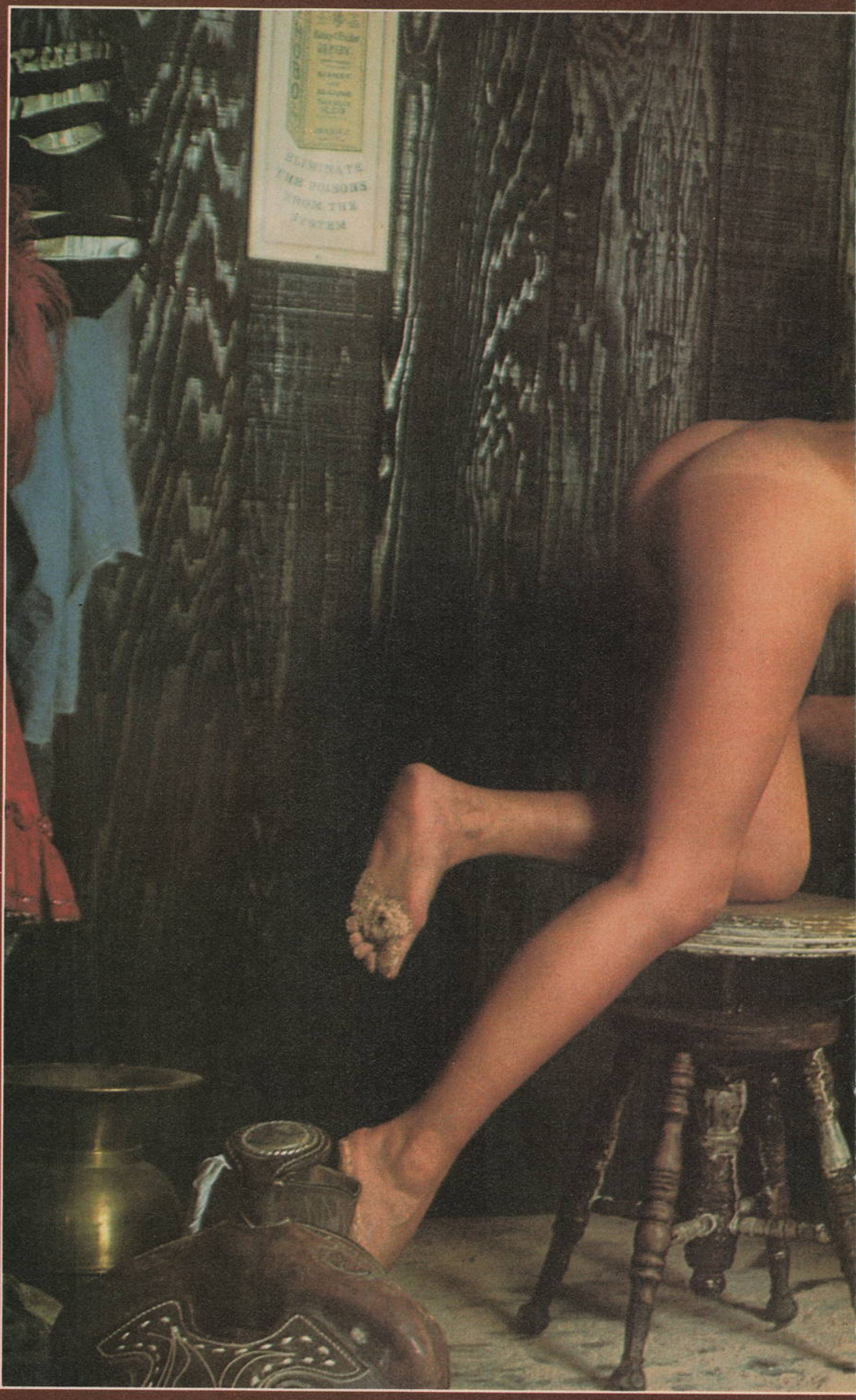
wanted to know? Americans weren't exactly flocking to X-rated movies anymore. "Not Raw Adult. Mature, Sensitive Adult. Big Tits." Could he tell us anything more about the film?

"No—no no no no! I am keeping everything *sotto-voce, pianissimo, schweigen*. I have heard of American TV movie-of-the-week people who read articles like this and, *prego*, they have the same show on TV months ahead of the original." Well, then, how about a hint?

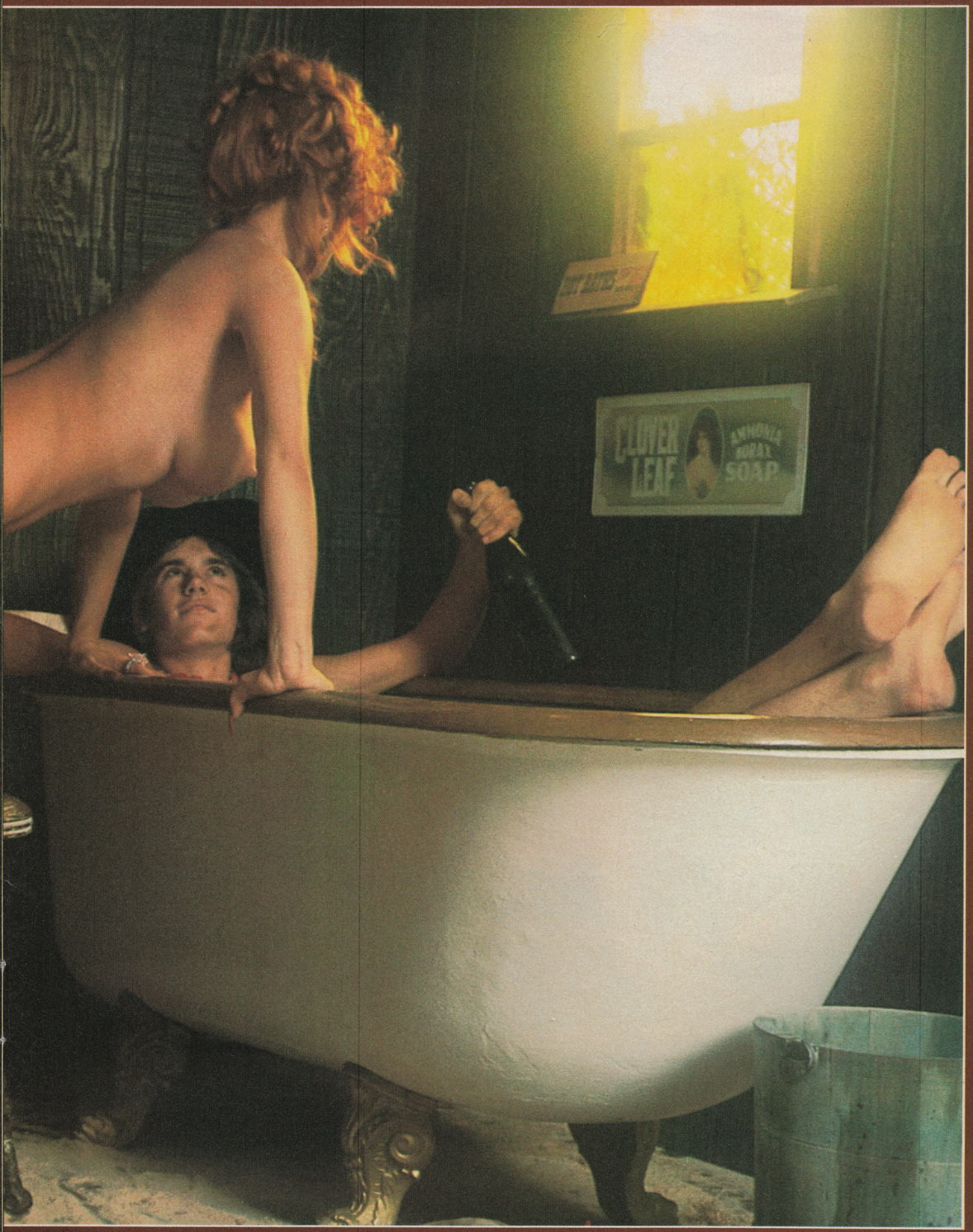
Billie

WILL NOT FLOP





"Mine is nonviolent, for one thing. When I worked for Sergio Leone and his spaghetti Westerns—a play off my name, incidentally, something a member of the crew thought of—when I worked on the Eastwood films, there was so much shooting and killing and blood and guts and beards and potbellies and *macho. Macho!* Have you ever met Leone? Mine has none of this fake butch stuff. Mine is the simple story of a pioneer woman in the old American Western frontier. She moves with her lover from Philadelphia, gives up everything for the man she loves and gets disinherited by her snooty mama and papa. In Ponderosa City, her husband is killed by a huge drunken fat man with a bad lisp, whose father has a big ranch and who fixes it so Billie winds up humiliated and broke. So she falls back on her resources. Like I say, big tits."

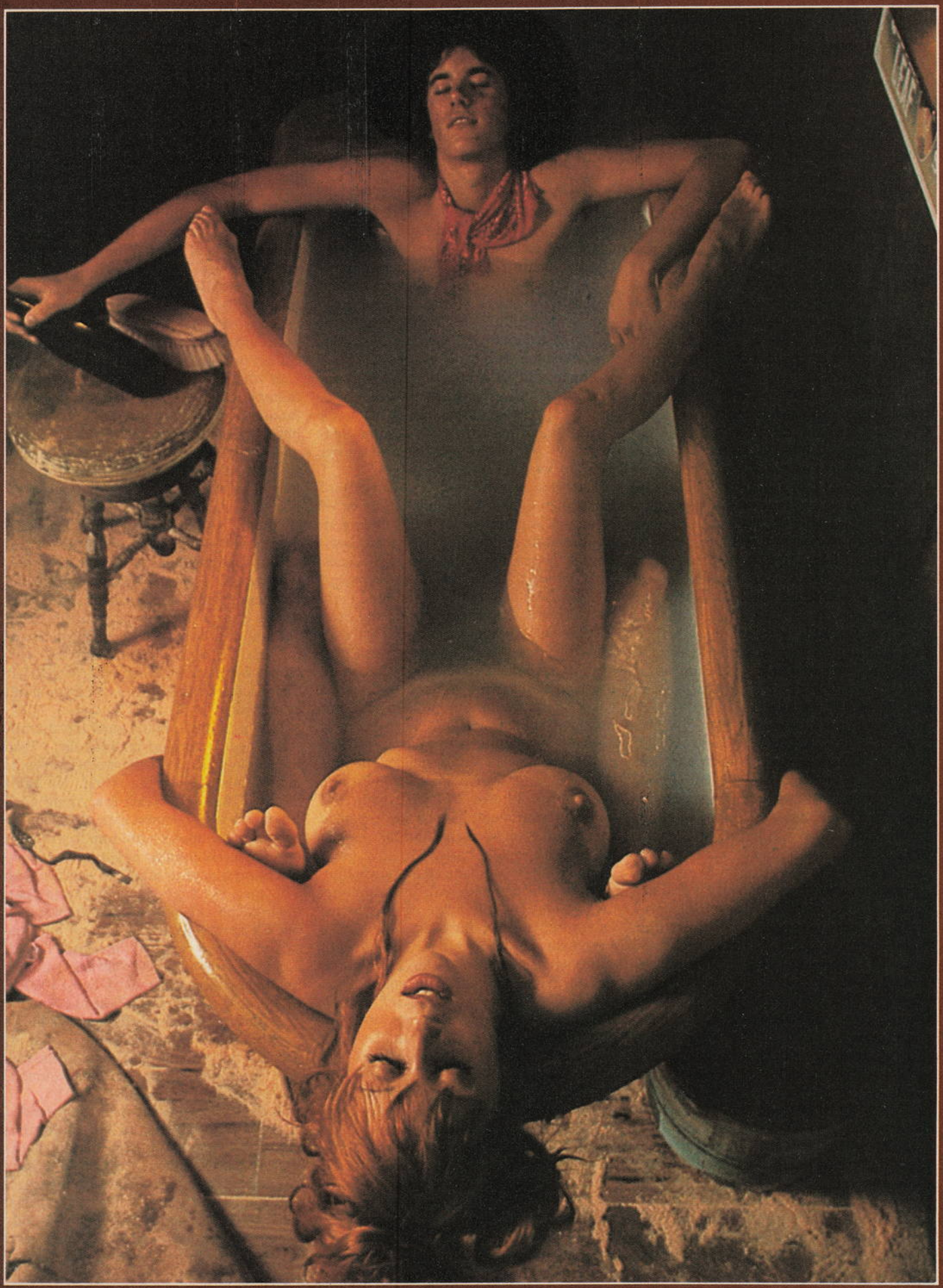

CLOVER LEAF
AMMONIA BORAX SOAP

Can we print some of the scenes in OUI? we asked, not wanting to get pushy.
"There is one scene I am very proud of and you may use it. I can use the publicity, believe me.
It is Billie's first customer scene. A rangy, long and lanky cowboy rides into town, dirty and horny, and meets Billie, who has just set up her small operation at the Hotel Trigger.

She takes him up to her room, gives him a bath and a home-cooked meal. Meal! Get it? See, I am learning the American idioms."
When will we see the rest of it? In real theaters?
"We are working on that now. After the *Squawk*, it is very difficult. American movie people are not interested in flops. But Billie will not flop. Oh, they will love her in America."

Billie

IS NOT
A RAW ADULT FILM.
MATURE,
SENSITIVE ADULT.



MONEY Are you a status freak, a brainwashed, peer-pressured member of the "I want it now and, goddamn it, I'm going to have it" generation? You're not alone.

(Continued from page 40)
costs go up and his salary doesn't, we [the lenders] get hurt. A person who's strapped finds it hard to make his boat payment in cold December or his snowmobile payment in July."

Putting your wife to work to finance a borrowing binge or help you qualify for a loan is a surefire sign that you're a "charge-aholic." "Everyone today wants to keep up or race ahead," claims Hargarther. "But what happens when the wife gets pregnant or decides she wants to stay home with the kids and you were spending both paychecks to stay alive?" The Houston banker is too polite to answer that question, but I will: You're fucked!

So much for subtleties. You know damn well if you're up to your eyeballs in debt. You're sweating it, scrambling to pay the bills. You are 30–60 days late every month, not because you put off writing the check; you just don't have the cash. The late notices have gone from friendly reminders to icy computerized letters to annoying phone calls. (At least you can't be harassed or threatened by bill collectors anymore. And, under a new Federal law, you can call the Federal Trade Commission if some creditor sics an abusive collection goon after you.) Finally, you know you're getting desperate when those finance-company loans look like your only salvation. For up to 36 percent interest, you can pay off your debts and get yourself out of the hole. But is it worth it?

There *are* other ways to bail yourself out? The quickest way is bankruptcy, but don't even consider it. Even if some shyster lawyer swears you can be born again financially for a "small fee," tell him to buzz off. "Bankruptcy," says Hargarther, "legally frees you from paying a debt, but morally it doesn't free you."

A much tougher way is to take a brutally hard look at yourself. Are you a status freak, a brainwashed, peer-pressured member of the "I want it now and, goddamn it, I'm going to have it" generation? You're not alone. Explains Robert Gibson, president of the National Foundation for Consumer Credit in Washington, D.C.: "Our society seems to say that if you're not moving upward, acquiring convenience goods and luxuries, there is something wrong with you. We think every year will get better and better for us, so buy now, flaunt it now and pay for it tomorrow."

If that's you, you've got to quit borrowing and charging—cold turkey. Gibson says it worked for a 30-year-old doctor from Silver Springs, Maryland. Just out of medical school and setting up his own practice, this bachelor doctor bought a brand-new Buick Electra and a new Triumph sports car—on the same day. Next, he splurged thousands on original artwork, new equipment for his sumptuous office, elegant furniture for his luxurious "pad." He scooted down to Ocean City for weekends, and wined, dined and hustled two women—all on credit. When he finally took a breather, he was $300,000 in debt and completely tapped out; the banks wouldn't loan him another dime.

Gibson, whose organization operates 200 free credit-counseling centers nationwide, said the fledgling doctor figured he was going to make $100,000 a year right out of the chute, but it didn't happen. Faced with bankruptcy, he came to Gibson, who cured him with a series of "shock treatments." "We made him give back his new Buick and sell his art collection back to the galleries, then took away his credit cards. One of his girlfriends dumped him when she saw the party was over. The other went to work as his bookkeeper."

Harry S. Brown, executive director of Consumer Credit Counseling Service of Miami, is tougher yet. "When someone in trouble comes to me [for free credit counseling], I take away all his credit cards. First, I make the person kiss the credit card goodbye, and I cut them up and send them back. Then I keep stressing over and over, 'Remember, you almost lost your job over this. Your creditors called you at work. You say you're worried about status, but you'll *lose* your status if you go bankrupt. You've got to make a commitment.' " That commitment, say Brown and his cohorts in banking and credit, is to face up to each creditor and work out a repayment program. "Don't duck creditors," says Purdue University's Johnson. "Contact them and rebudget your debt. They'll be happy to spread out your payments and take a little bit, but on a regular basis." No guts? For a scant $5–10 a month, the credit-counseling services will negotiate with your creditors for you and actually make the payments. Of course, you give them the cash.

You can also dig your way out of debt with a so-called consolidation loan, but be careful here. The concept is sound: You borrow enough money to pay off a dozen little loans or charge accounts, and you only have a single, often smaller loan payment to make. But before you borrow, figure out the total cost of the loan. If you can't swing it from a bank or credit union or from your life-insurance policy, forget it. A finance-company loan may be easier to get, but the interest is often exorbitant—up to 36 percent, depending on where you live and how much you borrow.

Once the crisis is over and your creditors are pacified, you've got to change your life. Insists Harry Brown, "A person should have no more than three creditors: one financial institution where you can borrow money in an emergency; one department-store charge account; and either a Master Charge or a Visa—not a card like American Express, Diners Club or Carte Blanche where you have to pay [an annual fee] for the privilege of carrying it in your pocket."

Why Master Charge or Visa—the cards that can buy anything? "That's it exactly," says Brown. "You can buy anything, but only up to your limit. With one card you police yourself."

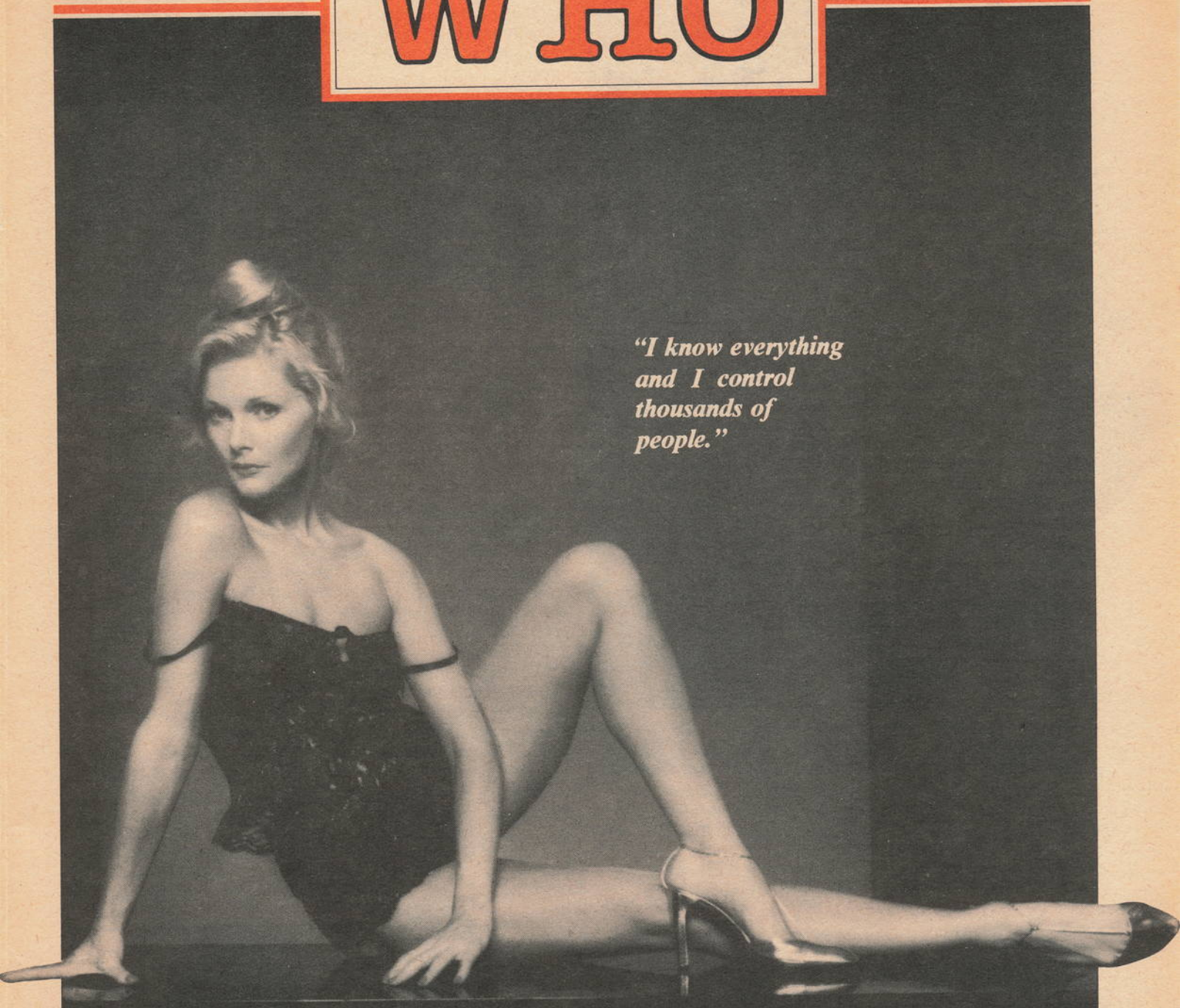
Next, says Brown, figure out your discretionary income—the cash difference between your total living expenses (mortgage, groceries, entertainment, cigarettes, church and charitable contributions) and your monthly net pay. That's the discretionary income. "Not one person in a thousand ever does this and they never have a financial fix on their lives. Do it and you know what you can afford to spend. It's self-discipline, but you'll know that magic number and you won't go overboard."

Then, pay yourself. Put a certain amount of your excess cash—the discretionary income—in a savings account every two weeks or every month, and don't skip a payment. Some banks will automatically deduct the payment from your checking account and stash it in a savings account for you. "It hurts the first month," says Houston National's Hargarther, "but after that it's like withholding tax, and you don't even miss it."

Brown, though, really puts the thumbscrews to a reformed creditaholic. "Take the single male. He's the worst personal-money manager in the world. He can't afford to wait. He wants everything now. But unless it's a business expense, when he goes out to dinner, I want him to pay cash or not eat. He used to pull out his American Express card to show the world he was a big man. No more. Same for the new car. I can afford any car on the market today, but I'll never buy a new automobile. Instead, I'll buy a good late-model used automobile, so somebody else has suffered the depreciation on it. Why lose $1000 to $1500 when you drive it off the lot? And if I need gasoline and I only have a buck in my pocket, I'm not ashamed to put a dollar in. The big shot with the credit card would say, 'Fill 'er up.' The bottom line? Ask yourself, 'Do I need it or do I want it?'"

Well, I asked myself if I really needed those three travel-and-entertainment cards, and answered the question by hacking my Carte Blanche card in half. Took courage. It was one of those hard-to-get gold cards, and I always felt like a special dude when I flashed it. Problem is, nobody ever bowed and scraped when I presented it. The only thing they wanted was my signatory scrawl on that charge slip. □

WHO



CELLULOID SEX CHANGE

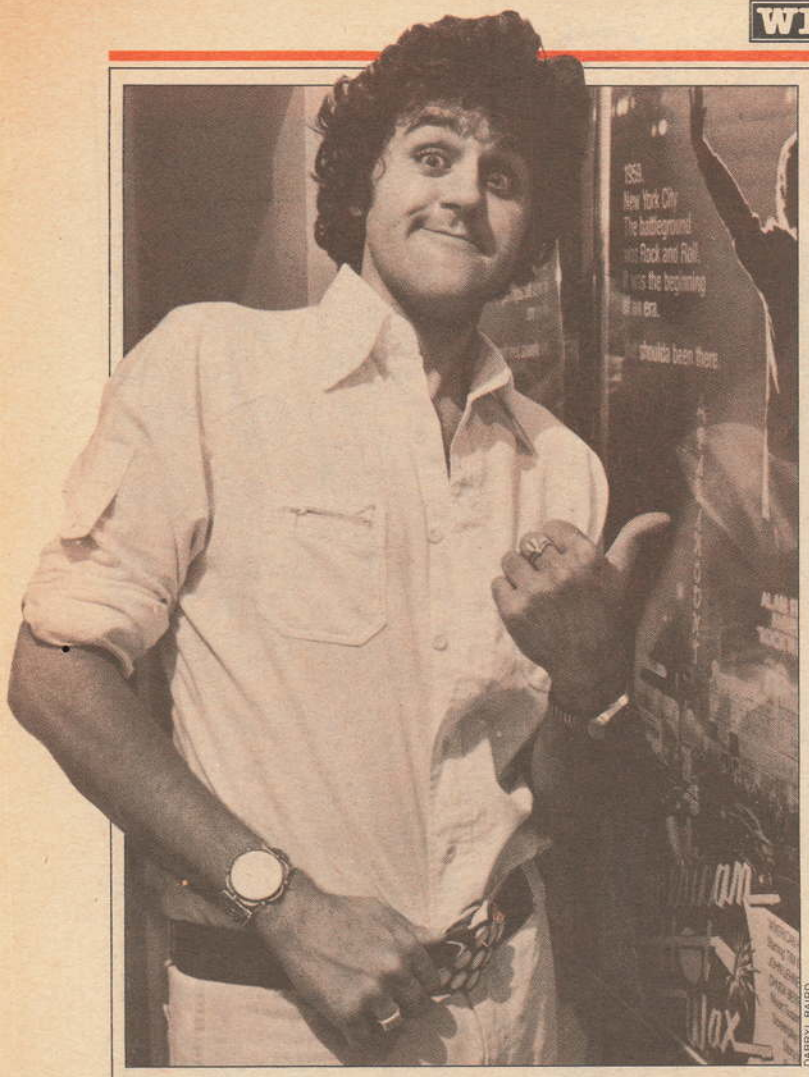
Take a good look at this lady. Now, would *you* cast her in a man's part? That seems to be **Carol Lynley**'s lot these days. In the film *Once You Kiss a Stranger*, a remake of *Strangers on a Train*, Lynley got the part originally played by **Robert Walker**. And in the new futuristic space flick, *The Shape of Things to Come*, based on the **H.G. Wells** story first filmed in 1936 as *Things to Come*, Carol gets the **Raymond Massey** part.

"I play the governor of the planet, the Noble Niki," explains Lynley. "I know everything and I control thousands of people"—except **Jack Palance**, her nemesis in the film, who hasn't had such a good time being mean since he terrorized **Cheryl Ladd**'s father-in-law in *Shane*.

Contrary to what our photo implies, there are no revealing sex scenes. "Governors don't have sex lives," Carol says, no doubt to the chagrin of **Linda Ronstadt**. As for her own sex life, the former child model is often mentioned in gossip columns as the date of everyone from **Oliver Reed** to **David Frost** to some tycoon with an unpronounceable name. But she swears, "I'm sick of apologizing for not being married. I'm just doing it all one day at a time."

—PETER GAMBACCINI

HARRY LANGDON



DARRYL BAIRD

PASS ME A JAY

In Paramount's *American Hot Wax*, comedian **Jay Leno** riveted the attention of moviegoers as the slick-haired kid who finds status as the driver for disc jockey **Alan Freed**. A high point in the film, Jay's performance also has the jaws of TV folks flapping. The tube bigwigs are considering a spin-off series based on his character, Mookie. "We'll see if they like it enough to buy it," Jay casually tosses off. Being pragmatic, he isn't holding his breath.

A graduate of Emerson College ("You can have girls and drugs in your room twenty-four hours a day, but forget the dean's list if you sneak in a hot plate"), Jay now has a reason for that smile on his face. Although his career is super hot, he still has fond memories of his

"Have you seen the four-foot dildo that takes forty size-D batteries?"

early experiences in strip clubs and red-light districts: "I love checking out porn shops. Have you seen the four-foot dildo that takes forty size-D batteries? Now, that is *not* a marital aid . . . that's a jackhammer."

No, things weren't always so good. Jay recalls having to deliver his monolog next to a nude woman taking a champagne bath in a club in Boston's "combat zone." "That was a tough area," he says. "But red-light districts are good ideas, 'cause that way you know where to go to get beat up." —LARRY HOLDEN

PETER HUJAR

GRANNY ANNIE

After two husbands, two daughters and several grandchildren, 50-year-old **Anne Cumming** threw in the towel of conventional, respectable, upper-middle-class London life and decided to act out her favorite sexual fantasy—the seduction of very young men. Ten years and some 30 lovers later, Cumming decided to publish her adventures as *The Love Habit: The Sexual Odyssey of an Older Woman.*

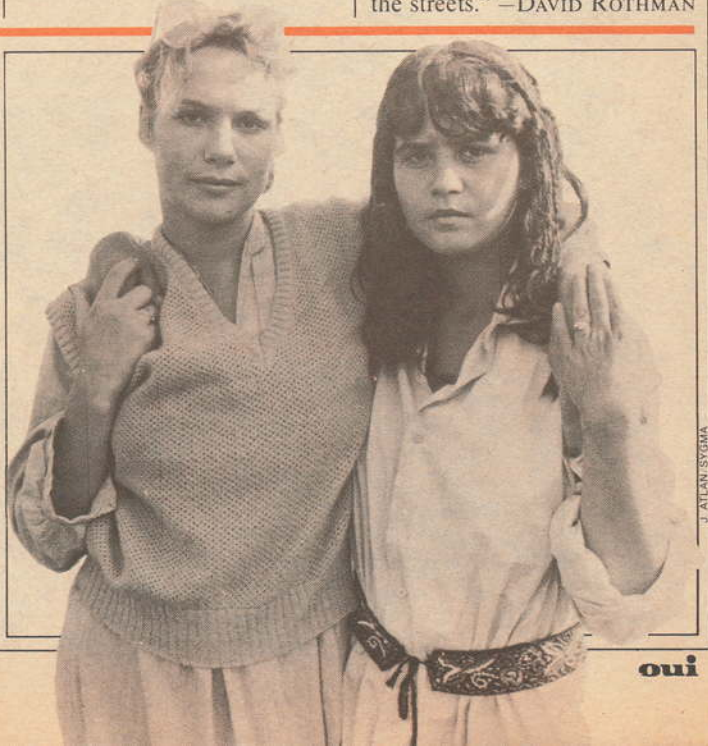
Why is Granny Annie so hot for young blood?

"It keeps *me* young," deadpans the gray-haired Teen Temptress. "I see myself as a social worker, not as a scarlet woman. If nice matronly ladies kept more kids in bed, there'd be less violence in the streets." —DAVID ROTHMAN

SO WHAT HAPPENED TO ADAM?

We've seen so little of **Maria Schneider** since we saw so much of her in *Last Tango in Paris* and *The Passenger* and heard so much about her very public bisexuality. It's possible that tangoing with **Marlon Brando** was too unnerving for the French actress; the last headlines she earned in this country were for checking into a mental hospital, so she could be with her lesbian lover who was doing time there.

With Brando behind her, so to speak, Maria has resurrected her career in Europe, making four films in one year. She now has the title role in the upcoming release *A Woman Like Eve*, written and directed by **Nouchka Van Brakel**. Maria, as Eve, is a young married woman who opts for an abrupt change of lifestyle; she goes to live on a women's commune and falls in love with a lovely Frenchwoman, played by blonde co-star **Monique Van de Ven**. Only her affection for her children brings Eve back to her former existence. Is this art imitating life? Maybe. But then Maria's always known on which side her buns were buttered. —P.G



J. ATLAN-SYGMA

ANIMAL SAX

This springer spaniel is not an endangered species, but if he were he'd do right to turn to **Paul Winter**, the only jazzman to collaborate musically with whales, timber wolves and African eagles. Winter has even "jammed" with the latter two onstage.

Winter invited 20 other musicians to spend a summer on his 80 wooded acres known as Meanderland. Together they created *Common Ground*, Winter's first album in six years. "Our music is volleyball music. There are no stars. There are no soloists." Although he plays alto sax, his group always includes oboe and cello—rarely heard outside of classical music—and a vast array of African and South American instruments.

One longtime Paul Winter fan is **Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis**, who in the early Sixties invited him to become the first jazzman ever to play at the White House. "We'd made a bossa-nova record, and she played it nonstop for three weeks," Winter remembers. But the President didn't make it. "It was the day China invaded India, so he was hung up."

—P.G.

"Jackie played it nonstop for three weeks."

PETER GAMBACCINI

AARON RAPOPORT

KING OF THE RING

Dashanaba King manages prizefighters for a living. An unlikely job for a lady? Well, at one time or another, King has been a teacher, secretary, dancer, actress, civil-rights activist and linguist.

In 1974, while she was a student in Zaire, King was chosen Miss Ali-Foreman. Then-champ **George Foreman** was miffed because **Ali**'s name was first. Fisticuffs nearly erupted. "The way the problem was solved was simple: When I was at George's camp, I'd call myself Miss Foreman-Ali, and then switch it back when I visited Muhammad," she explains diplomatically.

Ironically, Ali's present wife, **Veronica**, was runner-up for the title, and she was Dashanaba's roommate in Zaire as well.

King, who is currently licensed in the state of California, includes in her stable a couple of the country's most prominent women boxers, **Kim Maybee** and **Gwen Gemini**, as well as two male welterweights. When asked to explain her tenure in an arena as macho as the fight game, King quipped, "I've survived because I keep my legs closed."

—Lissa Megan Morrow

PIGGING OUT

The pig on the cover of **Elvin Bishop**'s new *Hog Heaven* album is now a pork chop. "If everybody had a couple of hogs, they'd know what to do with their garbage and cut down on the pollution considerably," he recommends. "I just hate having to ask anybody for anything. If we were a little smarter, we wouldn't have to suck Arabs' dicks to get oil."

"Marijuana affects hormones and can create big lumps on your chest."

Elvin's been a working musician on the road for 18 years, since his stint with the **Paul Butterfield Blues Band**, back in the days "when dinosaurs ruled the earth." But he's never been more popular than right now. It's his sense of humor that wins over the city kids, as in the song *Midnight Creeper*, which he calls "an ode to Budweiser": "Marijuana affects hormones and can create big lumps on your chest," he sings. But more importantly, "It makes you eat everything in the house. You eventually end up bigger than a house. I know, because somebody gave me one of these Thai sticks the other day. I ate so much, I couldn't fit into my brassiere no more." It sounds, uh, better with music.

—P.G.

TED BORCK

BOUND FOR GLORY

According to escapologist *extraordinaire* **Chris Chalen,** one of the best ways to get girls is to have yourself handcuffed, straitjacketed, shut inside a safe and dumped into the ocean. "Young women find me extremely attractive," Chris boasts. "I'll be onstage and they'll yell, 'Take it off!' I don't think they're talking about the handcuffs."

Besides his **Houdini**-like stunts (which owe nothing to cheap magic), Chris is sometimes pressed into service for other bondage-related escapades. "There's a certain mayor out here in California who had me over to tie up this woman. She's beautiful and they're rich. They wanted me to show her a knot that would hold her so she could get off while they were doing it."

Chris himself is not all that interested in S/M, but he does have a politically oriented stunt in the works: an escape from an electric chair as an offbeat way of protesting the death penalty. He'll perform this stunt in his upcoming TV special, which will also include shots of Chris escaping from attachments to the nose of a 747 during the early stages of takeoff.

With all this danger ahead, one wonders if Chalen has a tough time getting life insurance. "Luckily, my uncle works for Prudential," he grins.

—JIM FARBER

"There's a certain mayor out here in California who had me over to tie up this woman."

JIM SHEA

RODNEY DANGERFIELD I never got any respect. Even my dog makes me feel dirty. He jumps up on my bed and then he smells it for ten minutes before he lies down.

(Continued from page 74)
of Sagittarius and Scorpio, November twenty-second.

OUI: Do you believe in astrology?

DANGERFIELD: No.

OUI: Do you believe in psychiatry?

DANGERFIELD: I did until I told my psychiatrist I had suicidal tendencies. He said from now on I pay in advance. I've been to many different psychiatrists over the years. It's helped.

OUI: Many people go to psychiatrists because of strange fears. Are you afraid of anything—like flying?

DANGERFIELD: Well, on the flights I take, I'm always afraid. I took a real cheap flight a few weeks ago. When I finished eatin' I had to do my own dishes. I really got worried when the pilot made a left turn. He put his hand out. The flights I take would give anybody a fear of flying. I sat next to a weird guy a few flights ago. When he took off his shoes he had a hole in his foot.

OUI: Are you afraid of anything else? Insects?

DANGERFIELD: No. In my house you get used to 'em. The roaches are all my friends now. I know 'em by their first names. I come home: "Hello, Fritz. Hello, Hans." They're tough, those roaches. They know how to run. But I'm not afraid of them. I'm not afraid of insects, really. But I knew I was drinkin' too much the other night when a mosquito bit me. After it bit me, it flew into the wall.

OUI: Do you remember your dreams?

DANGERFIELD: Sometimes. I had a weird dream a few weeks ago. I took a walk down Memory Lane. My wife was workin' it.

OUI: Have you ever been mistaken for another celebrity?

DANGERFIELD: No, but very often people look at me and say, "I know you! What's your name again?" And it's a funny thing. They always give me credit. I say, "Rodney Dangerfield." They say, "Right!"

OUI: Why do you do that with your tie, pulling on it the way you do?

DANGERFIELD: I don't know. It's just a part of me. I never liked anything tight around my neck.

OUI: Are you nervous?

DANGERFIELD: I guess so. I'm a tense guy, I guess. I'm not a peaceful guy underneath. Everybody's got a different drumbeat underneath, and I guess mine is a pretty fast one. I've had to slow down. I quit smoking, finally. At first I went to a hypnotist. He put me to sleep, and when I woke up he had stolen my cigarettes.

OUI: What do you think of doctors in general?

DANGERFIELD: Oh, I suppose they're all right. I had one who was real strange, though. No matter where it hurt, he wanted to kiss it and make it better.

OUI: Do you believe in life after death?

DANGERFIELD: No. But there should be sex after death . . . 'cause that's the only way I'm gonna get it.

OUI: Do you have any sexual fantasies?

DANGERFIELD: No, only a few pleasant memories.

OUI: Do you have any nonsexual fantasies?

DANGERFIELD: No, I've done everything already. What would I have a fantasy about? Eating? I've already eaten. You know what I mean?

OUI: Have you ever gone to a porno movie?

DANGERFIELD: No. I got an offer to be in one once, but it's not my thing. I'm from the old school; I'd feel uncomfortable doing that.

OUI: Did you ever go to Plato's Retreat?

DANGERFIELD: Yeah, I went over there for ten minutes once with some friends of mine. The owners were in my club one night and they said, "Come on over." So I looked through the place. I couldn't make it, though. That sort of stuff is not my bag. I say good luck to them, however.

OUI: If you were to change your mind about participating at Plato's, would you prefer blondes?

DANGERFIELD: No. I don't judge someone by the color of their hair. Although they say that redheads are really exciting, huh? But I think the most exciting thing about a redhead is when you find out she's not really a redhead.

OUI: As long as we're on the subject of women, do you think there's such a thing as "women's humor"?

DANGERFIELD: I'm not much on women comedians myself. Some of them are funny. Phyllis Diller has a funny attitude. She's all right. Carol Burnett is absolute dynamite. Lucille Ball, naturally. And Martha Raye—she is really a great comedienne. I think men are funnier than women. A man can get more risqué than women can in a nightclub. It seems more acceptable for a man to be a comedian.

OUI: In terms of being risqué, where do you draw the line in your act?

DANGERFIELD: I would never work as blue as a lot of comics do. I would feel wrong in saying those things. Maybe I'm old-fashioned. I say a few blue words here and there, but nothing very shocking.

OUI: Have you ever been bleeped while on the air?

DANGERFIELD: Not on *The Tonight Show*. Once on *Hollywood Squares*. They bleeped something that would have gotten by on *The Tonight Show*. I was talking about tough places I've worked, like one place where the star of the show was a rabies-infected dog. I still remember that act: Beverly's Bitches. The "bitches" got bleeped. Sometimes you can say something that will hit the censor wrong because of the context.

OUI: Have you ever been offered a situation comedy on TV?

DANGERFIELD: Yeah, several. I didn't like 'em. I turned 'em down. I wouldn't do something just to be on television. Number one, it's an awful lot of work; and number two, if I'm gonna work that hard I'm gonna do it for art. The idea of life is not to see how much money you can die with. If I'm gonna do a situation comedy, it's got to be something I enjoy doing. I've turned down a lot of movies, too, but I'd love to get the right part.

OUI: Has anybody ever made you laugh so hard you couldn't stop?

DANGERFIELD: Joe Ancis, the guy I was telling you about. He made me laugh so hard my cheeks hurt. When you get to be my age it's dangerous to laugh that hard. And Andy Kaufman made me laugh really hard one night. He's really funny.

OUI: Do you do ethnic jokes?

DANGERFIELD: Never on television. Nightclubs are a different ball game. In a nightclub you've got forty-five minutes to work and make people like you.

OUI: Do you think complaining humor is predominantly Jewish humor? You know, kvetching?

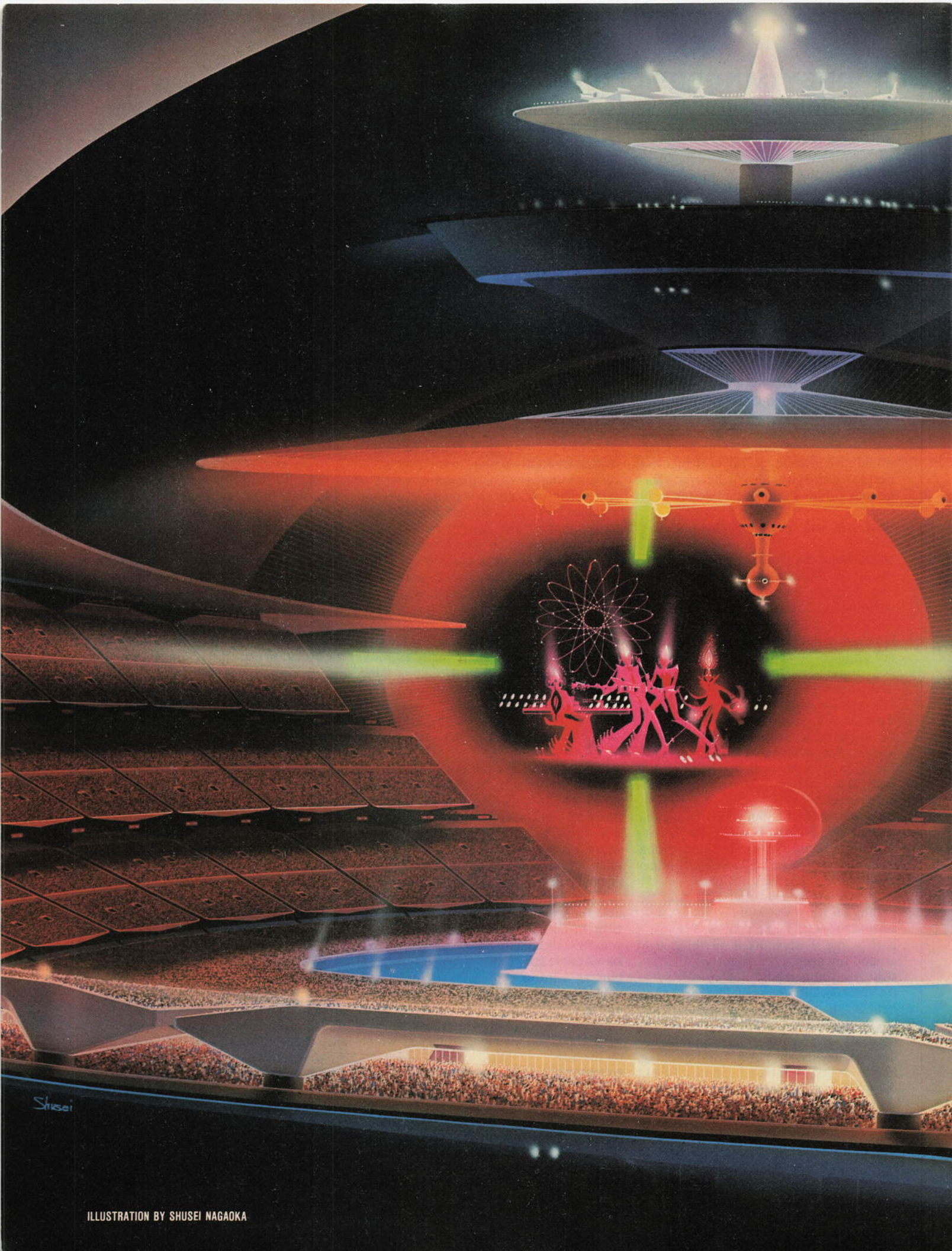
DANGERFIELD: No. Complaining fits everybody, all across the board. Ever listen to Italian or Irish guys? Jack Benny was the same way with "I'm cheap and I'm thirty-nine" that I am with "no respect." I do it because everyone can identify with it. You wake up in the morning; the boss picks on you; the girl stands you up. No respect. It happens every day. I read the sports columns and guys don't get picked for the all-star team and they say, "I don't get no respect."

OUI: How long have you been saying that line?

DANGERFIELD: About twelve years. But I never got any respect from the beginning. Even my dog makes me feel like I'm dirty. My dog jumps up on my bed and then he smells it for ten minutes before he lies down. The other night he drove me crazy. For a half hour he wouldn't let go of a bone. It was in my finger. I get no respect at all from him. If my wife throws the ball, he waits for me to bring it back.

OUI: A lot of time has passed since then. Aren't you more respected now?

DANGERFIELD: I still don't get no respect. My image is a tough one. I was in my club one night, just about to walk on the floor to do a show, and a man calls me over to his table and says, "Rodney, can you do me a favor? Can I have your autograph and some more butter?" And that's the truth. □



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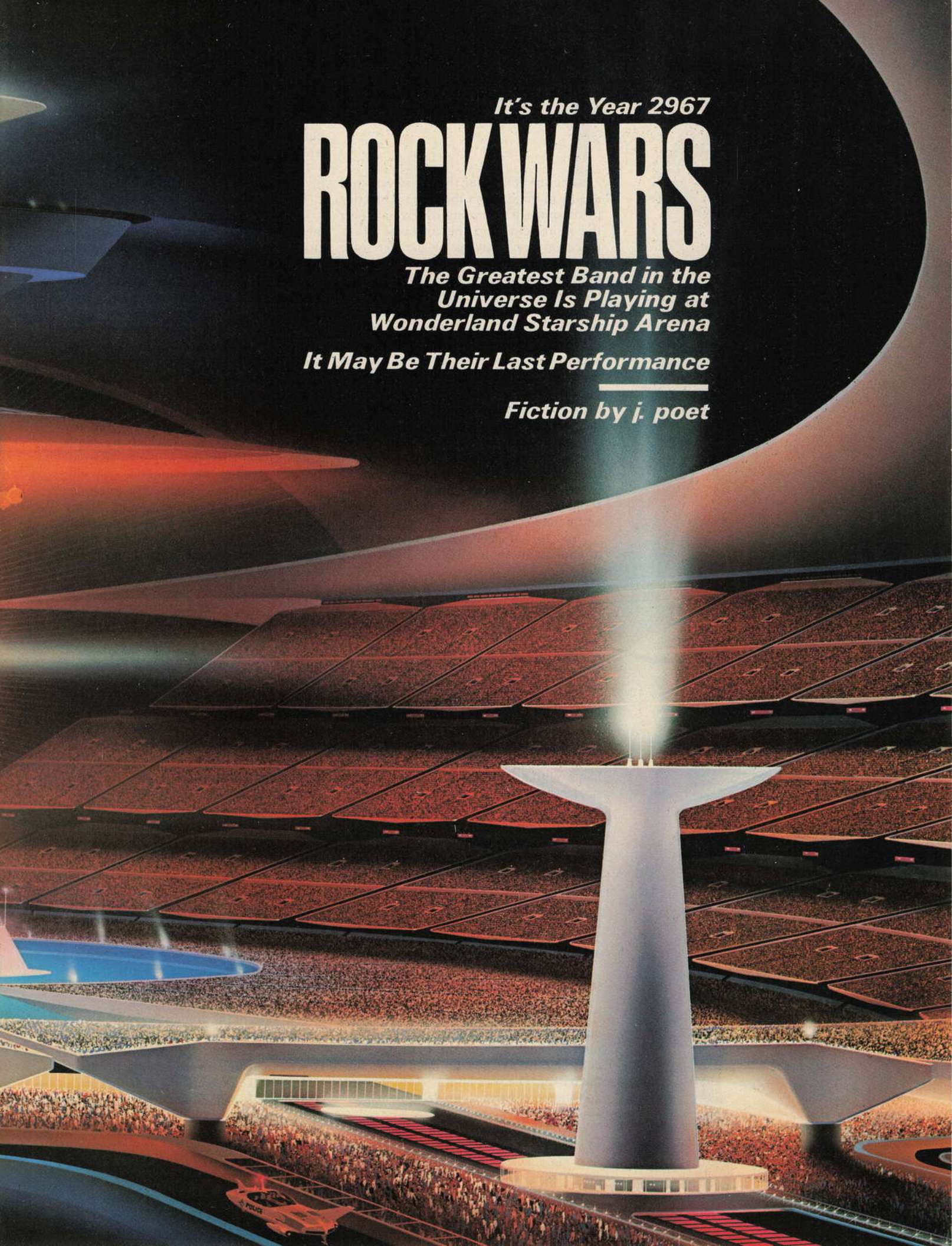
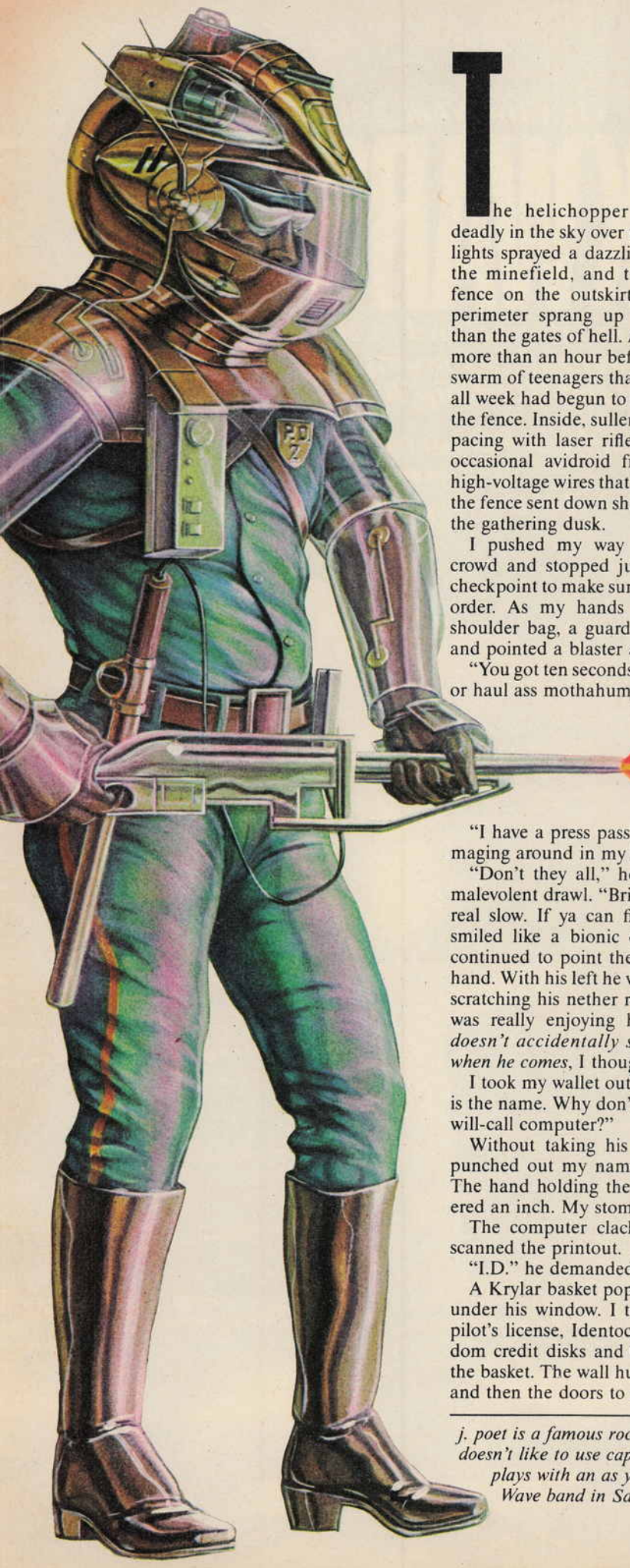

It's the Year 2967
ROCK WARS
The Greatest Band in the Universe Is Playing at Wonderland Starship Arena
It May Be Their Last Performance
Fiction by j. poet



The helichopper hung silver and deadly in the sky over the arena. The klieg lights sprayed a dazzling iridescence over the minefield, and the towering black fence on the outskirts of the defensive perimeter sprang up before me, darker than the gates of hell. Although it was still more than an hour before the concert, the swarm of teenagers that had been massing all week had begun to move a bit closer to the fence. Inside, sullen-faced guards were pacing with laser rifles at the ready. An occasional avidroid frying itself on the high-voltage wires that ran along the top of the fence sent down showers of sparks into the gathering dusk.

I pushed my way through the surly crowd and stopped just outside the first checkpoint to make sure my papers were in order. As my hands dipped inside my shoulder bag, a guard lowered a window and pointed a blaster at my belly.

"You got ten seconds to show me a ticket or haul ass mothahumpa!"

"I have a press pass here," I said, rummaging around in my bag.

"Don't they all," he replied in a lazy, malevolent drawl. "Bring it out of the bag real slow. If ya can find it, that is." He smiled like a bionic child molester and continued to point the gun with his right hand. With his left he was absentmindedly scratching his nether regions. The pervert was really enjoying himself. *I hope he doesn't accidentally squeeze the trigger when he comes*, I thought.

I took my wallet out of the bag. "j. poet is the name. Why don't you just check the will-call computer?"

Without taking his eyes from me, he punched out my name on the keyboard. The hand holding the blaster never wavered an inch. My stomach began to itch.

The computer clacked and the guard scanned the printout.

"I.D." he demanded.

A Krylar basket popped out of the wall under his window. I took my press card, pilot's license, Identocard and a few random credit disks and dropped them into the basket. The wall hummed and pinged, and then the doors to my left opened.

j. poet is a famous rock critic who doesn't like to use capital letters. He also plays with an as yet unnamed New Wave band in San Francisco.

As I stepped through, two burly guards beamed down on each side of me. They each took an arm and walked me to the first empty room. The door slid shut behind me. The room was small and had a white floor, walls and ceiling.

One of the guards crossed his arms over his massive chest. "Strip!" he ordered.

The other guard snickered.

I took off my clothes and gave them to the second guard, who left to have them analyzed. That left me alone with the first man when the Z-rays came on.

Some people pass out when the Z-rays hit; others throw up or go into convulsions. I don't know why. I am always fascinated and amazed. As my skin turned transparent, I could see the blood moving swiftly through my veins. The intricate little maps of my capillaries were pulsating gently. I watched the gray-white blobs that were my muscles seemingly dissolve, and then I could see my bones. I flexed my fingers and toes and watched my digits dance. I could see the soft ruby-red balloons of my lungs throb and the yellowish sac of my tummy twitch. My intestines were snaking and curling around, doing the slow, grinding waltz of digestion below my rib cage. Then bones and inner tissue seemingly vanished and I had the strangely peaceful feeling that I was not.

I didn't even notice the guard moving around me, checking to make sure I had no weapons or destructive devices hidden inside my person.

After the lights normalized, the door opened and the second guard rejoined us.

"His clothes are clean," he said. "So is the bag." He tossed my things on the floor and I started to dress.

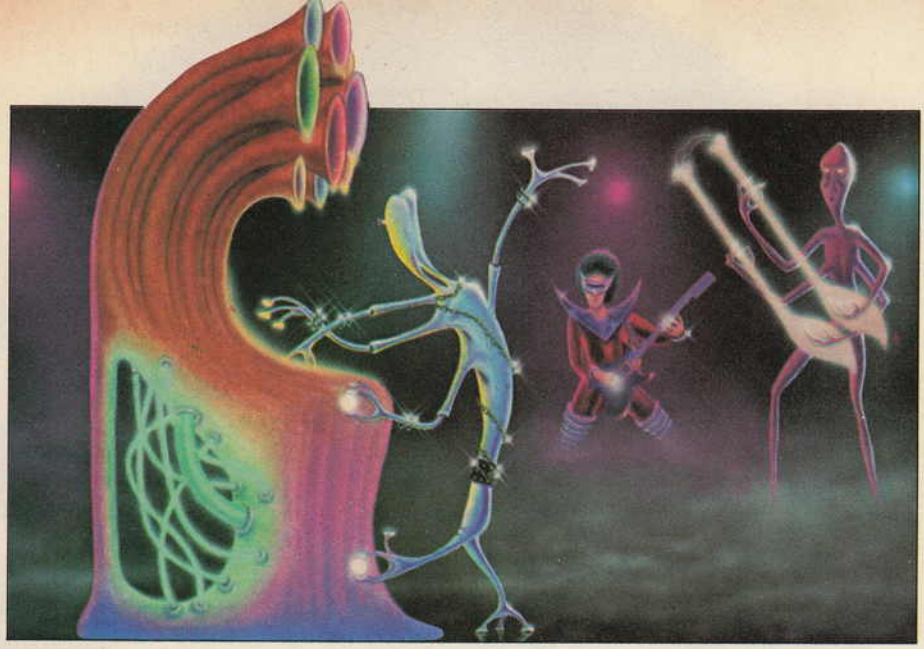
Number One pulled a card out of his uniform pocket. "OK, poet, you check out. Here's yer pass through the minefield. Take only the route plotted out for you on this card. Wonderland Starship Arena assumes no liability for your life or limbs. And shake yer ass—the card will self-destruct in two minutes."

He took me by the arm and pushed me out another doorway—less gently than he could have, I thought. The door swished shut behind me.

The walls of the arena stood out in stark relief ahead of me. The helichoppers were hovering closer to the ground and the crowds of teeners were hurling insults at them. I walked toward the minefield.

A voice droned from one of the choppers. "Back away from the fence. You have ten seconds or we open fire."

I hoped they'd take the voice's advice, but I had no time to watch. My pass was printed on an Alpanar plastic that disin-



When the Z-rays hit, my skin turned transparent, the gray-white blobs that were my muscles dissolved and I could see my bones

tegrates after a short contact with the synthetic ozone in the atmosphere; so I had to really move it through the minefield.

I noticed something on the back of the pass and I turned it over as I ran.

"FUCK ME TILL I'M DEAD"
the new hit sound from
SLIME!

Cute gimmick, I thought. *Wonder how many people step on the mines as they're reading it?*

SLIME!, of course, was the biggest band in the galaxy—and the known musical universe for that matter—and the reason why the security was so ultratight. Usually it didn't matter if a few teeners got inside the fence. If the mines or the choppers didn't get them, they usually bought it on the second fence, which was fully electrified. But tonight there would be literally millions of them trying to crash the gates, and when a crowd that size hit the second fence, it'd go down as though it were made of boiled spaghetti. The choppers couldn't fry more than a million at most, and the mines wouldn't even slow them down. They'd swarm into the arena, and goddess only knows what would happen then. The Starship was already oversold, and the stress of a few million extra bodies panting with the frenzy of terminal rock madness could bring the walls down on us.

I can't see any reason for concerts this size, but then again I'm not an entrepreneur. I get my free ticket and my paycheck, when and if the tri-dee journals pick up my story. Sure, I dip my wick in a bit of groupie gash now and then, and I might make a quick buck by mentioning some third-rate band in my column, but it's all small-time. There were six musicians in SLIME!, and they still stood to make about eight million nixons apiece, even before the profits they'd pull in from the live holograph disc they were encoding tonight. All told, they'd clear close to 25 million per, just for tonight's work. The promoter would make 10 or 15 himself. I suppose that would make it all worthwhile.

I took the last few steps across the minefield, and as my card exploded I heard shots behind me. I went into the second security dome backwards so I could get a glimpse of the action.

What had been a crowd of rock fans a moment before was now a pile of cinders. One of them had almost made it over the first fence; now nothing was left of him but a clot of damp, smoking meat on the ground and one shoe that dangled on the barbed wire from a long gold-lamé shoelace. I suppose there was still a foot inside it; I was too far away to see. The door to the dome swished shut, closing off the view.

"Ticket, please!" said the room.

I put the ticket into the slot. There was a hiss as truth gas began to fill the room. I took a deep breath and smiled. There was a pacifying agent in the gas tonight. I felt content and placid.

The room spoke: "This room is now registering the dilation of your eyes, your perspiration, circulation, heartbeat and the electrical resistance of your bioelectricity. If you refuse to answer any of my questions or lie in any way, you will be placed under arrest. It is against Section 2745, Paragraph 305 of the Penal Code to lie to a security machine. Do you understand?"

"Yes!"

"Name?"

"j. poet."

"Occupation?"

"Rock critic."

"While inside the arena, do you intend to do anything illegal or anything that may endanger the lives of either yourself or any of your fellow beings?"

"No!"

I was aware as I spoke these words that millions of my fellow beings had made such affirmations in the past, only to go on to participate in mindless acts of hysterical mayhem. I wondered why they bothered asking. Most likely some clause in their insurance policy.

Leaving the room, I followed the machine's instructions and walked just past the Grass Station, then took a left toward the downupper to the press bubble. The place was packed already and the mania was beginning to build. A nubile blonde number in a clear plastic minidress spied my press badge and slid up to me.

"I'll give ya a b.j. if you can get me backstage, hunney," she told me as she ran her hand down the front of my pants.

"I don't have a backstage pass, but I think I can get you into the press bubble for the same price."

Her eyes stopped smoldering. She drew back as if insulted.

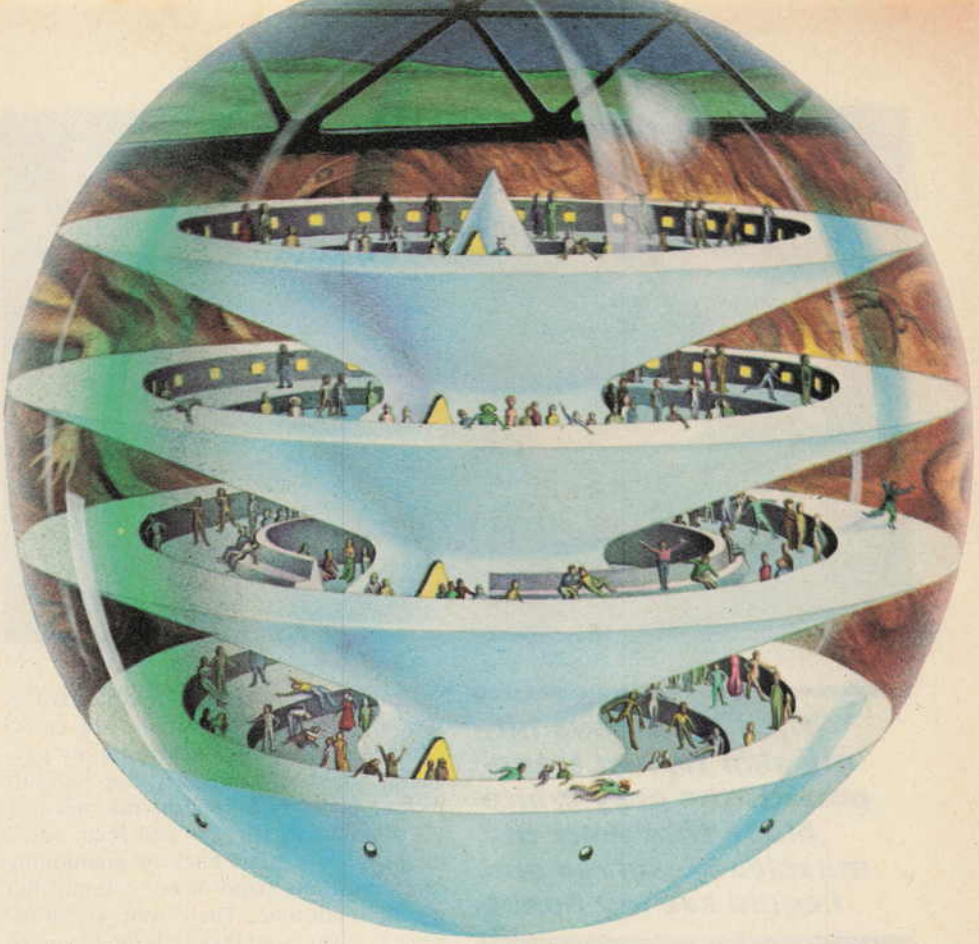
"The press bubble? With all the geriatric cases and snobs too good to sit among us common folks? Fuck off, man!"

She turned on her ten-inch platforms and took her tasty little ass away from me. Ah, well, the night was young.

I dropped my pass into the slot and almost collided with a short dark man who was standing in my path with his hand out.

"Gil March," he said, pumping my hand. "Short for Gilgamesh. j. poet, isn't it? Hey, man, I dig your stuff. That piece you did on the Hermaphrodites was out-of-*space*! Have you seen SLIME! in concert yet? Great, really great! It's nice to meet a man your age who still digs rock. Most guys over thirty today are into that white-noise crap. Wanna get high? It's on me. No

Sentients came by the millions, and those lucky enough to survive a SLIME! concert rated it as the high point of their lives



payola or nuthin! Jus' ta be sociable. Don't worry about the price. Believe me, I can afford it."

March, of course, was SLIME!'s manager. His rap spewed like a 225-infradubbed tape being played back at megaspeed. I made what I hoped were the correct yes, no and unh-huh sounds, and then let him steer me over to the crowd of teeners mobbing the counter of the Grass Station. He kept talking.

"Waddaya into? These Wonderland concessions got it all. Care for some weed? They got some Betacrucis Red that'll pop yer eyeballs out and stomp on 'em. How about a bit of Blue Betelgeuse hash? Starlite? Uranian acid? Supercain? Cobraspit? Some speed? You look like an upper man to me. They got this great shit that just came in from Alpha Centauri. It's a combination of Mercedrine, Ganymede agaric, real *Earth* mushrooms and just a touch of that green Andromeda toot to mellow the whole mess out. Comes in a li'l purple pill. Supposta be quite an experience . . . Seriously, j.—you don't mind I call you j., do ya? Anything. Aneeeething at *all* I can do to make yer job more enjoyable. Waddaya say?"

"Thanks, but I never trip when I'm working. Gotta keep my eye on the Silvermans, ya know. Once in a while, consciousness helps yer ratings out. I'll take a rain check."

"Yeah, sure—whatever you say. You don't mind if I . . ." He moved into the crowd, and with a few well-placed elbows and knees he made the counter easily. He squirmed back with a handful of pills and a paper cup containing a foul-smelling green fluid.

"Here's hallucinatin' at ya!" he chirped, tossing the pills down his throat and knocking off the drink in one gulp. He snorted, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and then took my arm and resumed his speed rap while steering me into the downupper.

"Lissen. I'll take ya up to the press bubble myself. Show ya around. Ya got the latest disc? Good. Anything ya wanna know about the boys, just ask me. Anything ya wanna know about the organ, eh? That famous organ of ZzzYd's. The one he *plays* with, I mean. Har har. I mean the one he plays *music* on. Yeah! Anything. Gotta press kit yet? Pix? T-shirt? We got this great idea—gonna bring out a French tickler with a picture of the band embossed on it. 'Go all the way with SLIME!' How does *that* grab you?"

The press bubble was made of clear Krylar and was hung from the stadium ceiling about 300 meters from the stage. There was a bank of closed-circuit tri-dee screens ringing the room at just about waist high. At this moment they scanned only the mountains of musical equipment and the scurrying roadies who were hooking up wires and plinking on keyboards for sound checks. March motioned to me to take a chair and then sat in one next to me. He lit up a joint the size of a small zeppelin, blew a smoke ring and had just started rapping again when a woman wearing a green pantsuit came up and mumbled something in his ear. He nodded and stood.

"Be right back—got to do a bit of business." He winked and followed the green suit across the bubble. I got up to stretch and bumped into my partner, Andy, one of the best tri-dee camerapersons in our little parsec of space. Since teaming up with him, my stories had been selling quite well. Andy was fooling with his lenses and mikes and looking around at the same time, figuring camera angles and the like.

"I got an idea," he said. "Why don't I take a shot of you in the bubble here, like over your shoulder and down into the audience. You fill in a little background on the band and the political situation *vis-à-vis* the organ. There's lots of folks way out there on the rimworlds, say, who most likely still haven't heard of SLIME!"

"Sounds fine to me. Shall we start now?"

"Let's go!"

I put on my bland, professional smile, and when Andy gave me the sign I began.

"Good evening, sentient life-forms everywhere! This is famous j. poet, coming to you from the fabulous Wonderland Starship Arena, now orbiting the planet Lophus in the Bellatrix system near the constellation Orion. We're here tonight to bring you the story behind one of the most important concerts ever to take place in a civilized world. The band's name is SLIME! Before the concert, I'd like to fill you in on the colorful history of the 'Supe Six.'

"SLIME! got their first big exposure on Altair II in Cyanus at the Graham Gardens, a venue noted for its hostile, deadhead audiences. Many bands have not lived through their first set at the Garden, but SLIME! felt they were ready for a baptism by fire. The assembled teeners went wild. In the riots after the concert, seven hundred thirty-nine were killed and thousands injured. SLIME! was a hit.

"The next five years saw an amazing number of hit singles from the band, including *Orgy in the Slime*, *Concentration Camp Love*, *Mass Murder*, *Piss on Me*, *Shock Therapy*, and their biggest seller to date, *Lovin' You (Is Just Like Bein' Dead)*. Their albums, *Orgy with* SLIME!, *Deformed*, *Quadroplegia*, *Rubber Truncheon* and *Brown Flowers and Yellow Showers*, have all gone radium—a billion units sold—on hundreds of planets. They probably would have been the biggest band of all time—even if they hadn't met up with ZzzYd.

"One night, after a triumphant return engagement at the Graham Gardens, a blue-skinned stranger came backstage. The rest, male and female sentients, is history. It was none other than ZzzYd.

"ZzzYd came from a system so far away that beings in our galaxy had no knowledge of its existence. His home, which he refuses to name, is so far advanced that they consider our civilization to be comparable to that of intelligent insects. They have been keeping an eye on us but, according to ZzzYd, they feel they have better things to do than babysit for a bunch of self-destructive spoiled brats.

"The way ZzzYd describes it, life on his home world consists of sitting around playing music and twenty-seven-dimensional chess and investigating the nature of the universal reality. His people live almost forever and have had no war, money, sickness, pessimism, sex or unhappiness for nearly thirty-six centuries. In short, it was boring as hell. ZzzYd was one of his planet's best-known composers and musicians, but since there was no money, fame or power to be achieved on a planet where people thought that just *being* was fame enough, he felt stifled. So one day he packed his instruments and left.

"By the standards of his home world, ZzzYd was hopelessly neurotic; but by ours, he was normal. He just wanted to be where the action was. Once there, he knew immediately that he wanted to join SLIME!

"The band was hesitant at first. They told ZzzYd they weren't looking for an organ player, and besides—not that they were prejudiced—they just didn't understand how a sentient being could play music when he didn't have any ears.

According to the band's official bio, ZzzYd just smiled and offered this simple explanation: 'While it is true that I have no ears, in a larger sense you might say that my entire body is a tympanic membrane. My body is much more biologically complex than yours and much more evolutionarily advanced. I hear and, to a great extent, see and smell with the entire surface of my skin. The organ I use—which I designed myself—plays emotion as well as music. It has what you might call a color strobe, which broadcasts emotional cues that appear to you as broad bands of color. It's like a keyboard on which I control the empathetic vibrations—a *neural* organ on which I can send out waves of emotion, combined with illusions of sight, sound, smell and skin sensation. Everything from love and orgasm to hate, fear and death. If you would like a demonstration . . .'

"ZzzYd set up his instruments and then played a concerto that took them on a trip through the entire emotional spectrum of sentient life. It was like being slapped silly by a rainbow or kissing God on the ass. It was like being turned inside out by the machinery of feathers, spun into cotton candy and then sucked off by the lips of the primal mother/lover/whore. It was indescribable.

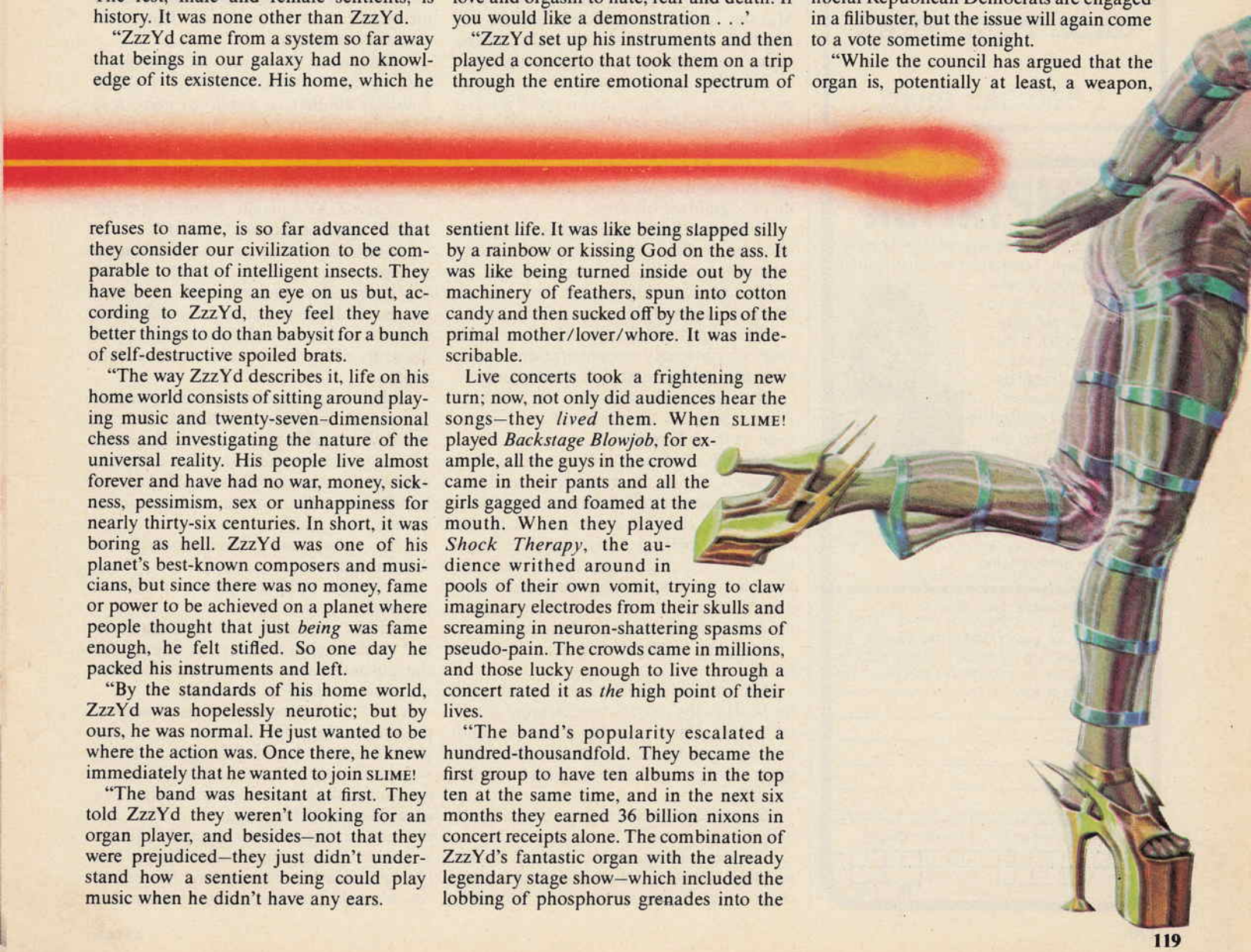
Live concerts took a frightening new turn; now, not only did audiences hear the songs—they *lived* them. When SLIME! played *Backstage Blowjob*, for example, all the guys in the crowd came in their pants and all the girls gagged and foamed at the mouth. When they played *Shock Therapy*, the audience writhed around in pools of their own vomit, trying to claw imaginary electrodes from their skulls and screaming in neuron-shattering spasms of pseudo-pain. The crowds came in millions, and those lucky enough to live through a concert rated it as *the* high point of their lives.

"The band's popularity escalated a hundred-thousandfold. They became the first group to have ten albums in the top ten at the same time, and in the next six months they earned 36 billion nixons in concert receipts alone. The combination of ZzzYd's fantastic organ with the already legendary stage show—which included the lobbing of phosphorus grenades into the front-row seats—along with the younger generation's resultant acts of destruction and brutality, made SLIME! the biggest act in the history of show business.

"Politically, the SLIME! phenomenon had not gone unnoticed. After the first few concerts had demonstrated the awesome power of ZzzYd's neural organ, lawmakers on hundreds of planets tried to stop SLIME! with legislation that would make possession and use of the instrument illegal. There were petitions to the Galactic Council of Supreme Democracy, not only from the planets, but also from the Independent Armed Space Services. Suppose the enemy got hold of the organ and duplicated it? Such a weapon in orbit around any inhabited world could send out images of hate, fear, terror and murder that would induce a planetwide debacle of violence and suicide.

"The Galactic Council itself is still split on the subject. The conservative Democratic Republicans need only two votes to swing the majority their way. They favor the organ's seizure and destruction. The liberal Republican Democrats are engaged in a filibuster, but the issue will again come to a vote sometime tonight.

"While the council has argued that the organ is, potentially at least, a weapon,



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SLIME! lawyers point out that ZzzYd is the only being intelligent enough to play it. Possession of the organ isn't enough. It took ZzzYd five hundred years to learn how to play it, and most sentients still don't live that long. As for the possibility of its duplication, there is less than no chance of success. 'Suppose you give an air car to a primitive tribe of fishmen,' argue the band's attorneys. 'Could they fly it? *No!* They wouldn't have the knowledge or ability to even *understand* the machine.' Furthermore, they warn, ZzzYd has the organ booby-trapped, so that any attempt to tamper with it will cause an explosion big enough to devastate twenty star systems.

"In this afternoon's vote, the Council was split fifty-fifty, with one abstention, and it is believed that that one needed vote will be thrown to the side of the conservative Democratic Republicans in tonight's session.

"We also understand that a mixed attack force of the Galactic Army, Navy and Marines is now being mobilized and has orders to strike the stadium and seize the organ the moment the vote goes through.

"Needless to say, this could turn out to be quite an evening, one you won't want to miss. Stay tuned—we'll be right back after this message . . ."

Just as they finished the commercial break, I saw Gil March coming my way. I quickly grabbed his arm.

"Welcome back, life-forms. We're indeed lucky. This man by my side is none other than Gil March, the manager of SLIME! Gil, do you think that the council's decision will stop this evening's concert?"

"That's impossible, j. Even if they reach such an obviously unconstitutional decision, they won't be able to implement it."

"But we understand that the Galactic Armed Services are prepared to strike as soon as the bill passes."

"Well, I wish them luck. SLIME! is very adamant about their artistic freedom. They're prepared to fight for it if they have to. Besides, they'll have to deal with the seventeen million fans that are here tonight. No, once that band starts to play, not even a stratusquake could stop 'em. Them army boys are just being paranoid. ZzzYd don't want to hurt anybody."

"Suppose he does? Suppose ZzzYd is lying?"

"He can't lie. His language has no word for *lie*. He's the most honest creature you'll ever meet. All he wants is money and women, and no enemy could offer him more money or gash then he's makin' with *this* band."

"So you don't see any way this concert will fail to come off?"

"No way, j. In exactly six minutes, SLIME! will take the stage. Have you ever seen a crowd when the organ hits 'em? No? Well, lemme say—you just have to see it for yer self. And all you life-forms out there watching—you'll wanna catch us the next time we make planetfall in a system near you. Remember—the band's name is SLIME!"

I gave Andy the sign and he clicked off. March swatted us both on the back. "Gotta split now, but you boys make the party on my ship later."

"That's a wrap," said Andy. "I'm goin' down on the floor for the first few numbers. Wanna come?"

"No, I'll just sit up here and watch."

The press bubble was almost full now, so I found a seat and parked my plasma in it. A flicker of movement off to the right drew my eye, and I looked just in time to see a group of fans toss some guy off one of the balconies. A loud cheer went up from the crowd and drowned out any screams the falling body may have made. There was a bit of laughter and applause after he hit the ground. The reporter in the seat next to me looked at me and winked. "These kids are ready to *boogie*.

"Henderson," he said, sticking out a paw covered with greenish fur. I shook hands as another crescendo of noise rose from the concert floor. The stage lights began to glow.

Suddenly a wave of nausea hit me in the gut. I broke out in a cold sweat.

"That's ZzzYd playin' around with the organ," said Henderson. "Feel it?"

I felt it, all right. A wave of fire ran up my spine, but my face felt cold, almost frostbitten. Then another wave of nausea hit us. Henderson gasped, grabbed his stomach and fell out of his chair. I gripped the arms of my chair; my knuckles were white.

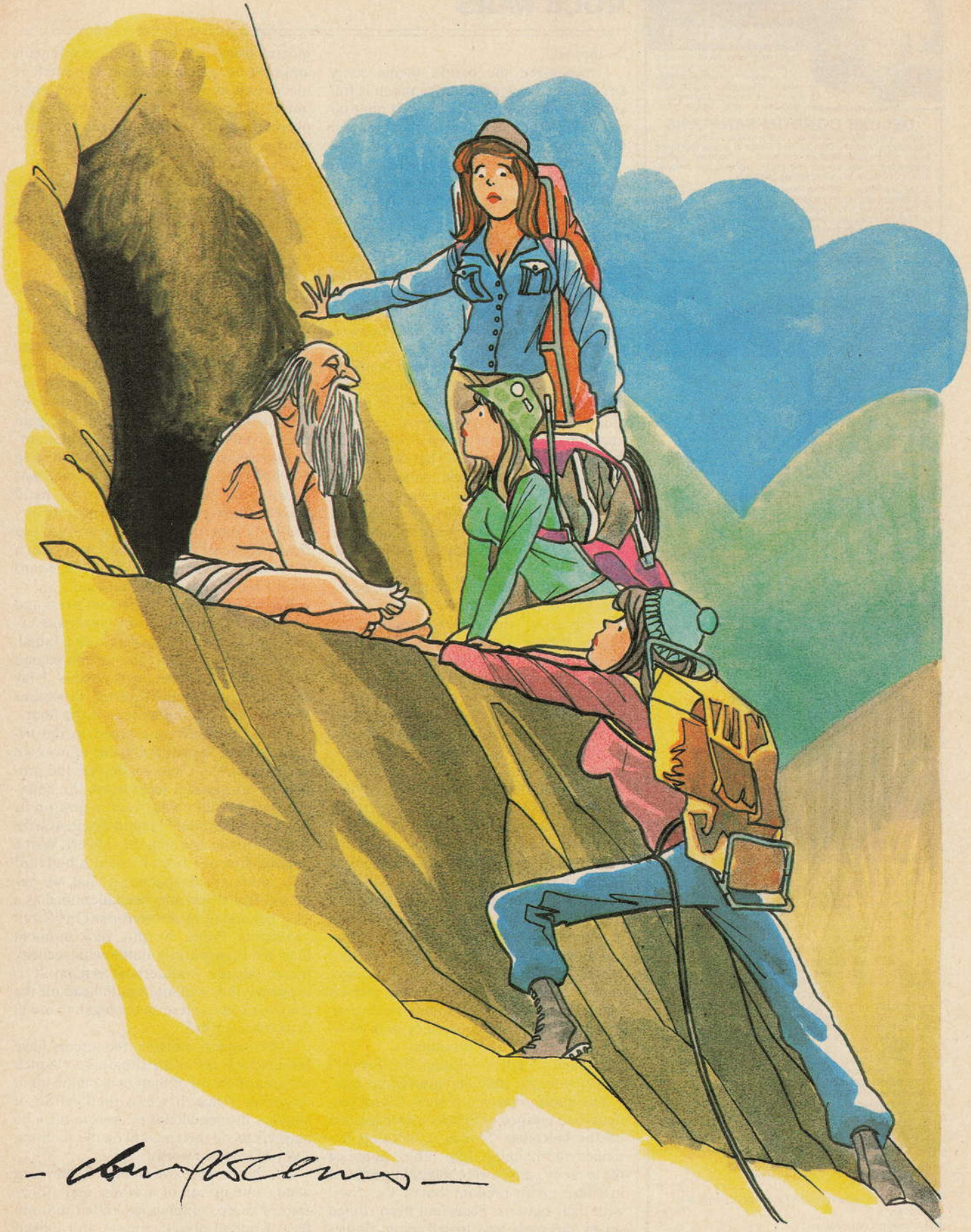
Suddenly the gigantic hologram screen lit up and the three-dimensional face of the M.C. leered at us. A humanoid, he was in need of a shave and had yellow teeth. He was breathing hard, and sweat stood out on his oily brow. There was a manic gleam in his eye.

"Are you ready for SLIME!?" he screamed.

Seventeen million throats opened in response.

The M.C. screamed, "Well, ahhwwrrittee! Ladies and gennelmen, let's hear it for the greatest band in the known musical universe . , . SLIME!"

A half-dozen phosphorus grenades exploded on the edge of the stage as the SLIME! logo was lowered into place. There was another screech from the audience as the band kicked into their first number. My limbs were twitching and a nameless apprehension dropped over my body. I felt as if I were being smothered under a wet blanket soaked in chloroform. The crowd was a single tumultuous body screaming



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its approval.

I recognized the band's theme song, *Orgy in the Slime.* "When the moon is full an' my bodeee writhes/I know it ain't no crime/To go out dancin' with the slugs and bugs/For an orgy in the sliiime . . ."

I felt ill. My skin was crawling; I was cold and wet. I saw sticky, antennalike eyestalks beginning to sprout from the heads of the other reporters. I gagged on my swelling tongue. A woman fell to the floor of the press bubble and began to make disgusting strangling sounds in the back of her throat. My clothing was rotting off and my skin was mottled with moist green and brown flecks. My arms fused to my body and a great weight on my back pressed me down. As I slipped to the floor, I turned my head to see my shell spiraling up to the sky. The moon was full in a cool blue sky and as I rotated my eyestalk toward a pile of slimy leaves, I caught the spoor of a female. I sensed her throughout my whole body and began to undulate my way to her. A nearby cricket was throbbing out an electric song of lust, and the earth beneath my slippery belly began to pulsate with an irresistible rhythm. I had to reach the female.

Brain getting dull. What sound? Buzz? Danger, danger! I rotate eyestalk. Big buzzing insect with poison dripping from deadly stinger. I shake head. No! Stop! Stinger rips my flesh. Pain, bright tearing flame. No! Who is singing? Singing as I die. Snail tears of pain.

"Insects lay their eggs in my body/The larvae eat my flesh/Sucking mouths as my life spills out/Orgy . . . slime . . . death . . ."

I screamed but there was no sound. I had no vocal chords.

The loud buzzing laughter of the victorious insect jarred me. I was still in the press bubble. My body was drenched in sweat and my clothing was ripped and dirty. I was on my back under a desk. As I crawled out, I saw other reporters picking themselves up from the floor. One of them was covered with vomit. Another had voided all over himself. A female Antaresian was groaning and rubbing herself shamelessly against a stainless-steel door. Henderson was under another desk playing with himself and drooling.

I pulled myself to my feet, but I wasn't prepared for the sight that greeted my eyes.

The auditorium was a mess. Many sentients had jumped or fallen or been pushed off the balconies. Shreds of clothing festooned the hanging light tubes. Some of the security guards were staggering around in a daze, taking random shots at the crowd with their blasters. Seats had been ripped up by the roots and tossed away. Bodies without limbs and limbs without bodies littered the floor, and everywhere the moans, groans and screams of intense pain and pleasure greeted the ear. The smell of blood and death seeped into the press bubble. The lakes of hell would look like a pleasant vacation spot compared to what I saw on the floor of the arena.

And that was just the first song.

I felt sick again as SLIME! blasted into the intro of their latest hit, *Fuck Me Till I'm Dead.* My mind was a jumble of images until a blistering lead-guitar line cut off the top of my head.

As I got to my knees I saw her. She was a beautiful, seven-feet-tall amazon, and she was stark naked. She had one hand in her fur pie and was reaching for me with the other. I tried to get away but I'd become old and tired. I was choking on my false teeth; my hands had liver spots on the back of them, and the fingers were twisted with arthritis and rheumatism. I again tried to pull away, but my feeble old hard-on was in the way. The woman was licking her lips, and her magnificent body was drawing me like a magnet. A rock band played somewhere in the memory of my youth. "Come on, baby, I'm an old, old freak/My heart is failin' and I won't last a week/Sooo come to my bed. Ya heard what I sed/Fuck me till I'm dead . . ."

Her hands were in my pajama pants and I was dying. My heart, my head was exploding. Her image flickered and faded, and I fell to the floor again as the second song ended. I'd come in my pants. I lay there breathing hard. Reporters in various states of undress shuddered on the floor.

Behind me, someone tuned in the tridee and I could hear the words of my own anchorman. ". . . and so, despite the protests of the SLIME!'s legal team, the council's own special police force is now on its way to Wonderland Starship Arena to seize ZzzYd's organ and stop the concert. Wait a minute! I've just been handed a bulletin! The unidentified spacecraft that we reported earlier has now been identified as a ship belonging to the terrorist Girl Scout Liberation Front. At this very moment they are engaged in a battle with security forces outside Wonderland Arena. It is supposed they will attempt to head off the council's force and seize the organ to use in their takeover bid.

"The teeners outside the arena have taken advantage of the situation to launch a major offensive of their own on the main electrified fence. It seems the Girl Scout ship has dropped loads of arms to the gate crashers to aid their assault on the stadium. I've just received word. . ."

My head was swimming. A howling wind came up out of nowhere and a blizzard of sharp, stinging ice knifed into my face. I pulled myself upright and looked out into the arena. My ears throbbed but I couldn't understand the lyrics anymore.

From across the arena I saw a flash, then a puff of smoke, then a doorway crumbling. The hordes of gate crashers began to flood into the arena but were stopped dead in their tracks by the freezing hailstorm thrown out by ZzzYd's organ as the band played *Snowblind Baby.* When the first wave stopped, the people behind trampled them down, only to be stopped and then trampled themselves in short order. Those not yet in range of the organ were exchanging fire with the Royal Guards outside.

Just as my hands were turning blue and the ice was about to freeze my eyelids shut, there was another explosion and the ceiling erupted in orange flame. I was thrown to the floor and slid across the room.

When I came to, there were clouds of smoke drifting through the air inside the stadium. There was a big hole in the roof, and Girl Scouts, Royal Guards and, I think, Intergalactic Marines were pouring in. As they drifted like angry snowflakes on their antigravity belts, they exchanged fire and engaged in hand-to-hand combat. Their laser pistols and blasters crackled and split the air but, amazingly enough, the band continued to play through it all.

I got to my feet and started walking uphill to the downupper. To my right I saw the hologram screen. It was hanging by only one cable, flashing random images and sputtering sparks.

At last I reached the downupper but the doors were jammed. I watched helplessly as little cracks started to spiderweb across the protective Krylar of the press bubble.

The band swung into *Shock Therapy*, and as ZzzYd pounded out his murderous chords on the neural organ, the press bubble continued to disintegrate before my eyes and the cries of painful death drifted up from below. The smell of charred flesh, blood and death made me gag. I screamed and then banged on the doors and pressed buttons, but the damned downupper wouldn't shut!

I saw the last threads supporting the hologram screen snap, then watched as it fell in slow motion into the already decimated audience. Electric sparks traced fiery arcs from under the stage, and the Girl Scouts, Marines and some roadies mixed it up as the various factions closed in on ZzzYd, who was flailing away at his organ, seemingly oblivious to all the carnage that was going on around him. The downupper still refused to budge. I fell to my knees and heard marching feet. I looked out at a long column of Nazis from Old Earth. They were coming my way, wanting to stomp and torture. The cadence of their sadistic march screamed into my ears. Tears streamed down my sooty cheeks.

"Concentration camp love, whatchoo want me ta doooo . . . ?"

A helichopper came through one of the holes in the roof and started to spray CSDTD gas onto the boiling crowd. The hall was littered with millions of dead and dying. Blood and excrement were splattered everywhere. Rivers of viscera ran down the aisles. Bodies fell apart like dandelions before a gale. The press bubble split at last like a giant egg and, tearing away from the wall, rocketed into the throng below.

The explosions continued, and then the stage vanished in an earsplitting rush of thunder. ZzzYd must have told the truth about the organ—a molten, festering lump was all that remained of the stage.

As the crowd began to come to its senses and realize that they had not been hallucinating, panic and terror set in. The survivors stampeded for the doors, and the slow and clumsy were once again trampled as the crowd surged toward the exits. What was left of the press bubble was burning with a bright blue flame. I staggered back to the downupper and discovered that there wasn't one when I plunged 20 feet down the shaft.

I landed on the roof of the downupper and forced open the emergency exit. I fell through the hole onto the floor and staggered out the doors into the lobby. The sea of panic-stricken humanity was trying to force its way out of the same door through which the Home Guard was to force its way in. I clung to a wall to avoid being pulled under and stomped by the crowd, which had turned on itself.

The floor was ankle-deep in blood. The crack of lasers and the explosions of grenades were still coming from inside the arena. At last the guards realized it was an impossible task and stepped aside to allow the shell-shocked and frightened crowd out into the relative safety of the night.

I managed to make the doorway myself, but the crowd shifted again and a young man near me almost went down. I grabbed him and helped him stay on his feet. I pointed to the door and yelled into his ear, "You're going the wrong way! This is the way out!"

He could hardly hear me above the shots, explosions and screams, so I repeated myself. A cloud of pink Tranquilgas began to float through the door and the volume of the crowd began to decrease. I was bruised and bloody, my clothing was in tatters, and I expected the fall down the elevator shaft had broken a rib or two. I stood face-to-face in the crowd with this boy as his eyes looked uncomprehendingly into mine.

"Out?" he said at last. "Are you crazy? This is the greatest show I've ever seen."

He pulled away from me and pushed his way against the crowd, muttering something about an encore. As I turned toward the exit, another explosion from behind almost knocked me to my knees. I pushed my way out into the night. □

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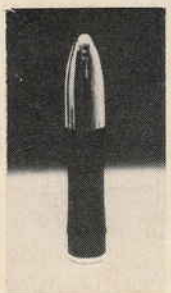

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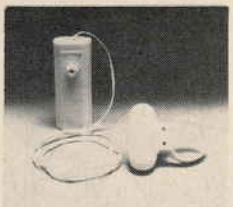

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BOUNTY HUNTER "I've been on the other side of the fence, and there ain't a lonelier sound in the world than when that jail door slams shut."

(Continued from page 53)
of what you got, but not too much. To keep a man interested, you gotta always be holding something back. Give him everything he wants and he ain't gonna stick around."

The chief is dressed daily by his wife, a gesture made as much out of devotion as it is of practicality. Tiny's breadth (a 56" chest) is such that he has trouble lifting and extending his limbs. "I can't touch my fists together, front or back," he explains, "which is why the cops never could get a set of cuffs on me."

"I have to look tough in this business. I'd just as soon shine 'em on now as have to beat 'em up later to prove the point."

To show weakness is to invite death, and plenty of men are eager to RSVP. In four years, Tiny claims, he has rounded up 300 skips all over the country, and many of these would gleefully park a hollowpoint midway between his first and third ribs.

"That Big Biker in the sky didn't give me my life just to mess around with it. Don't expect me to go rushing out into the street in a barrage of bullets and say, 'Hey, watch me go play with 'em.' If there are fifteen guys with shotguns sitting out there ready to get me, then I'm not going to go out naked. I'm not going to unzip my pants and point the wrong gun at them while yelling 'bang-bang.' I'm going to throw all my people into the action and stand up for my own."

What separates Tiny from the hordes of street toughs who make a living as hit men, bouncers and enforcers is his obvious good supply of smarts.

"The graveyards are full of guys who were mean," he says. "God didn't give me a head just to keep my ears apart." The bounty hunter spends hours studying a case to arrest a skip, without incurring violence, if possible. He has spent a fortune on electronic surveillance equipment, bulletproof vests and CB radios to get the drop on his prey. Tiny is proud that he has never been socked with a lawsuit. Mistaken identity can be costly. A 29-year-old East Coast tracker named Tom Brown, Jr. is battling a $5-million lawsuit levied by a New Jersey man who was wrongfully picked up as a suspected rapist.

Tiny pauses and then chuckles as he drains his oversized Pepsi bottle. He reveals to me that his favorite way to bust a man is to catch him unsuspecting in bed. "I like to go through that door while the guy is getting down with someone. Hell, I'll even sit down by his side and wait till he's through. I ain't hard to live with."

•

The next day, Tiny and I drive over to the Orange County office of bail bondsman Manny Escalera ("Any time—any place; any jail—any bail"). "Manny's the guy what got me started in this business," says Tiny. "Back in '74 I was in an Anaheim bar when somebody told me to shut up and I stood up." Following the resulting melee, Tiny wound up in the cooler with a $7500 bond over his head.

"I knew Manny was writing for a lot of the biker clubs in Orange County," explains Tiny, "so I gave him a call." But when Tiny lacked the bondsman's standard 10 percent fee, he was given a choice: "Either sell my motorcycle or go to work for him as a skip tracer," says Tiny as we pull up in back of a brick apartment building in the tiny town of Tustin. "I made a deal with him. As long as I didn't have to go after bikers—my own kind—I'd do it.

"I don't want no man to rot behind bars. I bring him back to the man who hired me to pick him up. If the man wants to lock him up, that's his business. I've been on the other side of the fence, and there ain't a lonelier sound in the world than when that jail door slams shut."

Also, he says, any skip he catches can have his freedom back to outdistance the law if he coughs up the bail he forfeited and all of Tiny's expenses. "If a man hands me the bucks," roars Tiny, "I'll kiss him on the forehead and back off. I'm not trying to do no cop no justice, and I can't remember one doing me any."

Back inside his brown van, Tiny resumes talking. The bounty hunter is explaining that most of the people he busts "are hypes [junkies] and plain old assholes" in general.

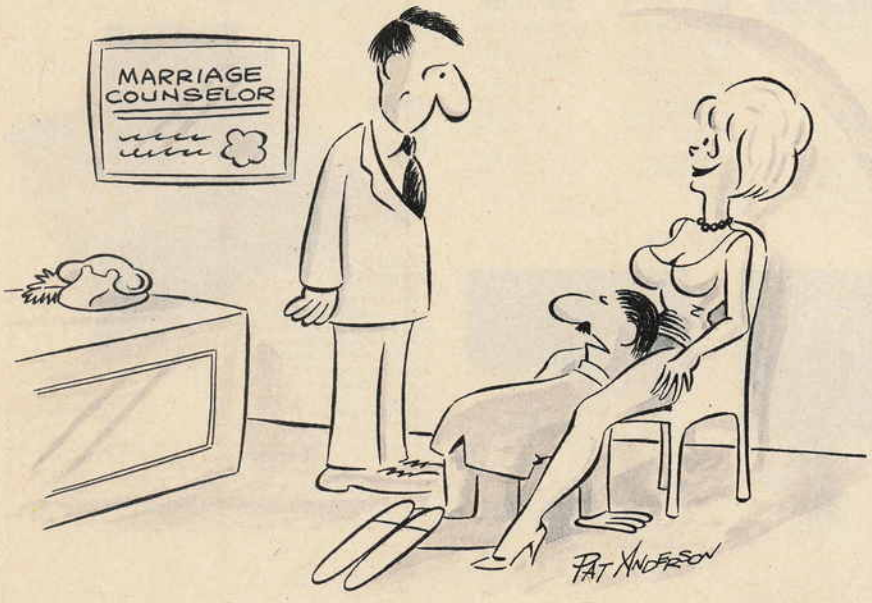
"You gotta remember that if you don't do the crime, you can't bust the time. Besides, if you're going to be a crook, be a good one. If you're so stupid that you can't take care of your bondsman and your lawyer, then you *deserve* to be busted. Keep those two happy, and you've got a chance to escape on *anything*."

Tiny, thirsty again, heads the van over to a nearby coffee shop. When Tiny enters, all heads turn. We sit down in a booth just as a voluptuous blonde sashays past us on her way to the restroom. She reminds Tiny of the time a bondsman hired him to escort a similarly endowed prostitute.

"Boy, the first time I got a look at this broad, all I could see was tits. I've been to five county fairs, four goat ropings and three alligator rasslin' contests and *never* seen nothin' like them before. Hell, it took twenty-five feet of rope, two hundred-pound burlap sacks and a boomer just to make her bra. I tell her right off that I'd sure like to stick one of them in my ear, the other in my mouth and call long distance."

Without breaking stride, Tiny orders a Pepsi for himself and a Michelob for me, oblivious to the wide-eyed stare of an acne-scarred waitress who is mopping our table, tightening the saltshaker top and whatever else she can think of to catch the rest of the story.

"Well, she don't say much, but later that afternoon we're getting gas on a busy street with cars going past, and she hollers out, 'Tiny, do ya' wanna make that phone call now?'



"Now do you see what you were doing wrong, Mr. Phelps?"

"I come around that car to where she's standing and jerk down this halter top she's got on. They was the damnedest things I'd ever seen—so big they just stood out by themselves. I threw one in my mouth and the other in my ear and started grabbing her crotch 'n' yelling, 'Operator, operator! I can't get no change out of this machine.' "

That episode is as far as Tiny will go with a skip. "Don't eat your meat where you make your bread," he advises. Our waitress nods solemnly as she returns the change.

Back on the highway, Tiny admits to being a "born womanizer," but says the fair sex has him buffaloed. "They can be kissing you one minute and blowing a hole in your backside the next while your lips go limp on hers.

"I'd much rather go after a man. I know how a man thinks. But who can figure a woman out? The only way to track down a woman is to kick everything you know in reverse, multiply it by a hundred, subtract fifty, and then throw it all out and start over again."

A few months back, recalls Tiny, he arrested a female hype who surprisingly offered him no resistance. So, in return, Tiny "cut her some slack" and allowed the woman to roam about the cabin of his motorhome with only handcuffs to restrain her. Tiny was dozing off, when out of the corner of his eye he "caught a shadow," which saved his life.

"She had a knife held between both hands, and I just had enough time to turn and block it," he recalls. "Then, after I nail her one, she gives me that 'I'm just a sweet innocent girl' line and tries to get me to believing that hogshit, too."

From such experiences, Tiny has learned to become suspicious of all "citizens" (nonbikers) he tracks down. "I found out real quick that nobody's word is good. You have to keep an eye on everybody, because somebody's sure to shove it up your ass and break it off if you don't."

As we arrive at Tiny's home, I mention that I've got an appointment in L.A. The mention of Los Angeles jolts his memory, sending it flying back two years to the time he nearly bit the bullet on a routine bust of a skip.

"When you go into a house to pick someone up, you don't know what might happen. I was with Dandy Don, who's dead now, and I was starting to get a little slack from handling too many cases.

"We go up to this duplex apartment, and I start to knock but Dandy Don stops me. He says, 'You know better'n to stand right in front of a door like that!' Then—*bam*! A hole came through that son-of-a-bitchin' door big enough to drive a bright red watermelon through.

" 'Well, asshole,' I say to the skip, 'you just fucked up. It says here in the bylaws I gotta live by in this here bounty-hunting business that I can do anything to you less mayhem *unless fired upon.* I got men front and back who are just itching to tear your asshole apart, so the way I see it you got three ways to go. You can come out peaceable and talk to my boss. You can book yourself a room at the nearest hospital. Or, three, you can get your toe tagged at the morgue. Now, this here third choice would just tickle me to death,' I says, 'so what's it going to be?' "

For some reason, recalls Tiny, "the first alternative appealed to the little cocksucker."

•

Noon, Friday, and I'm sitting with Tiny, Karate Bob, and Frank from Philly at a table in Barney's Beanery, a West L.A. gastrodome where all the waitresses look like Charles Bronson. Half the place is packed to the fangs. The other half—where we four are sitting—is empty. Strange coincidence.

Frank from Philly hunches over the jukebox selector as I wander over with two knuckles full of quarters. We pump the machine full of change and punch the same Billy Joel selection, *Only the Good Die Young*, over and over.

Tiny is in a predicament. He's taken time away from the normal bump-and-grind routine of tracking down dangerous criminals and somehow has found himself baby-sitting two beered-up bikers and a writer. He chugs enough Pepsis to give zits to the whole state of Delaware and keeps shaking his massive head woefully. The bounty hunter eyes Karate Bob, a trusted aide on out-of-state pickups, who is playing pool. Bob has a little-boy grin on his face, and Tiny winces as the 240-pound martial-arts instructor knocks three balls in side pockets with his elbow . . . accidentally.

Before things get out of hand, Tiny orders me over and gets down to business.

"What I'm into bounty huntin' for is the bucks," says Tiny. "I'm a thirty-six-year-old juvenile delinquent with no education, and I gotta do what I know." Tiny leans back and takes up half a booth that normally seats three customers.

"I just can't go out and work a steady job. Here, there ain't no one telling me I've got to get out of bed at seven and stay at work until five. You always got somebody over you that wants you to suck their ass, when you'd just as soon stuff your foot up their mouth. Ninety-nine percent of all people are assholes, because they're always spending time trying to convince somebody they're something they're not. What I do, I do well. I'm one of the best."

His talents were not always so appreciated while growing up on a bottomland farm in St. Jo, Missouri, however. "You might say I was the black sheep of the family," announces Tiny—with classic understatement, since he claims to have been arrested 107 times for fistfighting

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BOUNTY HUNTER Tiny knows how to use his briefcase. "I can beat a man to death with that thing. There are bloodstains on all four corners from a guy's head."

before he was 18.

Boredom was one reason for striking out, poverty another. "I ate poor-man's bread every day—baking powder, water and flour which was covered with flour and water for gravy. And we were glad to get even that to take to school."

Not that Tiny made school attendance a regular practice. "I can't read or write hardly," he admits, "and can only spell about seventeen words—all of them dirty." He only reached the third grade officially, but made it to high school on sheer resourcefulness. "Yeah, I broke in and falsified the records."

After dropping out, Tiny found, "there were only four things to do in St. Jo. You could hunt, fight, drink or fuck. You was either hunting something to fight, something to drink or something to fuck. That consisted of the hunting part of it."

St. Jo has long had a reputation as a lawless town. Tiny's childhood idol was Jesse James, "who used to buy horses from a great-uncle of mine." During the Thirties, the big gangsters like Pretty Boy Floyd used to hang out in St. Jo, says Tiny, "because they knew the law wasn't smart enough to get them."

Although the cops might not have been able to snare the big fish, they tormented the hell out of the little ones they managed to net . . . such as the then 16-year-old Tiny. "One time in St. Jo's jail, the pigs chained me to a wall with handcuffs and used rubber hoses with sand and lead in 'em to beat my hands and legs. But," says Tiny with a grin, "getting beat up is like eating hot food. After that first time, you hurt so bad you don't feel the rest."

When it came time to cut Tiny down, he "had enough strength left for one punch. I hit this old boy so hard it popped open his jaw, eyeball and the whole nine yards." To retaliate, "they hit me in the face with blackjacks till it was one solid bruise. They told my mother," guffaws Tiny, who enjoys a good joke as much as the next man, "that I got hurt falling out of my bunk."

Tiny gives out a long chuckle, but suddenly stops as if he had been hit by a bat. Karate Bob and an opponent in pool are squaring off like two bull elks in a pasture. Frank from Philly strides over as backup man, while Karate Bob slips on a pair of fingerless black gloves to protect his knuckles. Just when it looks as if nothing in the world can stop Barney's from turning into a battleground, Tiny suddenly rises, points to the door and strides out. Karate Bob and Frank from Philly are at his heels.

•

Although Tiny is "one of the best" at what he does, the country boy in him finds it difficult to handle big bucks after years of poverty. "I work a week or two and make five or ten grand. I have to do *something* with the money, so we spend it all partying. It used to be that going out to Denny's was a big deal," he says. "Now I spend two hundred dollars eating and drinking *before* going out to eat and drink."

In fact, claims a former landlord, there are times when Tiny has considerable difficulty coming up with payment for late rent. On one occasion, the landlord requested local marshals to oust Tiny from his home for nonpayment. But when the authorities learned who they were expected to eighty-six, they told the landlord, "There are limits to what we can do to protect a citizen."

Yet, even if Tiny needs help managing his money, there's no denying he has little trouble earning it. To be successful in business, it's all in who you know, and Tiny knows everyone connected with street crime in Southern California. "I stay on top of all my connections," says Tiny. "Take a hype, for example. He can't hide; he's a creature of habit. If you stay in the area where his connection is, you'll nail him. I make sure I know who every drug dealer is in Orange County. Sure, the law would like me to open up on 'em, but if I do, my business is ruined. I'll take a trip to jail if I have to, but there's no way I'm giving no information up.

"And let's say I need help from the president of a local [biker's] club. I take him out to a great restaurant; we have prime rib and we drink all night. I got to be able to party as heavy as he can, because he definitely don't want to go out partying with no sissy. I usually fix him up with a couple hookers, and we wind up in a motel. Everybody gets naked and has a good time. It's just like any other business. That's the way things get done nowadays."

Like most businessmen, Tiny carries a briefcase. "I've got all my credentials in there, in case the law intervenes, and a complete file on the man I'm after." But unlike most businessmen, Tiny uses his briefcase to serve another purpose. "I can beat a man to death with that fucking thing. There are bloodstains on all four corners from a guy's head."

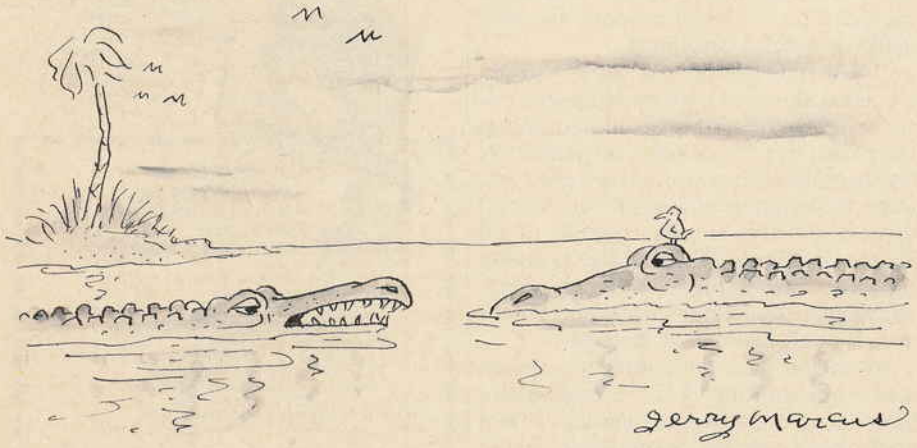
At times Tiny's business takes him away from home. The farthest he's had to travel was to a tiny hamlet in South Carolina in pursuit of a slasher "who cut up two guys and a broad" in a Southern California home "during an argument over nothing.

"Like I always do when I move in to make a bust in a strange town," Tiny says, "I went straight to the sheriff to announce myself and show my credentials. But the sheriff turned out to be the uncle of the guy we were tracking, and another uncle was the local judge. In fact, his kinfolk pretty damn near owned that county."

It didn't take Tiny and two boys he'd brought with him long to find out that they weren't wanted. "We was driving the Explorer van, and the pigs tried everything in the book to find something wrong with that mobile home. Now, because a mobile home is classified as a *home*, the law needs a warrant or probable cause to enter. But they just bogarted on in. *That* got the sheriff shoved through the door on his ass, and I went to jail.

"They put me on a measly hundred-dollar bond for shoving a sheriff, which my company [Escalera Bail Bonds] paid for. The guy's kin figured they had me on an amount so low that when I got out, I'd run off and book.

"But me and the boys went a county away and called in three more men, and we



"So, how's your brother, the handbag?"

all took off after this guy who, it turned out, lived in a house on the edge of town."

There, in the pine-covered Carolina hills, Tiny and his boys followed their man from a local poolhall to his home one evening. Soon, the smell of fresh pork cooking tickled the nostrils of the hunters, who had forgotten to pack provisions. By midnight, Tiny's men were in favor of charging the house. But Tiny was boss, and he insisted they "wait until he comes out into the open."

"Finally, in the morning, the guy comes out, and we found out why they were protecting him. This guy and another man march off to where a third guy's got a still going in the backwoods." Here, Tiny ordered the string pulled, and the trap snapped shut on the three moonshiners. "We took our man prisoner and tied up the other two. He turned out to be a goddamned belligerent, typical country boy. We took him and some moonshine with us—I still got the jug—and we had to walk him four miles to the mobile home.

"But when we started to draw near the town, about fifteen of his kinfolk caught up and started shooting at us. We started to fire back over their heads, because I didn't want to kill anybody in *that* county. Goddamn, it was bad enough just shoving a sheriff out the door. They was out to kill *us,* though. They woulda just buried us someplace and that would have been the end of it.

"Me and my boys would stop and shoot four or five rounds till they dropped back. In the meantime, two of our men were kept busy dragging this old boy all the way. Finally, I just cracked him over the head with the gun butt and knocked him out so's just one guy could carry him."

Morning had given way to afternoon by the time Tiny and his men inched across the last mile to the mobile home. One man was slightly wounded. He had caught some chips in his face when a bullet smashed into a rock an inch from his nose. Finally, they reached the mobile home and piled in. Bullets and wind whistled through the open windows of the Explorer. The day before had been hot, and the boys had removed the windows and screens to cool things off.

Even when the big van hit the road, however, Tiny refused to relax. "Those boys knew all the back roads, while we was stuck using a map. We didn't rest easy until we was out of the state. We drove straight through like we always does, and when we finally hit Missouri, I thought, 'Wow, at least I'm back on *my* home ground.' "

Despite all the bullets he has dodged while bringing his quarries home, Tiny insists that "life was more dangerous before I became a bounty hunter—when I rode with the bikers. I ain't been shot once while bounty hunting, but I got four bullet holes in me from the old days. The one in my leg—well, if it'd been an inch closer to my peter, I'd have been a girl. My teeth were knocked out in Chicago by a biker club. If one of my brothers hadn't had a gun, we'd never have gotten out alive."

Still, there are hidden blessings in every misfortune. "I'm glad I got rid of my teeth," says Tiny. "I eat pussy better now."

•

Wednesday night, the last day I have spent with Tiny, and the bounty hunter is taking me on a stakeout in the rough *barrio* section of Santa Ana to pick up a bad-check artist named Martinez. I arrive right on time, clad in a sleeveless black shirt, merchant-marine skullcap and jeans. "Goddamn," says Tiny, "you even *look* like we do."

Tiny has a surprise for me. "We're taking your car," he says. I look over at the Buick grazing calmly by the curb and picture her riddled with bullets.

Frank from Philly chimes in to allay my fears. "It's the best car we could have to go into the *barrio.* Cherried out, all that chrome—it looks like it fits. No one will touch it or mess with it."

We four strut out to the car, and Tiny murmurs a few reassuring words to me before we clamber in. "You'll love it out there tonight," he says. "It's a gut feeling you get. All your nerves tense up and your adrenaline gets to run. It's like eating four nickel bags of whites or snorting a gram of coke. You'll feel just like the well-oiled trigger of a gun, and you'll be surprised how well your mind will work in a tight situation."

We take off like a shot. I Hollywood past a stop sign to show the boys that I take this getaway-car driving seriously. "Don't do that again," Tiny growls menacingly. "The last thing we want to be is noticed. Obey the law." Properly chastised, face red as a whore's lipstick, I ease on.

"Stop at this 7-11 store," orders Tiny. We stock up on Pepsi and Hershey bars before returning to the car. "Time for a little action," growls Mean George. My mind on the battle ahead, I slam the automatic gear lever into "D" instead of "R" and send the car pitching into a tiny garden filled with plastic flowers. "A little nervous?" asks Tiny. "Or do you always drive this way?"

Somehow I navigate us to an address Tiny has for one of the skip's brothers, which turns out to be located on the perimeter of the *barrio.* Not as bad as it might have been, but the 15 youths pouring out onto the street and surrounding us as we get out of the car look formidable enough for my baptism by fire. A dozen chokecherry eyes seem turned my way. At first I think I'm paranoid. Then I realize they've determined that we four form a chain, and it's taken no Einstein to guess which one of us is the weak link.

Tiny is nonchalantly chatting with the *pachucos.* He is making small talk but his point is clear to his attentive audience. "Martinez has jumped bail. He has fucked

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up. He makes it rough on the next Chicano who gets busted by the pigs." Tiny is warm, funny, diplomatic—and bigger than any four of these cocksuckers put together. We go untouched onto the porch of Martinez' brother.

Standing there, a new wave of fear grips me. The curtains move slightly. Someone is home. I envision a rifle poking through an open window, and I imagine how Tiny must feel knowing damn well whose body must slump after the first shot. I look for an escape route and then shake the thought from my head. If there's a shot, I decide, I'm going straight through the fucking door. No bullets in the back of *my* head.

Something Tiny said to me that first night at his place comes hurtling through my consciousness. "When we go into a place, the three of us are relying on one another to stay alive. I'm not thinking about the sweet thing I'd been to bed with the night before. I'm going to stay sharp, and I know my brothers will, too. We're serious as a heart attack out there. We're all gonna leave together, or none of us is."

But the door opens after one knock from Tiny, and we are invited inside by a beautiful brown girl. Three younger girls are also within and they are giggling. The beauty knows who we are and why we are here. A picture of the skip is hauled out from a family scrapbook, and we are given the address of an apartment complex where Martinez is hiding out. "It is *our home* my husband put up for his brother's security," mutters the lady sadly to explain her treachery. We get up respectfully to leave, but she stops us. "He has a tattoo on his right arm," the girl tells us. "It says 'Janet.' "

The address turns out to be dead center in the *barrio*. We park directly across from the apartment complex in the parking lot of an all-night store. I glance at a dozen cars parked nearby. They are '56 and '57 "Tchevvies" mostly, with a couple low-rider Fords and Pontiacs thrown in. Tiny is right . . . again. My old car fits.

A quick check of the apartment proves fruitless. Martinez is out partying someplace, while we must sit on our asses this long night. Tiny sends me out for Pepsi, but I come back with Pepsi and Pabst. The bounty hunter is not pleased having us drink on the job, but he says nothing. Frank from Philly and Mean George snort gleefully at the unexpected leniency of their leader. My tape deck plays through the night. Mean George tells me to keep my Randy Newman tape ready for when we catch Martinez. "Put on *Short People* when we get into the car. It'll drive that Mexican crazy."

The talk shifts from topic to topic as we wait. Sex, fighting, sex, fighting. I learn that both Frank and George have wealthy parents, have attended college and have served as oft-decorated squad leaders in Vietnam. *Bad Company* blares out of both speakers. More Pabst, more Pepsi, more Pabst, more jokes. "Did you hear the one about the midgets who are dying like flies in New York subways from inhaling feminine hygiene spray?"

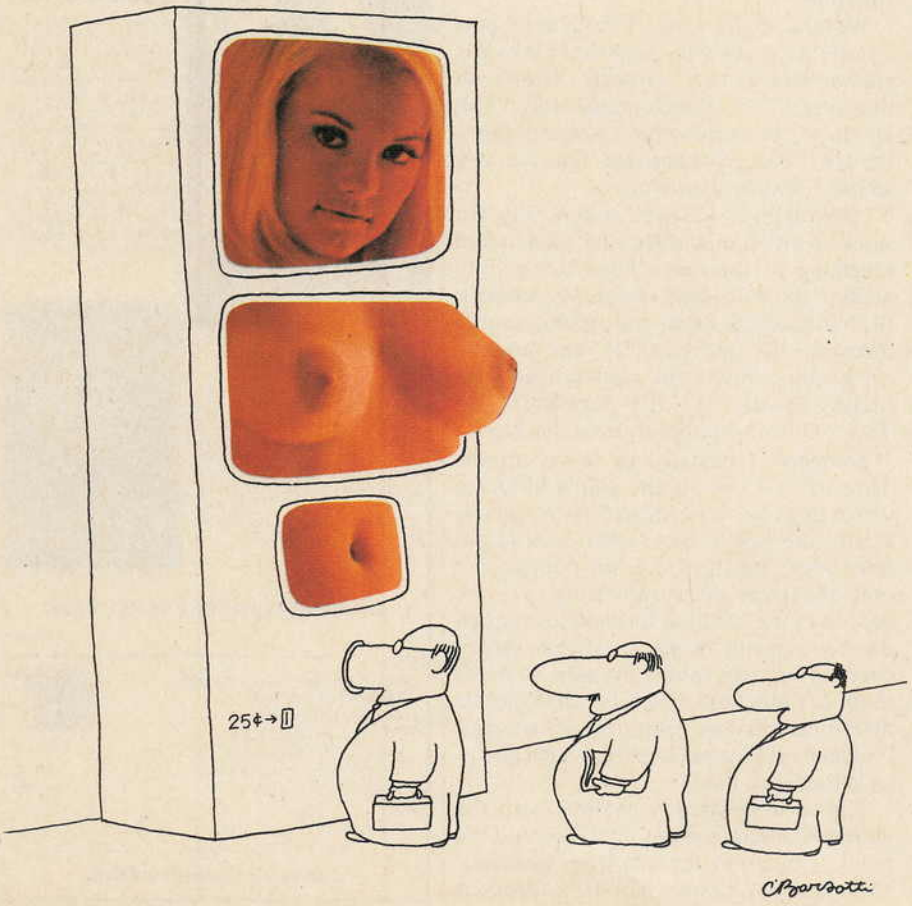
But by two in the morning, Frank, George and I are bored, restless and drunk. We bop in and out of the car as the beer departs us, kidney to curbstone. Tiny sits stoically through it all, a Buddha in biker's gear. Finally, he announces that it is time to make another inspection of the apartment, but seeing his troop weaving about, he decides to check it out by himself.

When the teacher departs, the classroom goes berserk. I pull out a football from the trunk and motion to Frank from Philly to head out for a long one. My receiver jets down the darkened street at high speed and, despite his boots, springs suddenly like a scared panther, hauling down the toss with his fingertips. Then George is cutting behind a blue Pinto on a quick curl, and we're whooping like Comanches while hordes of sleepy residents peer out from their apartment windows. A passing patrol car takes one look at the situation and decides it is wiser to scarf down doughnuts at the nearest Winchell's.

Suddenly, Tiny is back and we scatter like dandelion seeds. In a voice more sad than angry, he bellows: "Four fucking years it takes me to put some order in this organization, and it takes one fucking writer one fucking night to fuck it all up!" But Tiny isn't really pissed, even though he keeps grumbling about "growed men acting like kids" as we shoot out of the *barrio* toward the interstate and home.

Although I'll never get to finish Martinez' bust, there is time to ask Tiny one more question. Does he believe his profession will earn him a bed on a cold slab?

Tiny looks down and ponders. The folds of skin under his neck press together, giving him more chins than a Chinese phone book. Then a smile splits his big, wide, moon face in half. "Nah," he chuckles. "The only thing that's going to put me out is my own stupidity. I like myself too much to die. If I have my way, I'll have one eighteen-year-old broad under my wing and another with a foot up my ass, so I can go out with a grin on my face—from a heart attack." □



DIRTY MONEY

(Continued from page 58)

doing was only tax avoidance, which is quite legal even if it gives sleepless nights to the bloodhounds of the IRS.

Did Malone make those declarations? Article 47 of the Swiss Bank Act of 1934 and Articles 159 and 273 of the Swiss Penal Code expressly forbade his Swiss bank or any of its employees from making any disclosures whatsoever to any inquiring foreign tax authority concerning the existence or activity of his account. A Swiss banker, in fact, could be—no, let me amend that: *would almost certainly be*—sent to jail for cooperating with the IRS in blowing the whistle on Malone.

So that, in the end, it was really a matter between Malone and his conscience. He hasn't told me what he did, and I'm not about to ask. I can just assume that he did what any intelligent man—what you or I, for example—would do . . . or not do.

Are you listening, Uncle?

•

Called to the witness stand with my hand on the Bible, I'll swear that my friend Malone is fictitious. But the procedures he used (or didn't use) are all too real, and he is operating (or I'm dreaming he's operating) in one of many well-established patterns that have been used over the years to hide what's often called "dirty money." Clean money in Malone's case, since the term *dirty money* is usually attached to funds that have been earned illegally, such as the profits of organized crime—whereas clean money is earned in a legitimate manner, even though its sequestration and investment overseas may be tarred with the brush of what's called tax evasion.

Then there is the kind of money contributed by such corporations as Braniff International, Gulf Oil and American Airlines to President Nixon's 1972 campaign fund, which was laundered, as the jargon has it, through secret bank accounts and dummy companies in Switzerland, Nassau, Lebanon and Panama. That's not quite dirty money; you might just say it had a little "ring around the collar."

". . . people around here aren't pros at that sort of thing," John Dean said naively to Richard Nixon in the taped White House conversation of March 21, 1973, when they were discussing how to get money to the Watergate burglars to obtain their silence. "We're not criminals and not used to dealing in that business. It's a tough thing to know how to do."

"Maybe it takes a gang to do that," Nixon replied.

No, Dick. Not at all. It just takes savvy, chutzpah, and the right connections in the right places—like Panama, Switzerland, Mexico, Liechtenstein, Nassau or Curacao. Or Sark. Sark?

Yes, Sark. Believe it or not, Sark is a place, and it was ruled until recently by a lady known as the Dame of Sark. Alas, she died. About two square miles in size, Sark sits precariously in the English Channel not too far off the French coast, but it is part of Great Britain. Its neighbor, the island of Guernsey, is larger and well known for its enjoyment of a measure of sovereignty in formulating its tax and banking laws. About ten years ago, a former St. Louis insurance salesman named Phil Wilson dropped personal anchor in Saint Peter Port, Guernsey, and opened the Bank of Sark. The bank consisted of a desk, telephone and telex in a rickety upstairs apartment above a hairdresser's emporium.

Wilson's first act, as the bank's president, was to print a financial statement that claimed $72.5 million in assets. Wilson sent the statement (accompanied by an equally phony Bahamian accountant's certificate of authenticity) to Rand-McNally in Chicago, which publishes a prestigious book called *Polk's World Bank Directory* and, presto, he got a listing. He then issued approximately $300 million worth of negotiable international cashier's drafts drawn on the Bank of Sark. Most of them were sold for about 25 cents on the dollar to professional paperhangers—men who know all the tricks of passing phony or stolen checks and securities—and cashed in major banks throughout the world. If the Dallas Bank and Trust Company, for example, wondered where in the hell was Sark and the bank bearing its quaint name, they had only to check in the *Polk's Directory—mirabile visu*!—and then telex to Guernsey to verify the check. Wilson would telex back that whoever had presented his bank's draft was one of its most valued and prosperous customers.

So you see, Dick, you don't have to be a gang . . . you just have to know a friendly banker.

Where? Well, Liechtenstein is probably the safest place of all, because this 62-square-mile principality squeezed between Austria and Switzerland (dependent on the latter for its currency, postal service and military defense) had no agreement with any foreign country, including the United States, to divulge anything at all regarding its registered corporations or bank accounts. Switzerland, on the other hand, *will* divulge information if proof is supplied that the owner of a Swiss bank account may have committed a crime in order to obtain the money deposited in that account. The hook in this is that tax evasion is not considered by the Swiss to be a crime—in Switzerland, France and Spain, for example, you are "invited" to pay taxes on your earnings, following which invitation you sit down with a government tax official and make a

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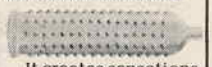

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DIRTY MONEY In 1972, agents dug up the Bronx lawn of drug importer Louis Cirillo and discovered $1 million in $100 bills. The idea is to avoid an incriminating paper trail.

deal satisfactory to you both.

But still—as my mother used to say when she slipped a fresh Trojan into my wallet before a date—better safe than sorry, and you're a lot safer in Liechtenstein, where the law doesn't even require the names of the real owners of a company or bank account be registered. You can introduce yourself as Farrah Fawcett-Majors and start Teeth, Inc., and your tight-lipped Liechtenstein lawyer won't blink or think twice about it. If you've done anything illegal, even something so intrinsically harmless and nonviolent as tax evasion, and an American prosecutor succeeds in getting hold of Liechtenstein company records or Swiss bank statements, he must still produce the Liechtenstein lawyer or the Swiss banker in court to testify that the documents are accurate and pertain specifically to you. No law compels either man to leave his country and so testify.

All this turns somewhat more serious when organized crime gets into the act and tries to wash the dirty money that floods its treasury through wholesale heroin and coke sales. The dope itself may enter the United States in hollowed-out ski poles, cans of tuna fish and even socks stuffed into the towel disposal units of restrooms on international jet flights—but the junkie on the street is strictly a cash buyer, and that cash, now that the $1000 bill is no longer in circulation, can't be stuffed into socks or ski poles. And, unless it's going to be buried in the backyard (in 1972, agents of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs dug up the Bronx lawn of drug importer Louis Cirillo and discovered $1 million in $100 bills), it has to be smuggled out of the United States and put to work elsewhere.

The idea is to avoid an incriminating paper trail. The dope dealer can hire a courier to take the cash overseas (usually strapped to his body so that a thin man becomes a fat man), but then a lie must be told to customs ("No, sir, *I'm* not carrying more than five thousand dollars with me . . ."), and if there's been a tip-off, all that green stuff will disappear into the outstretched paw of Uncle, and the courier will take an unpaid vacation to Danbury or Lompoc unless he tells who laid the cash on him.

What the more sophisticated smugglers do is use an American brokerage house or New York money exchange. The Credit Suisse in Zurich, for example, may be asked by a client to place a telephone order with Merrill Lynch to buy 1000 shares of IBM, with the promise that the money will be paid by courier on the settlement date. The broker is delighted, and even more delighted when at the appointed hour a well-dressed gentleman with a slight foreign accent arrives and dumps $270,000 in cash on his desk. It's a lot of cash, but that makes it even harder to say no to it; and besides, it's from the Credit Suisse, isn't it? If there is any problem at the brokerage house—an office rule, let's say, against large cash transactions—the courier will know in advance and buy cashier's checks at several local banks. That's the kind of paper *no one* says no to.

The courier is then handed the IBM stock certificates, which he mails to his bank in Switzerland. The bank, acting on instructions, promptly sells the stock and hands the proceeds, less commission, to the real owner of the cash: your friendly international dope dealer.

An instructive and zany tale is that of Patsy Anthony Lepera, one of the most gifted dirty-money swindlers in recent history. For a while, Lepera, who had excellent Mob connections, was just a small-time crook who owned and operated a Bahamian corporation called—it may sound silly, but it's true—the Bald Eagle Finance Company. If a mobster such as Carlo Gambino or Joey Camperlengo wanted to buy a legitimate nightclub or laundromat worth $200,000 and not have the Federal government querying where the money came from, Lepera could arrange it.

As he testified: "I take your cash, charter a plane and fly to Nassau. I carry your money into the Bank of Nova Scotia, where we got a guy, and deposit it in the name of Bald Eagle Finance Company. Then I get a cashier's check, made out to you. It's a loan from Bald Eagle. You sign the loan papers for me. I give you a note marked PAID—just to protect you in case I get the idea of coming around later and saying you owe me the money. You ain't really worried I'm going to do that, because if I try it, I know you'll put me away."

Lepera's commission in such a transaction, called a "wash," would usually come to 30 percent—about $60,000.

Lepera continued: "The IRS comes to Bald Eagle about you, we say, 'Yes, certainly Mr. Capone took a loan. Yes, certainly he's paying the interest.' Not only does this explain where you got the money to buy your nightclub or laundromat, but you can take a tax deduction on the interest payments that you're not paying."

Once Lepera's reputation as a laundryman was established, he took a further step into the dirty-money world by dealing in stolen securities. The fundamental workings of most brokerage houses resemble chaos, and it's rare that organized crime doesn't have a man on the inside to take advantage of that chaos. The Securities and Exchange Commission privately estimates that at least $5 million worth of stocks and bonds are stolen each week "out of the cage," as they say, or from airports. (Lepera scoffs at the idea that they're stolen. "Not stolen. *Sold.*")

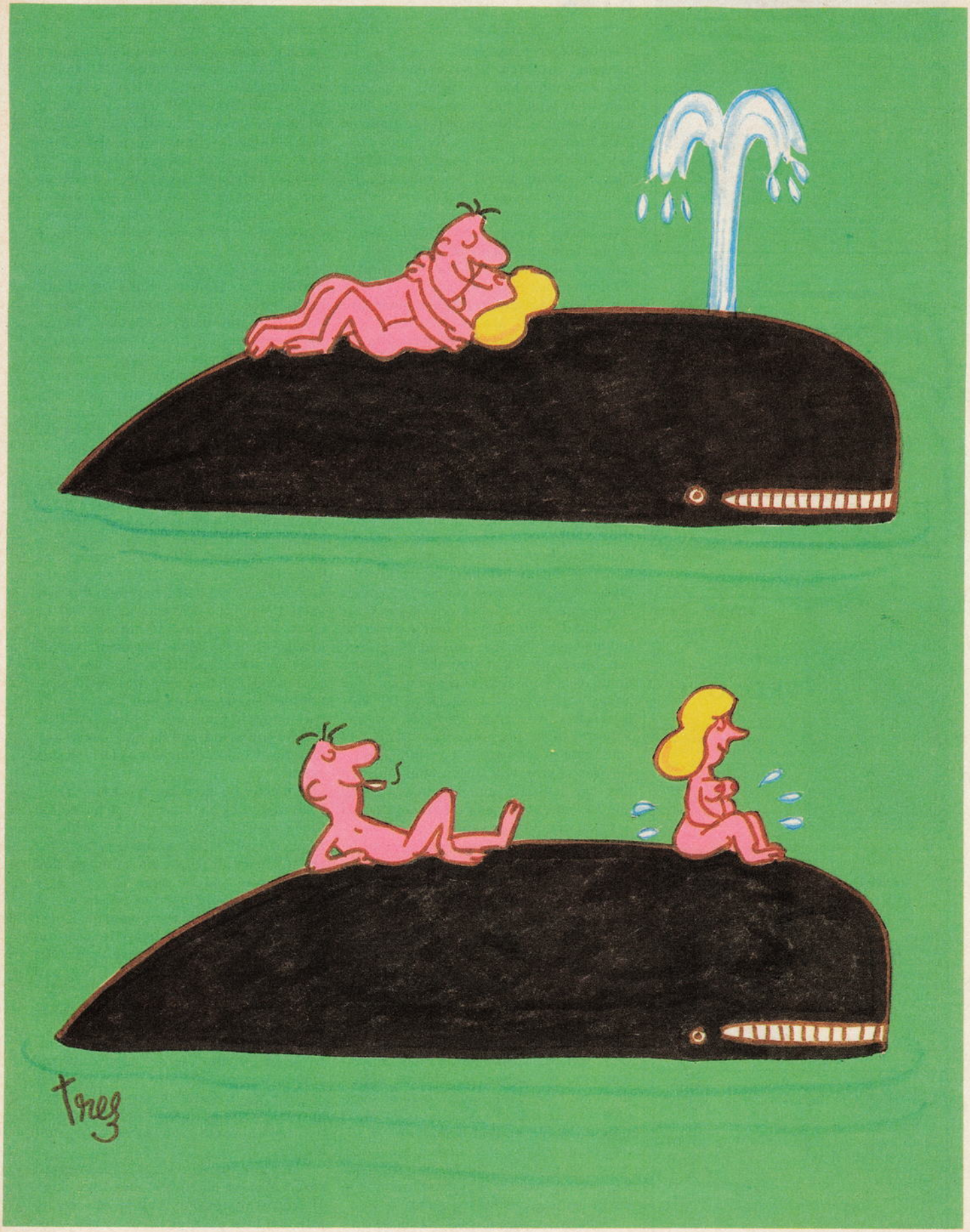
By the mid-Seventies, Lepera and his confederate in Florida, Harold Audsley, themselves owned $20 million worth of stolen or counterfeit paper. Audsley traveled to England and set up several non-interest-bearing trusts in reputable London and Edinburgh banks. The banks were pleased, since they were the custodians and could write $20 million worth of liquid assets into their books. Lepera was pleased, too, because he was now able to wheel and deal in what's known as the advance-fee mortgage racket.

A group of investors want to build a new tennis club in Fort Lauderdale, but they're having trouble getting a bank loan to start construction. Patsy Lepera appears, under the guise of a Grand Cayman corporation or a Swiss bank, and offers them a letter of commitment for a permanent mortgage for $5 million, payable when the tennis complex is built. Now the prospective builders have a letter guaranteeing them $5 million in cash once they've finished construction—but they still need the money to start work. Armed with the letter of commitment, they go to a legitimate Florida bank, which checks out Lepera's Grand Cayman corporation and finds, to its surprise, that it controls a $20-million-dollar trust fund in Great Britain. Very impressive. Must be old English and Scottish money salted away in the Caribbean. Yes, they'd be happy to lend the $5 million.

Once the transaction is completed, the owners of the tennis club pay Lepera a $500,000 advance in cash as his commission, which is promptly deposited in his Canadian bank in Nassau and begins a tortuous but safe laundering cycle through Mexico and Panama to Switzerland. And so it goes.

My friend in East Hampton, Josh Malone, didn't go that far. His ambitions to avoid taxes don't extend into getting himself involved with the Mob and its financiers like Patsy Anthony Lepera—who, I'd better mention, wound up in the Federal prison camp at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida, where he got weekend passes, felt Jesus come to him and promised Him that once he was free, he was "finished with the stocks and the deals and the Mob."

You don't want to go that route, I'm sure. But you might have a confidential talk with your friendly lawyer and accountant; then plan your next vacation to include Vaduz, the quaint capital of Liechtenstein (ski then at Gstaad, or see the Oktoberfest in Munich), and find out what the man over there has to say. □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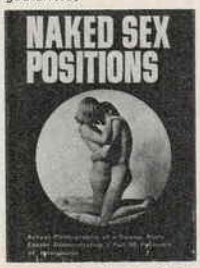

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ETTA

(Continued from page 93)

we'd ever been fed. It was called rhythm and blues and it had very little connection with what white kids were used to. This wasn't Vaughan Monroe or Perez Prado or Patti Page crooning insipidly about doggies in the window; this was people like the Clovers singing about being 60-minute, honey-loving men, or Mickey and Sylvia telling about how stra-a-a-a-nge love is. It was Jimmy Reed and Howlin' Wolf, Guitar Slim and Piano Red, Muddy Waters and Screamin' Jay Hawkins, and a throbbing back beat you couldn't lose-y. It was Clyde McPhatter, Hank Ballard and the Midnighters, Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs, Lavernè Baker, Ruth Brown, (early) Ray Charles, Big Joe Turner . . . and Etta James.

These black artists had a new idiom and it was subversive as hell. They sang in barebones euphemisms that even the lamest white kid could decipher about the myriad and funky nuances of the old in-and-out. It is my unsupported belief that, in some significant sense, the liberation of the South first began right then in the early Fifties, when the hipper white Southern kids—usually the ones who were mad for dancing—began listening to black-roots music. And these kids—whose only other commerce with blacks was with their maids and yardmen—were being subverted unknowingly, because this black boogie was burrowing right into the heart and home of racism, even as it honed into the honky inhibitions that shackled the kids themselves. You come be black for one Saturday night, the music was saying, and you might never want to be white again.

I was talking with Etta about some of this—she said she remembers WLAC well and had met a couple of the deejays I used to listen to there—and she got to reminiscing about how it had been to travel in the South in those days.

"Of course, I didn't know anything about that race stuff," Etta said. "I was raised up on the east side of L.A. with a lot of Mexicans and whites, and I just never believed that stuff was going on. I remember when I first started going out on tour, Johnny 'Guitar' Watson came up to me and he said, 'Etta, don't you get down there in some place like Texas and be runnin' your mouth off.' And so later, of course, we're someplace like Sweetwater or Abilene, and we stopped at a filling station that had three johns—ladies, men and colored. I said, '*What?*' I couldn't believe it! I started cursing and all, and Johnny's sitting in the car saying through his teeth, 'Come on and get in the car and shut up!' Big redneck standing out there listening to me, ready to go get his shotgun.

"Johnny's trying to pull me along and talk over me. And I say to the cracker, 'I *said* I wouldn't go into that damned john for my *life*!' He says to Johnnie, 'Make that gal apologize.' Johnny pulls me away and he gets real serious. He takes his head rag off and he has tears in his eyes. 'Etta,' he says, 'this guy is setting us up to shoot. And let me tell you something. He may not hurt *you*, but he'll sure kill *us*.' So I finally go over and apologize. And this was around the time that Nat 'King' Cole and the Four Freshmen got themselves beat up so bad in Alabama."

Etta traveled with the likes of Little Richard, Fats Domino, Bill Doggett and Little Willie John. If you want to look at it in a certain way, there would have been no '78 Stones tour for Etta to open—nor any Elvis, Dylan, Beatles or any of the rest that followed—if it hadn't been for those great and jivey black pioneers, many long forgotten or, like Etta, relatively ignored. But that's one thing you have to credit the Rolling Stones for, at least in Etta's book: They haven't forgotten whom they owe.

"Me, I didn't know nothin' about no Rolling Stones," she says. "I didn't know nothin' about nothin'. Most of the time people had to lead me up onstage to perform. But when the Stones were getting their 1975 tour together, I was in the hospital trying to detox, and I got this nice letter from Keith Richard saying that he knew I was having trouble and asking me if I would open their show for them. He said that they always felt like the best way to get your head together and deal with your troubles was to go out and tour. I wrote back and told him I was too sick just then, and he wrote and said he understood and that they wouldn't forget me. They didn't, either.

"I'll tell you how much I knew about what was going on. I didn't even know that Rod Stewart had covered my recording of *Blind Girl* till some white girl told me about it in rehab at Tarzana. I thought Rod Stewart was one of them skimpy little English fags until I met him, and he was so big and sexy and had these women all over him. And I have never really freaked out on no entertainers, except maybe Otis [Redding] who was—God—so big and buffy and beautiful, and maybe Allan Toussaint, who I got a *big* crush on. And I had never listened to the Stones. Shit, I never even listen to my own stuff—it embarrasses me. But the first time I saw the Stones, they put me into a trauma. They are just the baddest in the world. Mick throwing water on himself and all. Nobody in the world could get away with that stuff but him.

"They are just outta sight—the sweetest group to have all that money and clout. They treat you terrific. And Mick's so cute with that little package he has in his pants. One time on the tour, he was onstage and

that little package in his crotch fell way down past his knees, so he broke away like Jerry Lee Lewis and came around behind the speakers and looked at me and grinned and pointed at the thing. I don't know what them feminists get on his case so bad for. I saw some of them bitches with signs at the concerts, and they were the same ones boogying when the music started."

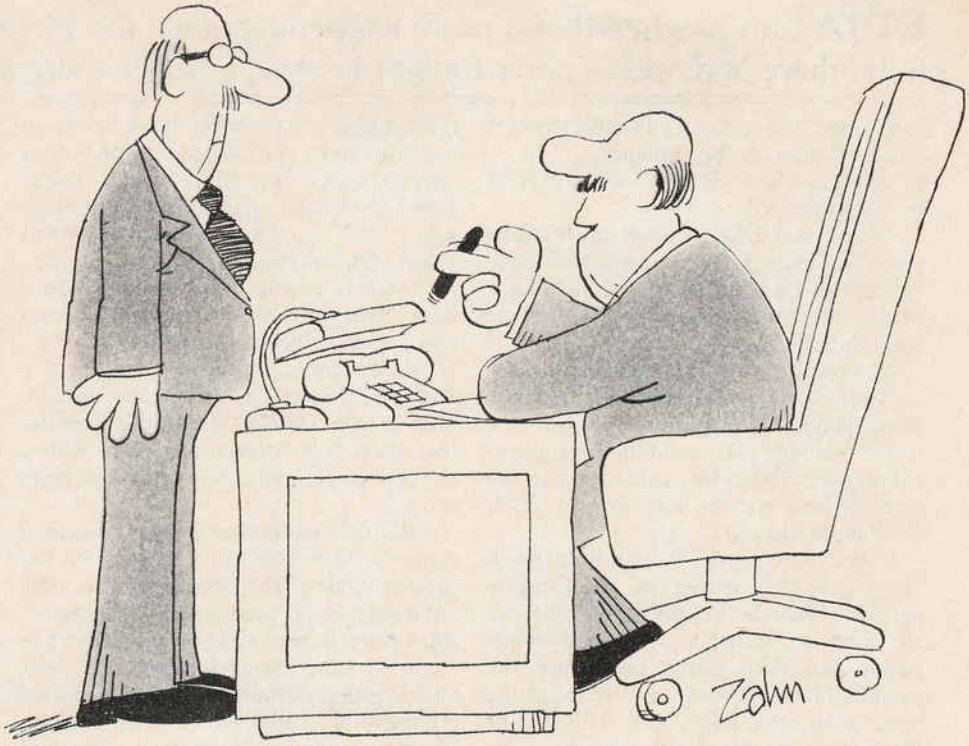
•

San Francisco has always been a good town for Etta. She spent a couple of years there in her early teens, when her mother farmed her out for a while to an aunt and uncle. She has some good memories of the town. Besides, a large part of the Etta James cult has always been gay men; and with its large gay population, her records have always done well in The City. In fact, a couple of her albums sold more in San Francisco than in the rest of the country combined, and her personal appearances there have always been sellouts. It is probably not too much to say that Etta, in part, owes the salvaging of her career to the gays. At the very least, she was kept working in gay clubs when the straight world had given her up as too much hassle.

"I didn't even know I had a gay following until this guy Scumpy from *Crawdaddy* told me about it," says Etta. "He was the one who told me to play gay clubs. I started playing The City in San Francisco [now defunct], and then The Stud told me they'd pay double what The City's been paying; so I moved over there, pissing in the trough, and it was like a lovefest. I had to dress out in the alley, but I didn't give a damn."

At The Stud, which is heavily of the leather persuasion, they went slap crazy for Etta, and she returned the feeling with her lascivious best. In fact, the first time I ever saw Etta perform was there, and she just totally blew me out. Her show was a stone get-down affair. While she wailed and shouted and cooed and moaned her way through her repertoire, she would be performing these outrageously raunchy bumps and grinds, rubbing herself up in a seeming frenzy of onanistic passion, and generally driving the boys—and the few ladies—bozo. When, on occasion, she would perform fellatio on the microphone, the place would absolutely go into a panic. The clubs never had to advertise Etta's appearances; the word would go out on the underground grapevine that she was in town, and by early evening the lines would be forming along Folsom Street.

Tonight, however, Etta is playing the Mocambo, a newish and *intime* little bistro on Polk Street, which is discernibly more uptown in nature than her previous Folsom Street environs. This is not precisely Etta James's kind of room—"one of those bourgeois kind of tuck-'n'-roll joints" is how she describes it—but she had a successful engagement here earlier in the year and, frankly, Etta can use the money.



"Of course Miss Simpson makes more money than you, Cadberry . . . she gives me blow jobs."

So tonight, even though the opening show is a little ragged and her new band's a touch confused, Etta can do no wrong. She works mostly from the current album. In announcing *Take Another Little Piece of My Heart*, she says, "This song was done, as y'all know, by a wonderful girl named Janis Joplin. But what you probably don't know is that Aretha's older sister, Erma Franklin, recorded it about ten years before." She kicks into the number with a couple of Elvis Presley sweep kicks and a Chuck Berry deep-knee squat, moving around like a pugnacious Colossus, jutting her jaw out in mock defiance as her face explodes into the lyrics and her big powerful body moves into the song.

"*Takeanotherlilpieceamahhortnahbayby,*" Etta screams as she rubs her hands across her breasts. The room heats up rapidly. People come to hear Etta sing—and she really does have some wondrous pipes—but it is the visual spectacle she presents that makes the show. Etta James onstage is nothing more than an extension of her give-a-fuck persona in real life, but she has this marvelous gift for a funky kind of self-caricature that renders her a most singular performer.

One of the questions that people ask most about Etta is why you never see her on television. This is why: Television couldn't contain her; they'd have to strip away all that good nastiness, and it would take away too much. Etta James is not your basic mainstream act; some people are turned off by the sight of a 300-pound woman shaking her ass and doing stripper squats and rubbing the mike cord up between her legs. Many are not charmed when she lovingly caresses the mike head as if it were a fat and fecund johnson bar, giving it a catlike lick of her tongue, her eyes rolling in her head in a spasm of mock ecstasy. Etta's stage contretemps are not for the tube, not for the Vegas-conditioned wad out there in etherland.

"I was thinkin' 'bout yo sweet kiss and yo . . ." Etta is now on *Blind Girl*, and she pauses salaciously in the lyric in order that no one be mistaken about that which she is thinking. "I was thinkin' 'bout yo sweet kiss and yo . . ." she repeats, and this time she rubs her hand sinuously between her legs. "I *know* y'all know what I'm thinkin' about," she laughs, and the crowd goes crazy. "Babybabybaby, I was thinkin' 'bout yo sweet kiss and yo . . ." and at this point the sound system goes into a horrible screeching fuck-up that has everybody's hands at their ears. Etta stops mid-lyric and begins to moan alongside the electric noise: "Oooooaaaawwwwaaaa," she wails, and the audience joins in as if this strange chanting will appease the transistor gods. Etta tries to continue, but the feedback erupts again. "God, it's happening, ain't it?" Etta knows where the trouble is coming from. It's coming from the rhythm-guitar amplifier, which belongs to Marsha Gabriel, her foxy new girl guitarist. But Etta doesn't want to embarrass Marsha, so she decides to give up on trying to do the song until the glitch can be dealt with. "I'm

ETTA Etta has heard of a party happening down the street, and Angela Davis is going to be there and, well, a party tonight is always better than one tomorrow.

sorry about this 'cause y'all sound so sweet tonight," she tells the audience.

"Do *Laid-Back Daddy*," somebody in the audience yells.

"Naw," says Etta, "I never do that one anymore, 'cause I never can remember the lyrics, and I always had to be holding a card in my hand when I sang. Makes me look stupid, y'know?"

"I know the lyrics," says a woman

"Well, damn! *You* come up and sing it then," laughs Etta. "I can see by your face you're a singer. OK, goddamn, we got to cut this shit. This is just a slick way for me to get a little rest up here, anyway. Y'all don't mind, do you?"

Nobody seems to. The trouble taken care of, the show is resumed and Etta lets her voice take over. For the next 45 minutes she rubs the audience's guts with sandpaper and then pours honey on the wounds, that big, evocative voice filling the room with the shouts and whispers of Etta's heart. At one point in the show, she stops to introduce Angela Davis, who is in the audience. "I probably shouldn't say it like this, but I want y'all to know that this is one bad *lady*," says Etta. "Angela, every time I do my hair up real nice, my old man says, 'Etta, you lookin' just like Angela Davis.' Oh, you bad, Angela."

"No, lady, *you* the one who is bad," yells back a happy drunken woman in Angela's party, and she gets a big hand.

"I *am* a mean mother," says Etta. "In fact, that's what I'm calling my next album—*Mean Mother*. My fantasy is walking down Polk Street in leathers with a machine gun and a wet towel, poppin' asses."

After the final encore, a nasal version of Jagger's *Miss You*, Etta relaxes in her dressing room. The atmosphere is a bit subdued. Etta is tired and so is the band. She's brought her two kids with her to San Francisco, and she spent most of the day showing them around. People sit around having drinks, talking desultorily, unwinding, when a man sticks his head in the door and says, "Excuse me, but the management asked me to tell you that we have to close the doors. So if you don't mind cutting the party short . . ."

"Parrrty!" says Etta, in high dudgeon. "This ain't exactly what I'd call a *party*. All that's in here is us and the band and these magazine people. We're just cooling out. I just got offstage if you don't know . . ." The guy is blown out of the room.

"Now, what kind of shit is this?" asks Etta rhetorically. "Goddamn, I don't need this." Her voice is almost gone to laryngitis and she is near tears. "Sam," says Etta to her husband, Sam Dennis, a quiet man of some force, also an ex-addict, whom she met when he was assigned her case as a drug counselor, "Sam, go down there and jam them. Really, right now. This has got to be gotten straight. I could go over to The Stud and there wouldn't be any of this jive. I don't need a goddamned dressing room. I told y'all, I'll dress in the alley. Ain't this some shit?"

Sam leaves, then comes back and whispers to Etta that all has been handled and peace and love once again reign. In fact, the club owners want Etta to bring her kids out to their farm the next day to ride horses and have a party. Sam suggests that maybe it's time to go home and get some sleep, but Etta has heard of a party happening down the street, and Angela Davis is going to be there and, well, a party tonight is always better than one tomorrow.

The whole entourage moves down Polk Street to the walk-up flat of Jeff Brooks, Etta's road manager, where the festivities are just beginning. As is the nature of some parties, most of the action seems to be happening in the bathroom, and soon Etta and Angela are crammed in there, holding an animated conversation around the mirror. Angela Davis is personable, funny and even shy, nothing like her icy media image.

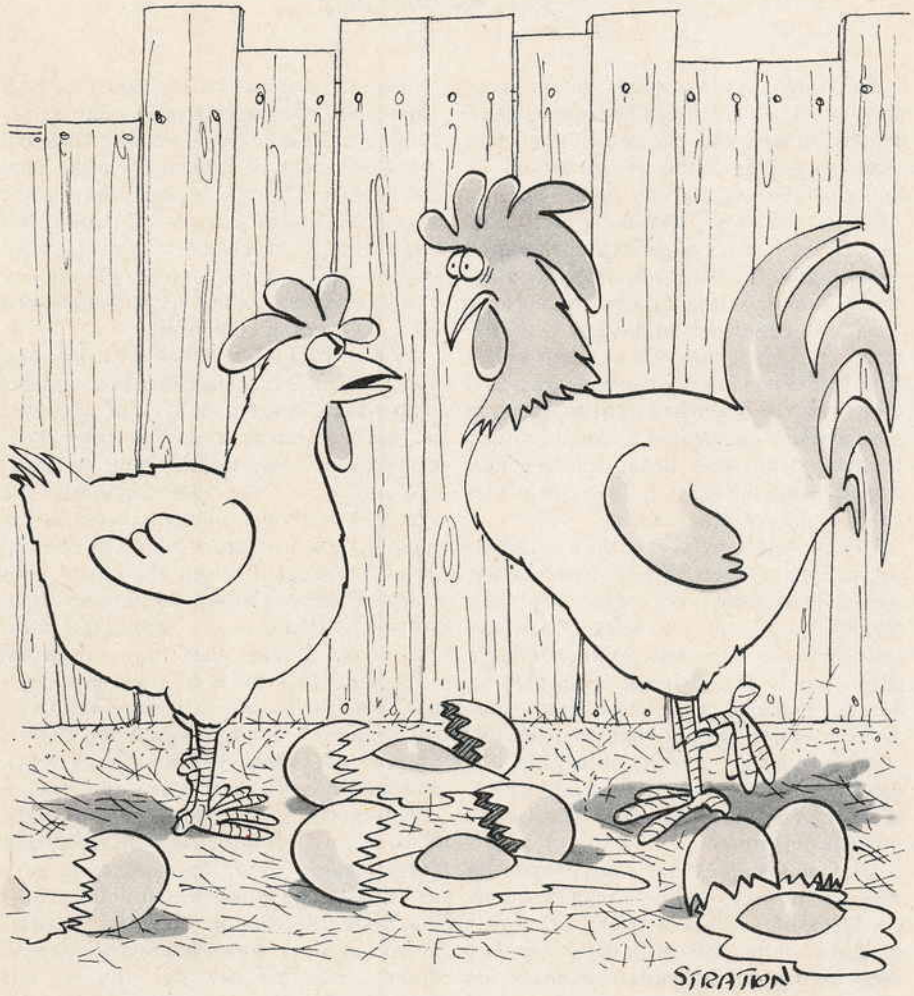
"You get out much, Angela?" Etta asks. "You like to party and all?"

"I love to," says Angela. "But no, I don't get out as much as I like. I love to dance and get down and all, but every time I go to a party, I wind up in the corner in some heavy political conversation."

Etta laughs. "Shit, I don't never end up in no corner with nobody."

There's a lot of black history tied up right here in this bathroom with these two goddesses from the far ends of the poles: Etta, the incorrigible delinquent with a soaring talent pure as spring water; Angela, the subversive radical with an intellect as crisp and bright as new money. And they must be feeling a bit of it, too, because soon the conversation turns to another giant—Muhammad Ali.

"It took me a while to get to like him," Angela tells Etta. "The first time we met, he made some remark about my legs that I



"I appreciate your playing with the children, but sometimes you're too damn rough!"

didn't go for too much, but he really is a beautiful man."

"Yeah, I used to sit up nights with him talking Islam," says Etta. "He can sure talk shit, but I wasn't looking to be converted."

It's getting very late now and the party is thinning out. Sam would still like to get Etta home to bed, but there is a mildly manic white lady hanging about, a fringe acquaintance of Etta's, who is determined that the party be moved to her place. "Oh, help me get Etta to come," she pleads shamelessly with anybody who'll listen. "There's much more room there; I've got plenty of toot and there's some incredible Sumatran."

Etta by now is in a half-evil mood and she moves only when the spirit does, which right now is telling her to be devilish. "Why we want to go over to your funky place?" she asks the woman. "You always trying to get people over to *your* place. Where's that at?"

"It's on South Van Ness," says the woman, giving every indication of being blissfully oblivious of the number being done on her head. And finally her star-fucking perseverance wins out and a caravan of cars heads off in the night toward the Mission District.

Well, they may have taken Etta's drug away, but nobody can mess with her party. Etta will *party*. With all that girth (she says the fat is a result of water retention caused by methadone) she doesn't move around that much, but there is no questioning that this party revolves around her. People drift from room to room in this quite nicely put together house, but the focal point is always the living room, where Etta holds forth from the couch.

By 10 A.M. everyone is just sort of hanging on. "Oh, God," Etta says. "You know that place you get to where you so high and tired the only thing you can do is get higher? That's where I am." Etta giggles. The gritty gray dawn of exhaustion is creeping in over the windowsill and crawling under eyelids, and the moment everyone has more or less been dreading has come—the party's over. Etta has taken it past the limit again, beyond endurance and good sense, past the point even of a good time, into the snow zone of sleep-and-dream evasion. How she will ever get it together to go onstage tonight no one knows, but she will. "She always performs better when she's feeling bad," says Jeff Brooks, the road manager. Just what they probably said about Billie Holliday and Judy Garland, Piaf and Janis Joplin.

Driving back to their hotel, Sam Dennis makes a detour to let me off. "Go up to where you cross Market and then go on out Haight. That's the best way," I say.

"That ain't the way to go," said Etta gruffly. "I'll tell him how to get there. I *know* these streets. I ran wild here. I was a little thug in these streets."

Oh, lady, I'll just bet you were. □

SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 28)

her that way for a while, playing with her clit at the same time; and just before she pops off, I pull the dildo out of her ass and start eating her cunt juices. She tastes so good down there!

BERNARD V.
Attica, New York

SNEAKY, SNEAKY

My one real experience with sex on the sly was my bathroom séance with Donna. Everyone said she was gay, but I never believed it, because she was always surrounded by gorgeous men. She was an extraordinarily beautiful woman—long legs, great cheekbones, a classic profile. I couldn't believe that someone so feminine could be a lesbian.

Then I went to a party that a friend gave. Donna showed up wearing a tight beige Qiana gown that hugged her curves. Her long fingernails were gently wrapped around a tall, cool drink, and she tossed her head confidently as she talked to the group of men standing around her.

Sometime later, when I went to the ladies' room, Donna was in there. We talked a few minutes, mostly about the party. I was brushing my long hair and let out a little screech, because the brush had gotten caught in a tangle. Donna came over and gently liberated my hair from the brush. Then she took the brush and continued what I had started. It wasn't at all unpleasant, believe me, but the idea of her touching me gave me an uncomfortable feeling. Suddenly she lifted my hair off the nape of my neck and ran her tongue across my skin. In spite of myself, I felt my pussy getting wet. I curled my shoulders so that she would continue, but I needn't have worried. One thing led to another, and we wordlessly went into one of the stalls. I sat on the john and Donna knelt down between my legs. She pulled my panties off and began to flick her tongue in and out of my cunt, faster and faster. I got so incredibly hot from what this marvelous sexual apparition was doing to me that it took only a few minutes before I came in a burst of sound and sensation that must have rattled the walls. It was an extraordinary experience. Then we changed positions. I moved onto her lap and started kissing her all over. I really surprised myself, to be sure—but the touch of a woman's lips was so soft, so inviting and so reassuring to me that I loved every second of this strange encounter.

KATHLEEN S.
Savannah, Georgia

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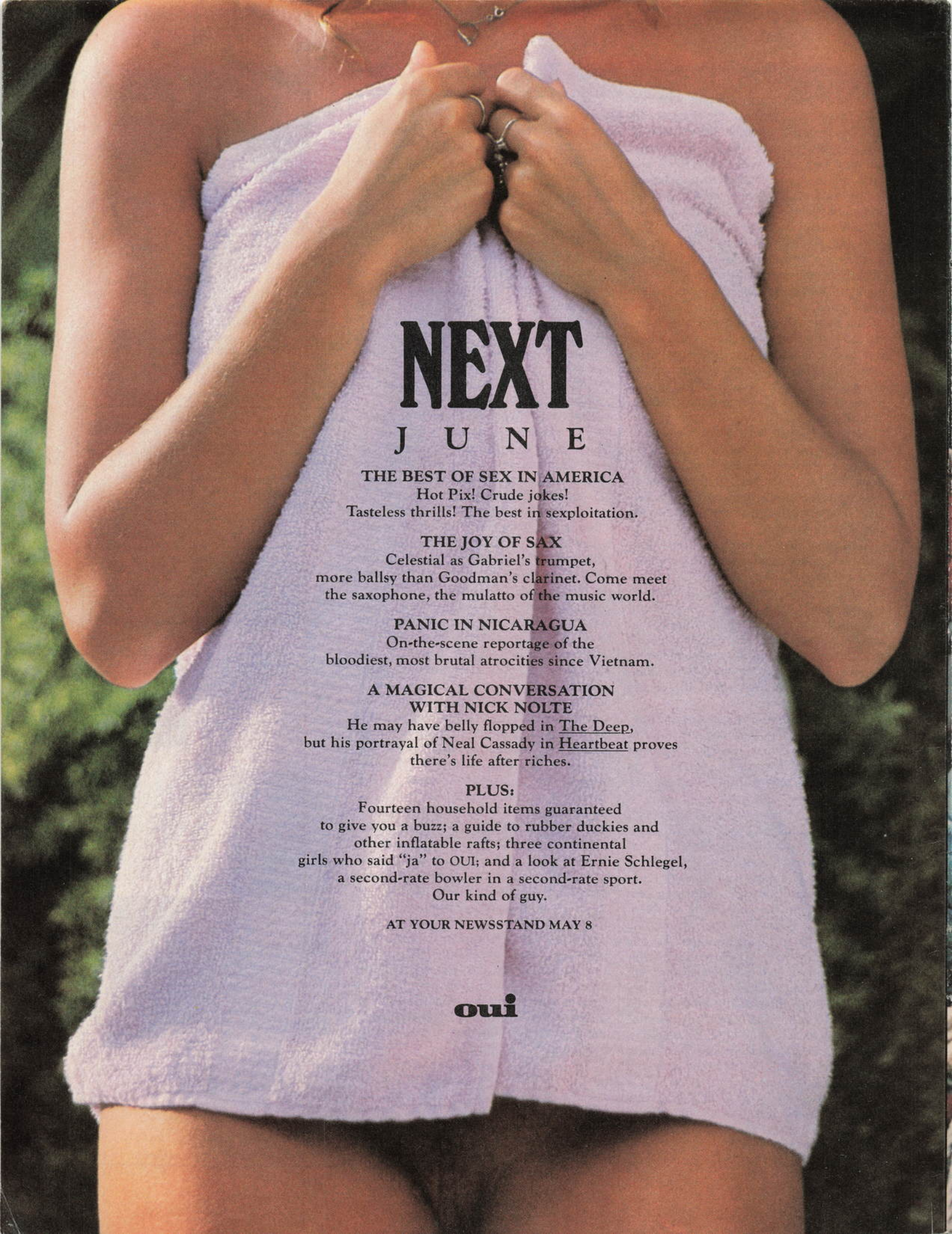

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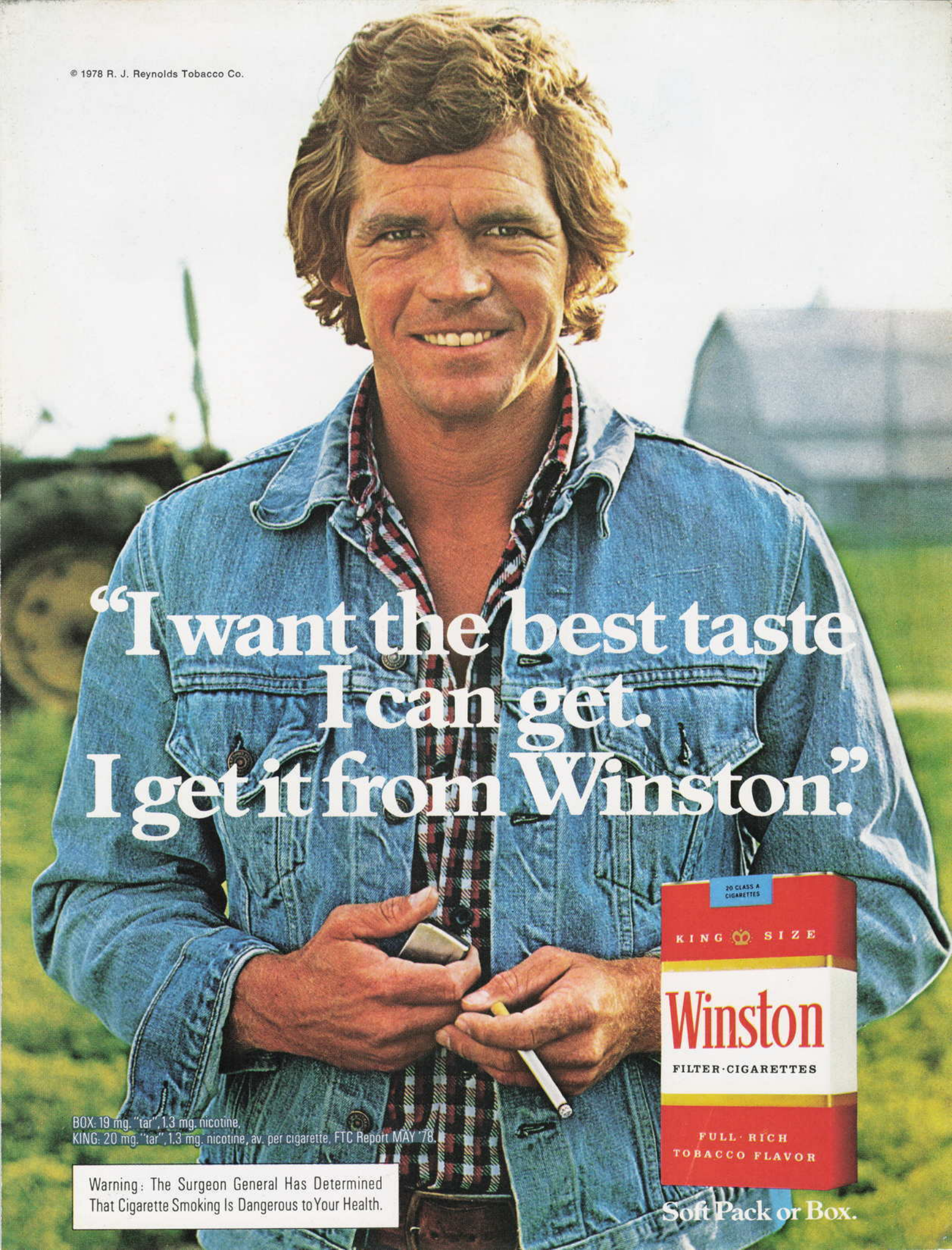

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